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HINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE—NO. 5 IN COLLIER'S COMMEMORATIVE SERIES

How Truman Writes Thos[illegible]

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

MARY A BECK
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NOTHING IS CHANGED BUT THE FLOOR

THESE photographs could be of two entirely different bowling centers—but they're not. They both show the same place. In the lower picture, you see the big improvement that was made with just one change—a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile.

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The new floor makes the whole place appear to be redecorated. The interior is brighter, too, because the new floor reflects so much more light. Now the inviting surroundings help stimulate a spirit of recreation.

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February 24, 1951

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The Cover

Artist Tom Lovell adds to Collier's commemorative cover series with his conception of General George Washington crossing the Delaware River to surprise the British at Trenton on the morning of December 26, 1776. About 2,000 men were involved in this maneuver, one of the first successful amphibious operations by U.S. forces.

Week's Mail

Collier's vs. Communism

EDITOR: Your excellent series of articles which appeared in Collier's from Sept. 17, 1949, to December 2, 1950, has done much to acquaint the American public with the realities of the menace of Red Communism; would suggest that all of the said articles be collected in one booklet for issuance to the public. This step would fulfill a real need.

F. N. COSTERELLA, New York, N. Y.

. . . Do you intend to publish the articles run in your magazine during 1950 in pamphlet form? Many not interested then are concerned now in those about the Russians.

This year, the outcome of Soviet conspiring will command the attention of the unconcerned and contented mass of Americans.

This interest may even reach our schools of higher education whereupon contemporaneous reporting will become the text.

THOMAS D. COLLINS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Collier's has done notable service in the past two years in telling the grim truth about imperialist Communism. But to make plainer this real and present and ever-mounting menace, let me urge an editorial based on the opening paragraph of André Maurois's What Happened to France (Collier's, Aug. 24, 1940). Its application to Americans in 1951 is terribly relevant.

Maurois began his account by recalling that back in 1935 Winston Churchill, Cassandra-prophet of that fateful decade, had urged Maurois to think—to speak—to write—on only one theme: the threat of Nazism and of Hitler's air force to France and to all of western Europe. Maurois replied that he was a novelist, a biographer, not an expert on politics; that military matters were not his field.

But after the fall of France in 1940, Maurois the patriot bitterly reproached himself for inaction and for his philosophy of business-as-usual. The tragic truth of Churchill's warning was recognized—too late.

No American reader of Collier's articles on Communism needs to have the deadly parallel pointed out.

CARLTON F. WELLS, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Fuller Explanation

EDITOR: Your very fine article, Tagged for Good (Jan. 6th), furnished a light on what has for some years been a mystery to me. That is, where those little reproductions of our license tags came from and why.

True, they are accompanied by a card stating the good cause which they support, but I never knew that the actual production and distribution operations are performed by the disabled veterans themselves.

As another thing, I have always had the impression that there were no casualties or amputees among the female branches of the armed services. This article shows one case (the switchboard operator), which disproves that impression. WILLARD MARTIN, Upper Darby, Pa.

. . . A representative of the Better Business Bureau of Oregon stated on the radio that little of the money sent to the Idento-Tag

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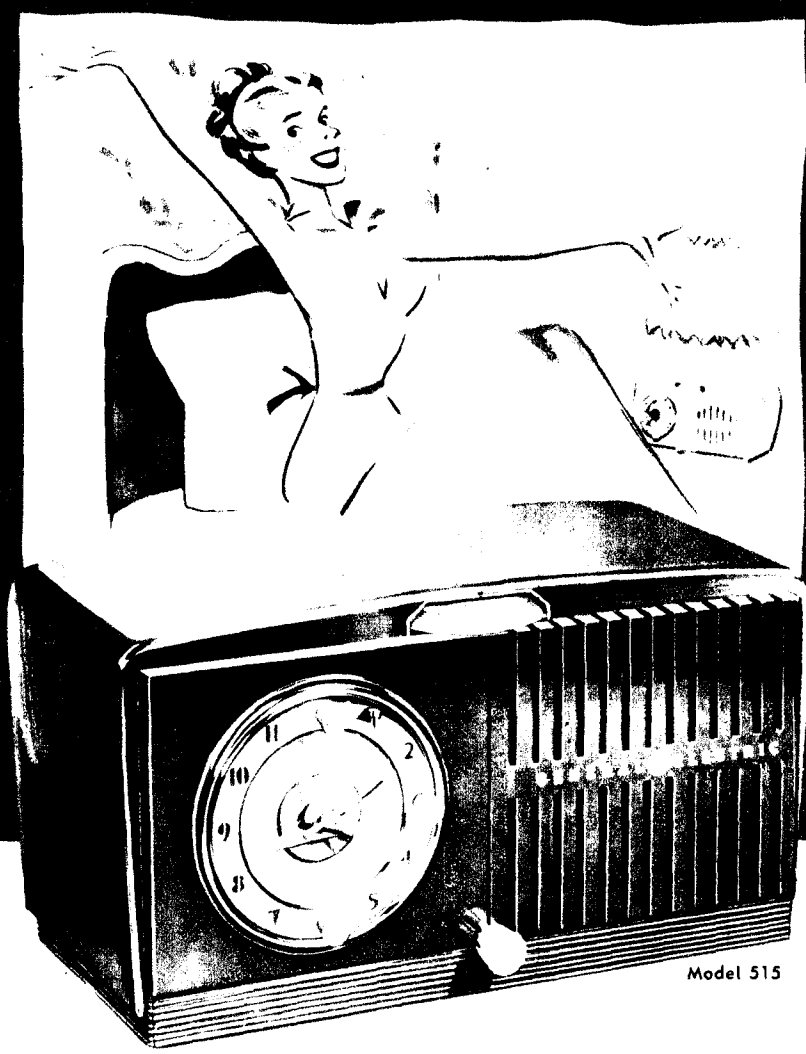

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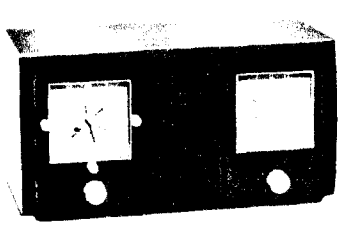

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

project of the Disabled American Veterans really goes to this organization. He said it would be wiser not to send money to it.

Now whom are we to believe?

MRS. JOHN KINSELLA, Sweet Home, Ore.

Most of this money goes toward the maintenance of the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation, whose offices throughout the country offer an advisory and counseling service for disabled veterans.

Interested Illini

EDITOR: Mr. Donald Robinson's article Dollars and Sense Research (Dec. 30th) is of great interest to the University of Illinois. The piece carries a dramatic impact and it should help people better to understand what is going on.

The officials of the university and members of the board of trustees appreciate this fine public service.

GEORGE D. STODDARD, President,
University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

Church Hospitality

EDITOR: Of course I realize that most of Collier's fiction must be somewhat frothy, smart-alecky and popular, but when William Fuller in On the Linger (Jan. 6th) has an old deacon tell Garnet in church that "We'd sooner you didn't come back here, miss"—well, that's a leetle too much.

No psalm singer of purest ray myself, I have never heard tell of any church officer inviting any well-behaved person not to come to church again—be that member a hot Holy Roller or a zero-and-below Presbyterian. A. A. MCKAY, Raeford, N. C.

No Hedgehoppers

EDITOR: This is in reference to an article by James Winchester relative to the excellent capabilities of the DC-3 and C-47 aircraft (Winged Work Horse, Dec. 30th). Unless there is a company operating in Canada by the name of Pacific Northern, there is an obvious error in the article's statement that Pacific Northern "hedgehops the bush runs along the edge of Hudson Bay."

Pacific Northern Airlines, Inc., is a United States scheduled air carrier operating under permanent certification of the Civil Aeronautics Board in the transportation of persons, property and mail, and has rendered continuous air transportation service in the Territory of Alaska for almost 20 years.

Its equipment consists of DC-3 and DC-4 aircraft, and its DC-3s are not outmoded or converted aircraft, as your article implies, but were purchased new from the Douglas Aircraft Company in 1946 and are the latest DC-3 aircraft operating on any air line in the world.

Pacific Northern's operations are fully instrumented and scheduled, and it completes 98 per cent of its scheduled flights through utilization of as complete an airways system of navigational facilities as can be found anywhere.

A. G. WOODLEY, President, Pacific
Northern Airlines, Inc., Seattle, Wash.

Older Generation

EDITOR: The first article in your series When You're Old—What Then? (Jan. 6th) caught my attention. When are you old? I am seventy-two years old and still working. I am a stenographer, bookkeeper, time clerk, billing clerk, in fact maid-of-all-work in a one-woman office, where I'm supposed to know what all the others know and then some.

I believe I can do a little boasting too. I have been with this firm eight years and six months during which time I haven't had a sick day. And I had never done bookkeeping until I came here; then I learned it the hard way.

When will I be old? I'm letting the firm tell me, meantime saving as much as possible to augment what pension I may get, and letting each day take care of itself—getting quite a bit of enjoyment as I go along. I don't feel old until I count up the birthdays. CLARA M. VAN SLYKE,
New Haven, Conn.

. . . I particularly was interested in the matter of permitting older people to work at their regular tasks as long as they are capable, tapering off year by year rather than stopping abruptly.

Many well-meaning people will say to the retired person, "Now you can do what you've always wanted to do." What the heck? Does this intimate that one's chosen profession was a drudgery to escape from?

In my case as chairman of the biology department of Muskingum College for many years and teacher of bacteriology and health, I also was city bacteriologist.

E. R. BRYANT, Prof. Emeritus,
New Concord, Ohio

. . . Usually the only reason a man works past sixty is that he is in a rut, or thinks the company can't do without him. At that age he has approximately five years left, for hobbies, community service, and a well-earned rest to do a bit of fishing and the many other things he has always wanted to do, but never had time for, before.

Take it easy, Dad and Mom. We youngsters will carry on. Besides, we need the work! J. ALBRIGHT, Inglewood, Cal.

They're Overshadowed

EDITOR: In Gary Crosby and Friend (Jan. 6th) you mention the ages of the boys as twelve, sixteen and seventeen. Well, all I can say is "gee whiz." The twins look no older than thirteen at the most.

Is that an old picture, did you get the ages wrong, or do they just look young for their age? "COOKIE" LALLI, Age 14,
Brockton, Mass.

The twins (center and right) just look young beside Gary and Bing.

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We wouldn't like this to go too much further, but readers of Collier's are beginning to name their children after our staff members—sight unseen. For example, our managing editor, Gordon Manning, recently met a friend whom he hadn't seen in years. After the customary amenities and a quaff or two,

Old Friend asked Mr. Manning: "Say, what sort of a guy is Todd Wright?" (Mr. Wright works in our Washington bureau.) "A right nice guy," replied Mr. Manning. "Thank goodness," sighed Old Friend. Then he explained that he and his wife had had a pretty tough time finding a name for their new son. They'd searched the dictionary, phone books, gazetteers, the Congressional Directory, mythologies, shaken a couple of family trees, and were just about to write to the Pullman Company for ideas. Despair was about to claim them when Old Friend's wife began reading the masthead of Collier's. She got as far as Mr. Wright's name and stopped. "What a nice name—Todd," she cried. Thus, Todd it was. Collier's is presenting Old Friend's new Todd with a becoming crocheted jacket and cap and assures all its readers that our good will, best endeavors, even our names are ever yours.

★ ★ ★

This happened in Oakland, California. We pass it along just to show you that not all the embarrassing mistakes are made in Washington. A lady about to get into her car was soundly thumped from behind by an outraged husband who, at the same time, berated her. He was about to treat her to a roundhouse right when he got a good look at her face. Whereupon he removed his hat, as any gentleman would in the circumstances, and said: "Pardon me, lady, I seem to have chastised the wrong wife."

★ ★ ★

Like every other publication, the Dahlonega (Georgia) Nugget, our favorite newspaper, makes occasional errors. It hastens to correct them. Thus:

"We erroneously stated last week that Leonard Tritt had suffered a head bruise while holding a lantern for his wife to cut stove wood at night. We intended to say Grady Tritt, because Leonard would not think of letting his wife cut stove wood after dark."

★ ★ ★

Washington is once more flooded with co-ordinators, consultants and conferences. The air is thick with directives. A directive, as all gaffers who remember World War II know, is a topside order about something that should have been done long ago and won't be done thereafter. A conference is a group of men who individually can do nothing, but who together can decide that nothing can be done. A co-ordinator is a man who brings organized chaos out of regimented confusion. And a consultant is merely a guy who is far away from home. The capital reeks with "confidential" information too. Stuff thus labeled is something nobody outside Congress, the various departments of government, and the armed services knows about—except, of course, those who listen to radio commentators.

★ ★ ★

The Massachusetts W.C.T.U. is fully aware that despite its sound advice, ladies and gentlemen will occasionally drink more than necessary. Therefore, reports our Boston ear, the dry but helpful ladies urge cranberry punch for that inevitable hang-over. You boil a pound of cranberries, 2½ cups of sugar and 2½ cups of water for five minutes. Then strain same and add the juice of

JACK BETTS

two lemons and four oranges. Add ginger ale to taste. Our Boston ear says that just reading this recipe put him on the wagon, terror-stricken lest in a moment of weak and remorseful desperation he might some morning wake up and feel the need to drink some of it.

★ ★ ★

Did you know that at the University of Nebraska a coed may not kiss a male student before her third date with him? If she does and—we'd better add—gets caught at it, she is liable to severe discipline, including suspension from her sorority. So far no casualties, so we assume the rule is being strictly observed. Forgive us, but we've always been a little dumb that way.

★ ★ ★

Until recently in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, if your troubles dragged you before a justice of the peace, he charged you a few bucks merely for listening to you. Sitting as a magistrate, he got you coming and going: If you were the defendant, you had to pay him for the right to deny you were guilty; if you were the complainant, it cost you money to tell him how you were wronged. All

(Continued on page 65)

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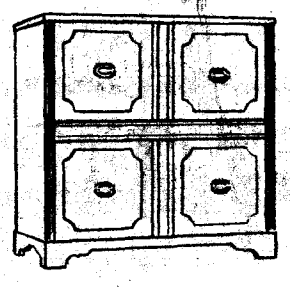

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Wish I Could Make Her Fall for Me!
JUDY SURE KNOWS HOW TO PUT A GUY ON ICE! I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD TAKE TO GET HER TO GIVE ME A TUMBLE?
EVEN A KID SISTER KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT, JACK! JUST GO SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
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READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

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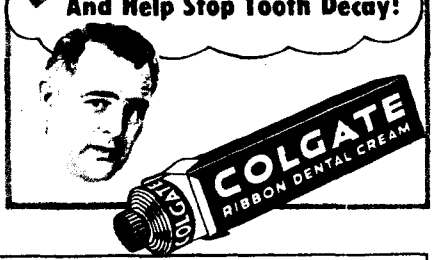

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

The Enigma of the Opera

By GERALD MOSLER

The other night I heard *Il Trovatore* for the first time, and I had the distinct impression that the singers were trying hard to get a story across to me. I told my wife that the few words I had been able to make out didn't seem to make much sense and that I was afraid the story had evaded me completely. She suggested I ask Mr. Baronelli, our neighbor and avid opera fan, if he could help me out.

Well, Mr. Baronelli gave me a book which turned out to contain the libretto of the opera. "The music is not everything," it said right there in the beginning, "and its full enjoyment can be achieved only with the knowledge of the words being sung." Ah-ha! An ally at last, I thought. But as I read the libretto for the third time it dawned on me clearly that I had actually not missed a thing. The singing, it seemed, was just another superfluous camouflage device to conceal from a listener the gist of a story that could not possibly be understood anyway. The enigma of the opera, if anything, had become even more insoluble by revealing a puzzle within a puzzle, a graphic illustration of which I submit below, with apologies to the composer but none to the singers.

IL TROVATORE: Act I

What the Listener Hears:	What the Singers Actually Sing:
Ferrando: Lousy lousy roach .... Basement ..... one . . . . . son sleeping	Arouse ye! arouse ye! The Count's approach Must find us watchful: Ye know 'tis his wont Under the casement of his beloved one To pass whole nights unsleeping.
Servants: . . . . . out . . . . . this bosom	'Tis the venom of jealous doubt That has entered his bosom.
Ferrando: . . . . . night two ..... Sins ..... night Arrival ..... tidy	This minstrel Knight, who in the garden Sings with his lute at midnight Seems a rival not idly dreaded.
Servants: Pay .... Ruth full ale arch . . . bother .... luna	Pray dispel from our eyelids The sleep that on us falls, By now relating the truthful tale Of Garzia, late brother to Count Luna.
Ferrando: Tie .... sound ..... ear	Be it so; Come close around me here.
Soldiers: We're ready	We're ready.
Servants: Weary	We hear thee.
Ferrando: . . . . . tune end .... ointment . . . . ointment . . . . . dawn's early light . . . . . ill . . . . o . . . . . rose Who . . . . . ink . . . . lining	With two sons, heirs of fortune and affection Lived the Count in enjoyment; Watching the younger for his safe protection The good nurse found employment. One morning, as the dawn's first days were shining, From her pillow she rose Who was found, think ye, near the child reclining?
Chorus:	Who? Pray tell us! speak, disclose!
BALLAD *(Ferrando)* . . . tipsy lad .... earring	Sat there a gypsy hag, witchlike appearing; Of her dark mysteries strange symbols wearing.
O babe .... ending	O'er the babe sleeping with fierce looks bending Gazed she upon him, black deeds intending! Horror profound seized the nurse at that dark vision;
Hark ..... error	Sharp cries of terror soon rent the air above her,
If ..... lies ..... seedy	And swiftly as thought flies with speedy decision
Errant errand allah armed . . . . . eat ink sell ink . . . . . selling	The servants, the servants all alarm'd round about the threshold hover; When by their threat'nings, beatings and yelling,
. . . . hell . . . . . spelt	When by their threat'nings, their blows and yelling The dark intruder was soon expell'd, The guilty wretch was soon expell'd,
Guilty .... sex .... swell	The guilty hag was soon expell'd, The guilty hag was soon expell'd.

What do *you* make of it?

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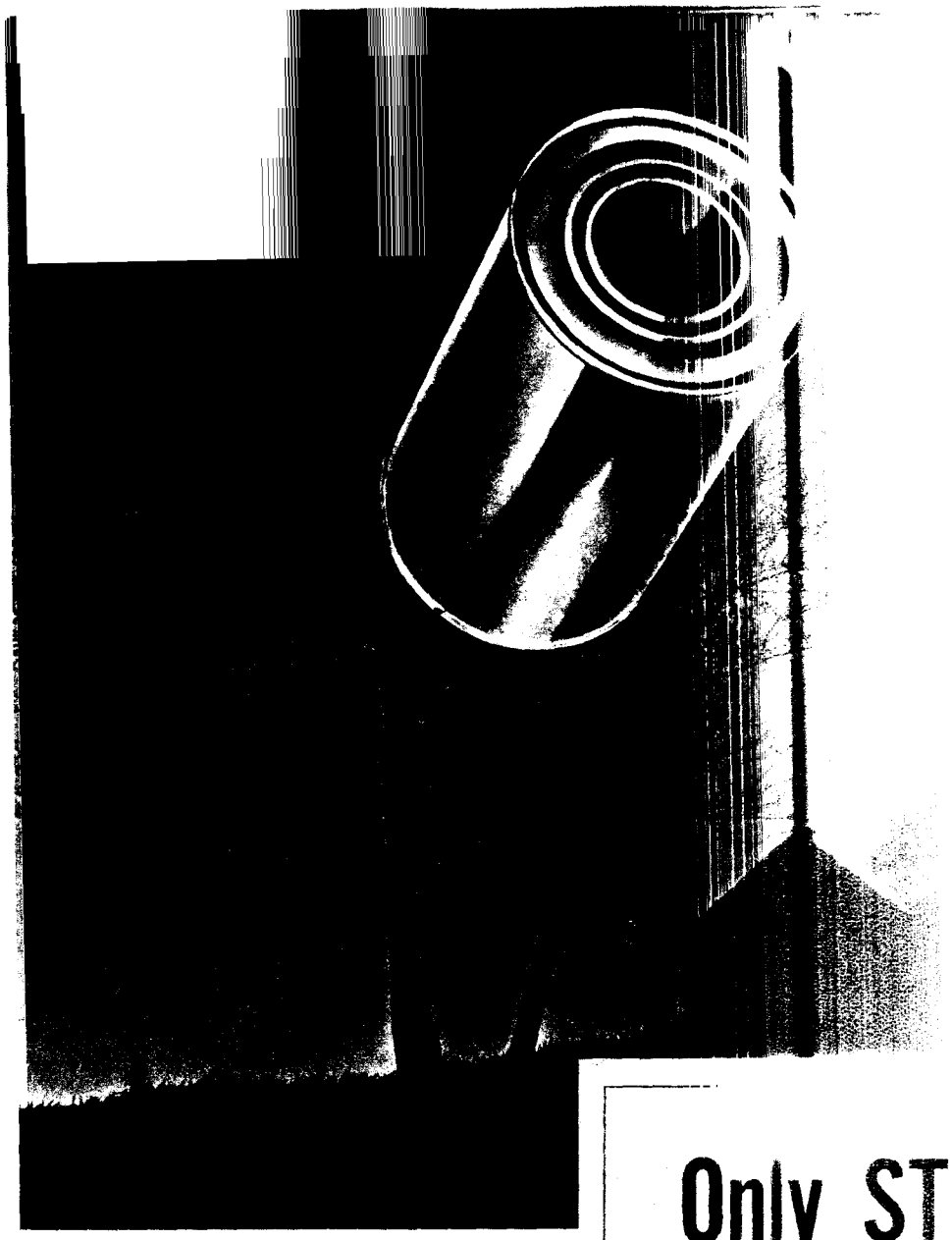
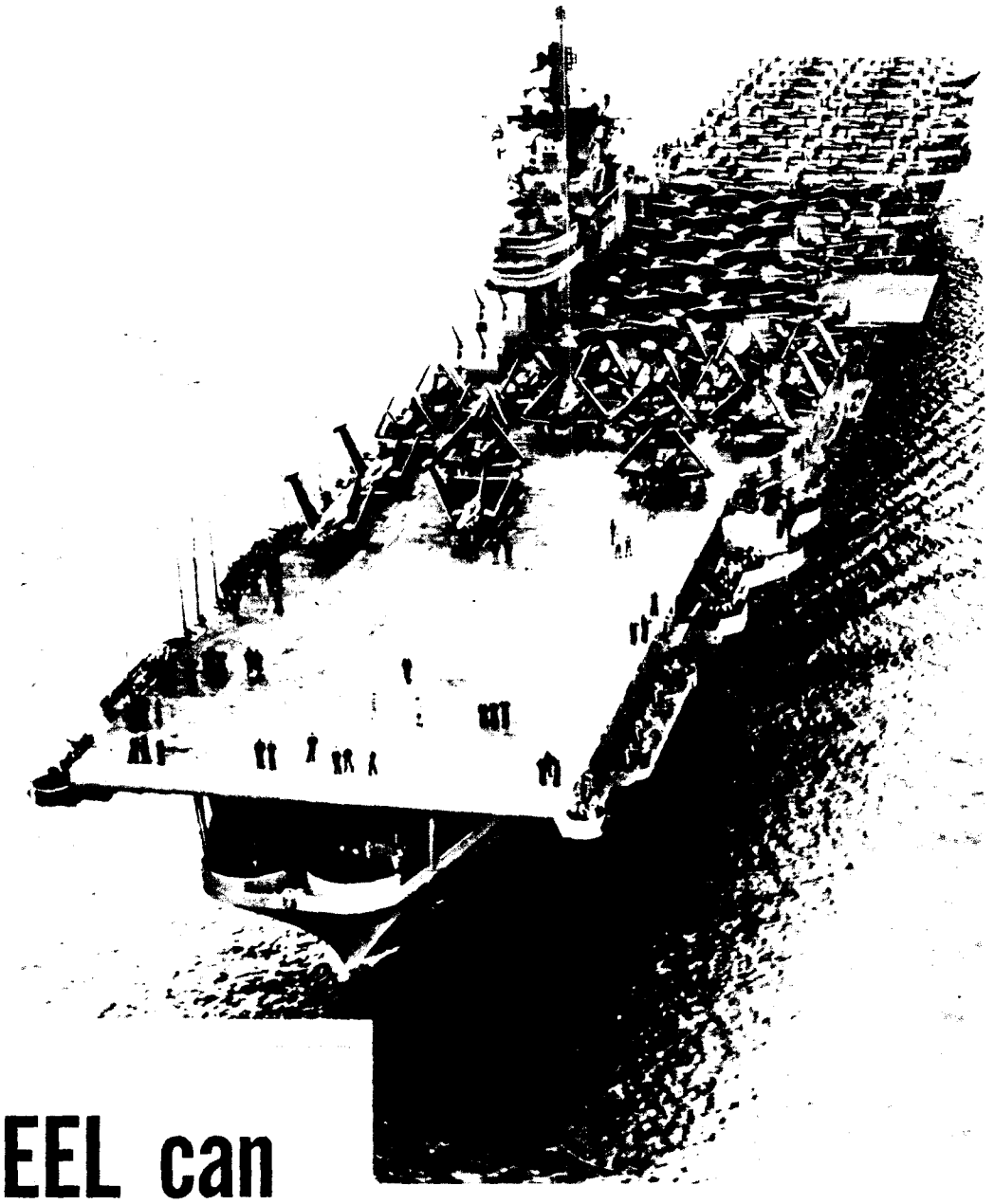


NINE TIMES THE DISTANCE TO THE MOON. Each year, it is estimated that America uses approximately 30 billion tin cans (in terms of an average-sized can) to protect food, oil, paint and hundreds of other products. Stack those 30 billion cans one on top of the other, and they'd stretch more than nine times the distance to the moon. A goodly percentage of these tin cans is made of U·S·S Tin Plate . . . steel with a very thin coating of tin.

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well . . .



SEA-GOING ROOST FOR WAR BIRDS. An aircraft carrier like this is an incredibly complex structure, made mostly of steel. The ship's plates, wiring, machinery, even the planes themselves, call for steel and more steel. Only steel can do so many jobs so well. And fortunately, United States Steel and the 200 other steel companies in America, can between them produce about 13 million tons more per year than the rest of the world combined.

MAN FROM MARS? No, it is an "Oilwell" Swivel and Rotary Hose . . . a common sight in the oil fields where they drill for the precious "black gold." Steel for oil-well drilling equipment like this is essential to building America's security. And United States Steel produces a great deal of it every year.

and this

THE MRS. McGREGOR'S FAMILY NAIL BOX —a wide assortment of small size nails—is handy to have around the house for any kind of repair job from Junior's fire engine to Dad's step-ladder. Wire Nails of all types are today making an important contribution toward helping to build a better America.

USS

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Every day, American steel mills produce enough steel to make all of the following:

1000 freight cars	2 cargo ships
2000 trucks	2 tankers
12,000 autos	500 tanks
2000 houses	500 airplanes
20,000 refrigerators	1000 anti-aircraft guns
20,000 stoves	1000 howitzers
1 aircraft carrier	2000 aerial bombs
2 heavy cruisers	500,000 3" shells

and have 23,000 tons of steel left over!

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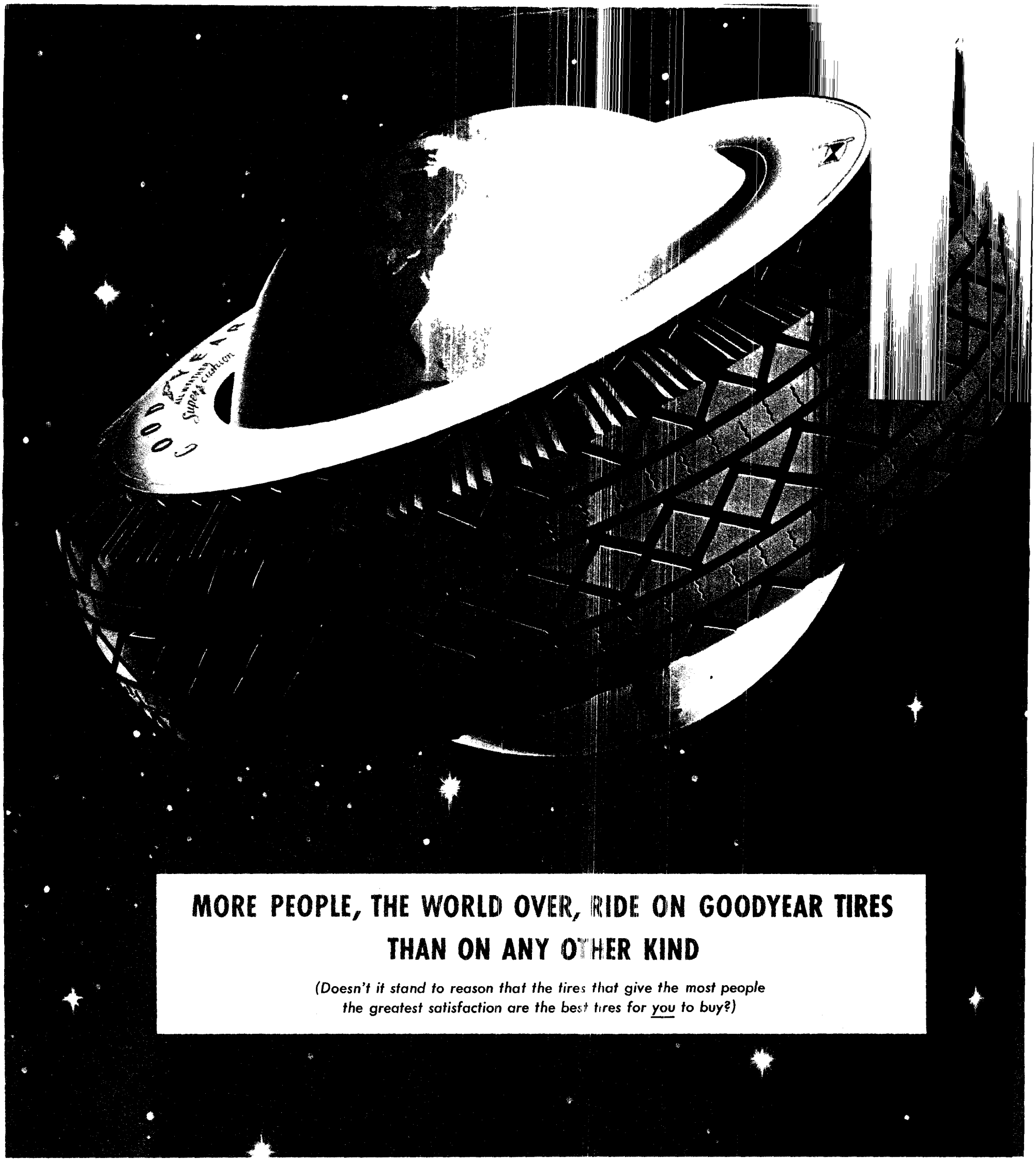

MORE PEOPLE, THE WORLD OVER, RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(Doesn't it stand to reason that the tires that give the most people the greatest satisfaction are the best tires for you to buy?)

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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ACME

How Truman Writes
THOSE LETTERS

After he's mailed one, he tells his staff: "You won't like this." Here is a friend's account

NOT long before Christmas, when "those Truman letters" seemed almost as numerous as letters to Santa Claus, Presidential Secretary Matthew J. Connelly put a printed card on the desk of the President of the United States. It read:

"PUBLIC RELATIONS is the letter you don't write when you're mad and the nice letter you write the soandso after you've regained your sense of humor."

A slightly rueful but entirely unrepentant Harry Truman laughed at the secretarial rebuke. Also, he made it perfectly clear that he did not have the slightest notion of extending the prison of the Presidency by submitting any letters he wants to write as a person to the scrutiny of the Presidential staff. Such scrutiny might prevent some mistakes. It would certainly curb the spontaneity of Presidential outbursts, whether critical or approving. But it would also cut off a man who, in either combat or comradeship, dearly loves keeping in touch with his fellows through almost all forms of communication except the document, the speech and the prepared epistle.

Nobody knows better than Harry Truman, who carefully watched government officials as senator before he became the first official of them all, the old line about men in Washington: "A bureaucrat is a man who never writes a letter he signs or signs a letter he writes."

More than any other man in the world, Truman as President signs his name to documents, commissions, messages and letters prepared for his approval and his signature by others. Long before he came to the White House, it was staffed with people whose job it was to write a President's personal thanks, his sympathy, his remembrance, his greetings—in short, all the letters a President might want to send to anybody anywhere about anything. Sometimes even departing officials themselves send over suggested letters of deep Presidential regret over their resignations, and

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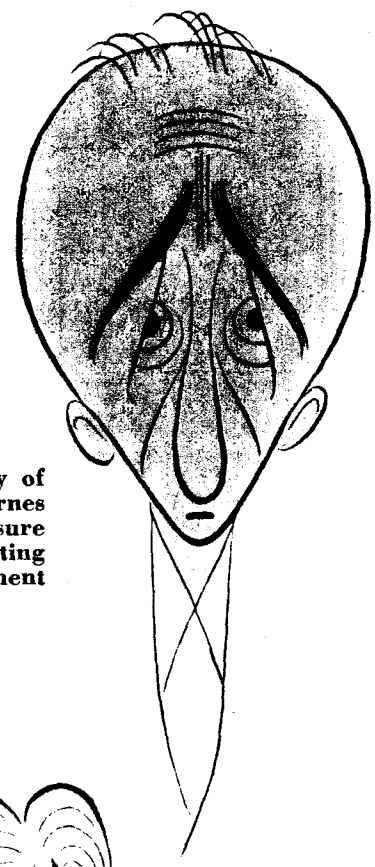
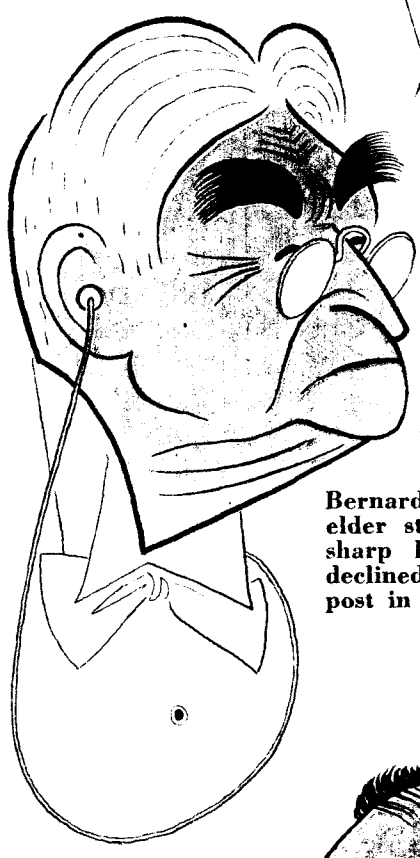
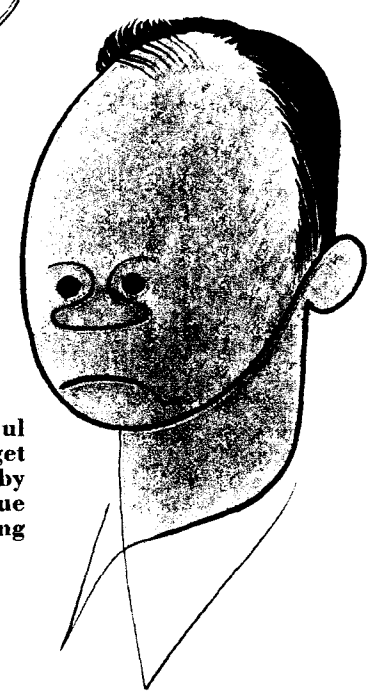
Bitter...



Former Secretary of State James Byrnes incurred displeasure with speech blasting too much government



Bernard Baruch, famed elder statesman, got a sharp letter when he declined a Democratic post in 1948 campaign



Music reviewer Paul Hume became target of Truman wrath by unfavorable critique of Margaret's singing

Few writers are better qualified than Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer, to explain how "those Truman letters" are written. A close friend of the President, Daniels has served him as an unofficial adviser for several years and is a frequent caller at the White House. He is also author of the current best seller, The Man of Independence, a Truman biography published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Before writing this article for Collier's, Daniels had a look at Presidential correspondence; some of the letters he quotes here have never been printed before

of national appreciation for their services, to which they would like to have the Presidential signature appended so as to make them suitable for framing. Once it was a governmental art to write letters that sounded like F.D.R. It is an art now to make them sound like H.S.T. Under any President such letters are turned out on a mass-production basis.

With such services available to him, a nation of citizens who have to write their own letters (and who sometimes get behind in the process) may naturally wonder why and how and when Truman writes "those letters."

The when and the how are easily answered: He dictates them after early breakfast in his big oval office in the White House, to quiet, efficient Rose Conway, who has been his personal secretary for years. Or he writes them in his own easy-to-read hand. Often he blocks out the general line of the letters in dictation and then rewrites them from Miss Conway's draft.

The reason why Truman writes letters is simple. He likes to write them. He always has. The towns and cities of Missouri are filled with letters—some long and conversational, some swift, hurried lines of good news or good will—from Citizen and Senator Harry S. Truman. In the White House, say those who know best, he writes 10 times as many of his own personal letters as Franklin Roosevelt did—several hundred a month.

Under standing White House orders, every letter relating to his military service, to the history of his home county or to the historic Santa Fe and other trails to the West reaches his desk without the intervention of any secretaries or staff, no matter who wrote it. Most such writers can count on answers in the personal handwriting or from the personal dictation of Harry Truman.

Disclaims Shavetail Accusation

An Oklahoma ex-serviceman wondered if Harry Truman could be the second lieutenant who woke him up so early every morning back in 1912. The President pleaded not guilty. "In 1912," he wrote, "I was out on the farm though still a Sergeant in Battery 'B'. I did not go on the trip to which you refer—I was trying to harvest a wheat crop in that mud and rain and not having much luck with it." Then came the postscript in longhand: "One rank I've never had is that of 2nd Lt!"

Harry S. Truman is especially proud of the fact that for a quarter of a century he has been president of the National Old Trails Road Association, and that he as well as his grandfather followed those trails across America.

One Sunday last year he read in a newspaper of a man who had done some research on the Santa Fe trail; a few days later, he dashed off a chatty 400-word letter to the man, relating his own researches on the subject while he was presiding judge of the Jackson County Court in Missouri. "There are some most interesting things in connection with this trail," the letter said, and went on to tell of the exploits of Major Frank X. Aubrey who, not many years ago, rode a horse from Santa Fe to Independence in eight days and then proceeded to break his own record a short time later on the same horse. "Jenghis Khan and his couriers never made better time," the President observed admiringly.

In addition to writing such letters on special subjects, Truman is probably the greatest postscript President this country has ever had. Many of the formally prepared and precisely typed White House letters also carry under his full signature a swift, human line in his own handwriting signed "H.S.T." Indeed, the postscript may be a more important form of communication to Harry Truman than any of his letters.

If he is addicted to the postscript, he also loves the telephone. Much has been written about his constant telephoning to Mrs. Truman and Margaret when they are away. His phoning, like his affection, only begins with them. A good many of his friends—and even some total strangers—have received unexpected telephone calls of confidence, reassurance or sympathy from the President. The calls always come through operators who speak as if they were blowing trumpets, but the voice that follows says quietly: "I've seen the papers and I thought maybe you were disturbed. I hope you won't be."

At least one man who would have expected no more than a formal note of Presidential sympathy about illness in his family is stronger today in his devotion to Truman because of repeated personal calls from the White House to ask the news and offer his sympathy. The recipients of such calls—like those who get occasional scrawled notes of like character—do not often pass their feelings on to the newspapers. But they deeply appreciate getting calls and letters from the man who is President, rather than from the Presidential institution.

A Man Hemmed In by Uniforms

Actually, such calls and letters are as important to Truman as they are to the people who get them. The gregarious President entered the White House in wartime, and has never since known a moment when uniformed men did not stand between him and the people on the outside. Now, following the assassination attempt last November, new barriers of steel cable have been put up around Blair House. More policemen than ever before stand in front of it, and in all the alleys behind it.

Also, in the increasing international tension, there are fewer hours in the day when he can see any people except those who share with him the very careful, highly formalized shaping of great and serious plans. Before his signature goes beneath those plans they are cleared and considered not only by his staff but by the various departments concerned. He is often as imprisoned by policies—even if they are his own—as by the policemen and Secret Service men who are always between him and every casual contact in the world.

Only the mornings are his—and they less than ever before. It is in those mornings that he writes "those letters" and makes many of his calls. He gets up, as is well known by now, not long after five thirty. Until recently he set out from the Blair House door for his swift-paced constitutionals along streets not yet crowded by the government's swarm. Now even that is denied him. Instead, a car—or rather a procession—carries him to some remote place for his walking in a park or along the Potomac shore. With the Secret Service men about him, his walk looks more like the march of a squad than the exercise of a single individual. Sometimes police boats, as well as police cars, follow beside him. At the Army and Navy game, planes flew overhead. He does not like this any more than his predecessors have liked it, but he knows that when the fanatical Puerto Ricans came with their guns blazing one of the men guarding him was killed.

"They're the ones who are in the real danger," he says, "and the least I can do is what they say."

When he returns to his house or his office on these mornings he is likely to snatch a moment to write one of "those letters." Often, when one has been written and dispatched before his staff arrives, he may say in a combination of apology and defiance: "You won't like this." Sometimes they don't. But he is still the President, and still Harry Truman. Much as they might sometimes like to guide both the chief executive and the man, his aides may go only so far; in the final analysis, he may do as he pleases. His occasional tendency to exercise this prerogative has had varying results.

It produced the now famous letter blasting music critic Paul Hume of the Washington Post. It also enabled him early in his administration to break through the hemming and hawing of his advisers and write to ask the co-operation of Herbert Hoover in a patriotic enterprise. It was in response to

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such a note that Hoover set foot in the White House for the first time since he had moved out of it.

Considering their value as anti-Truman ammunition, as well as the recipients' disinclination to protect him, the list of the tough letters which have got into print is remarkably short. Most of his targets have been pretty big ones: elder statesman Bernard M. Baruch, former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, Senator Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire, Representative F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana (as a sort of symbol of intraparty opposition), mine leader John L. Lewis and the United States Marines. In each case, the President felt that there was a good reason for writing as he did—although many people might disagree.

Certainly there were no real surprises in the letter to the Colorado state senator in which Truman said he "wouldn't appoint John L. Lewis dogcatcher." It was not the first time the President had spoken harshly of the union chief, who on several occasions has called mine strikes which have tied up the nation's economy to a point requiring White House intervention.

To Baruch (whom he reminded sharply that "politics is not a one-way street") and to Byrnes *("Et tu, Brute")*, Truman wrote with the feeling, proper or improper, that they were friends who had deserted him. The Baruch letter followed the refusal of the long-time adviser to Presidents to serve on the Democratic Finance Committee during the 1948 campaign; the note to Byrnes came after the South Carolinian had warned against a wide extension of federal power, in a speech widely interpreted as aimed at the administration.

Truman wrote his letter about the Marines ("They have a propaganda machine that is almost equal to Stalin's") both as an old Army field artilleryman who had heard a good deal of talk about Marine prowess, and as the President who had been constantly urged to grant more and more Marine independence within the unified armed services. He took some of the sting out of this letter shortly after it was published, with a note to General Clifton B. Cates, Marine Corps Commandant, reading: "I sincerely regret the unfortunate choice of language which I used in my letter of Aug. 29 to Congressman McDonough concerning the Marine Corps." He went further to mend the breach on the following day, by making a surprise appearance at the Marine Corps League convention, then meeting in Washington, and announcing amid great laughter: "You succeeded in enticing me over here." The blast at Tobey—who had opposed confirmation of one of the most controversial Truman appointments—also was tempered, this time by one of the famous Truman postscripts: "Come and see me."

No Softness in Rebuke to Hébert

But there was no effort made to soften the Hébert letter. It was written in response to what Truman considered a sanctimonious proposal for prayers, from one whose opposition to administration programs and officials had seemed violent almost to vindictiveness. The congressman had written to suggest a nation-wide "appeal to Almighty God for guidance and wisdom in what I believe to be the Gethsemane of our existence." In reply, the President referred Hébert to the annual Thanksgiving Day proclamation, adding: "I am extremely sorry that the sentiments expressed in your letter were not thought of before November 7, when the campaign in your State, Utah, North Carolina, Illinois and Indiana was carried on in a manner that was as low as anything I've ever seen and I've been in this game since 1906."

Byrnes and Baruch, the Marines, John L. Lewis and the members of Congress are amply able to take care of themselves in any exchanges.

But the letter which was a perfect Presidential lulu was the one to Paul Hume, who had written a critical review of Margaret Truman's singing that detonated Presidential anger at its quickest fuse. (Also, it demonstrated what is becoming a pattern in the release of Presidential letters: Hume's paper, the Post, maintaining its own high dignity, did not print the letter—which only it possessed—but somehow a purported copy appeared in another newspaper. The Post quoted it. It was a perfect example of how to play a journalistic carom shot with dignity and restraint, but without missing the news.)

Neither Hume, the Post nor the White House has ever released the actual text of the letter, but the first paragraph of the quoted version went like this: "I have just read your lousy review in the back pages. You sound like a frustrated old man who never made a success, an eight-ulcer man on a four-ulcer job, and all four ulcers working." The language got stronger as the letter went on.

Truman may have made a parental mistake in the letter to his daughter's sharp critic; many of his own friends think he did. But the sharp shafts aimed at him for such letters don't bother him. He feels that the people who are most surprised at his "undignified" letters are those who have never been willing to accord him any dignity at any time. He is sometimes amused by the shock of those who have been shooting at him obliquely when he returns the fire direct. Also he himself has grinned in private admission and in public recognition that a letter may be more embarrassing when it is published than when it was written—which was, in effect, what he told the Marines.

Other Letters in a Calmer Mood

The notion prevails that Truman's letters were growing sharper in the period in which some sharp ones did reach the press—notably the Marine, Lewis, Hume and Hébert outbursts. But there were many other, different, letters written during the same period.

For example, Groucho Marx read in a newspaper column that he had originated the following quip: "Things would be a lot better in Washington if Truman were alive."

The comedian sent the White House a prompt disclaimer—and got a prompt reply: "I was very certain that the joke referred to was not of your making. You can make better ones than that, as I have heard you on many an occasion."

Within a few weeks of this letter, the President sent another, this one to H. V. Kaltenborn—who has not always been too gentle in his radio treatment of the administration (and who, because of Truman, can boast of being the only commentator ever publicly imitated by a President.) Kaltenborn had sent the White House a signed copy of his book Fifty Fabulous Years. Truman, in his note of thanks, said:

"I had hoped you would send me a copy of 'Fifty Fabulous Years' but I hadn't expected such a wonderful autograph in it. I had heard your comments on a couple of occasions and had intended to purchase a copy if I hadn't received yours, so you see you lost money by sending me the book.

"I am sorry to relate to you that there is a deficiency in this volume and while you are not supposed to look a gift horse in the mouth the following pages are blank:

6 and 7; 10 and 11; 14 and 15; 18 and 19; and 22 and 23;

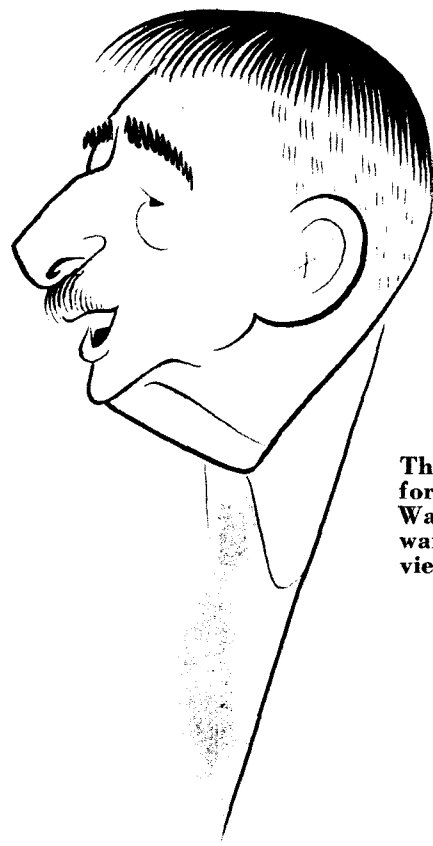
so the publisher left out some most important information which I'd certainly like to have. I haven't gotten over any further but I am as curious as everybody is to know what was on these blank pages. I hope you didn't leave them out purposely because you thought they might hurt my feelings."

Last July, in answer to a letter from the late Henry L. Stimson, Truman recalled that the former Secretary of State under Hoover had urged strong British-American action against Japan at the time of the invasion of Manchuria. The Korean fighting had started late in June, and that was obviously on the President's mind when he referred to the "very serious situation" that had existed in Asia since 1945. ". . . I believe when agreements are made they should be kept," he wrote. "That is not the policy of the Russian government. From our experience with them, they make agreements merely to break them. I think you are correct about Russia being the first one to 'wabble on her sticks.'" And he closed on this note:

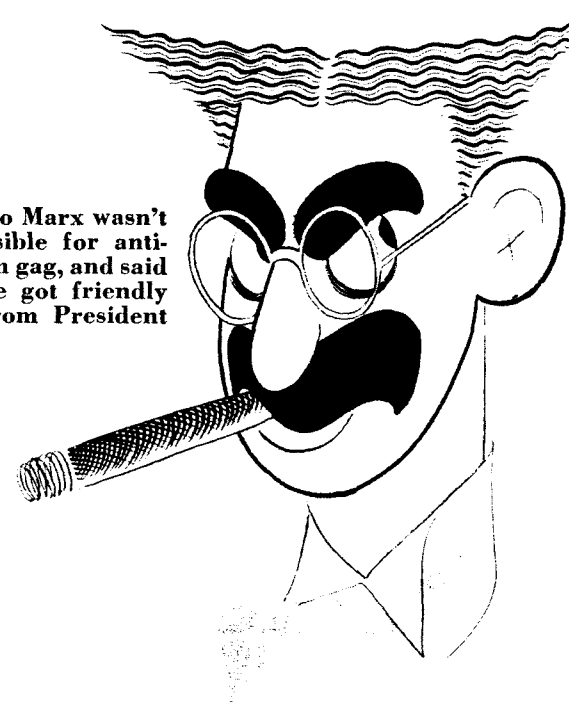
"I remember very well your suggestion in the early thirties when Japan went into Manchuria. Had your suggestions been followed I rather think the second world war would not have come about. I was thinking of those things when the decision was made.

"I hope everything is going well with you."

A few weeks ago, a young lady in Jackson, Michigan, dropped the President a line. "I am sorry my dad is a Republican," wrote eleven-year-old Suzanne Coats. "But I think *(Continued on page 64)*



The President wrote former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson warmly praising his views on the Orient



Groucho Marx wasn't responsible for anti-Truman gag, and said so. He got friendly note from President

A Presidential critic, H. V. Kaltenborn sent copy of his book to Truman, received a chatty, cordial letter

DRAWINGS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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The PROFESSIONALS

When Willy Malone met Jessica Lorrimer
it was almost too nice a day to steal

By WILLIAM FAY

THEY sat at breakfast on the main veranda, looking away from the sea and the casino to the hills and green valleys of golf course Number Three at East Plantation. Love had come suddenly to Willy Malone, the golfer; convincingly it had arrived, like a brassie shot on the nose. He sat here in a truly vaporous condition, and it was almost, as Manny Gregg would say, too nice a day to steal.

"What else do you do for a living?" the lady asked him.

He thought of her as a lady; at least she seemed a lady by all the bright, acceptable credentials of this fancy trap for millionaires that she had redecorated for Manny Gregg between lush seasons. She was clever, all right, and the whole place was testimony to her ability. She was herself expensive-looking and five years out of Miss Lormley's Seminar for Design, a college for young women where, he understood, the culture clung like camphor. Not that she was stuffy; she was vivid and gay and —he was convinced—just the girl he had been looking for all his life.

The sight of her did odd things to his pulses, causing him to breathe in a way that would have been very bad for his form on the links. This breathiness had first become noticeable when he had dinner with her the evening before.

"Besides playing golf around here, Willy," Jessica said, "what do you do in the other seasons? Your full-time job, I mean?"

He looked at her. "Golf isn't enough?"

"Well, is it? Here? For a person like yourself?"

He didn't like her questions; they carried a nasty implication that he was wasting his life on a pastime meant for boys and feeble men. To Willy, golf was a full-time test of skill and perseverance surely as dignified as designing fancy drapes for fancy dining rooms. It could be an art, like playing a piano or a fiddle, and what the hell did she know about golf, anyhow? Sitting here spooning her grapefruit at eleven o'clock in the morning, how could she know the endless, routine labors of any man who would make himself a master at the game? "I was on a practice tee two hours this morning," he said, but she failed to look impressed.

"Well, the hell with it," he said, and it was the first time he had sulked.

On the first fairway, which was in clear view, the cypresses hung low with Southern courtesy. Against this tranquil setting moved a tableau of frustration. A fat man dubbed a ball against one of the trees. His wife missed hers completely.

"Those people are enjoying themselves?" Jessica asked. "They're having a fine time, Willy?"

"Of course not. There are twenty million victims of golf in this country alone, and maybe three dozen of us who can play it as it really should be played. A few hours from now that fat guy will either have brained his wife with his clubs or he'll be paying me a hundred dollars to take the hook out of his swing."

"How much?"

"Those are my East Plantation rates," he explained, repeating the sum.

"You must be very special, Willy."

"I'm the best there is at my profession," he stated simply. He sat there, not meeting her sardonic glance; and somehow he didn't feel proud of himself.

"Didn't you once play in those big tournaments?" she asked. "With Snead and Hogan and people like that?"

"Till a year ago, yes. I'd have done all right, too, if I'd hung around a little longer."

"It was too difficult, Willy?"

Her glance seemed too direct, too knowing. "Look, precious—it was all in the newspapers. I slugged a guy. *I* was too difficult, not the game. I slugged a big official in the American Golf Association. We had an amicable divorce, the tournament racket and me."

"And this is better?"

"It's better than crawling back to the A.G.A. on my belly," he said. "Here, have some more coffee."

"This present *racket*," she said, repeating the word he had used; "it satisfies you, Willy?"

He didn't reply. He poured the coffee instead. What scraped his conscience most severely was the honesty of this girl, her disconcerting candor. He was mad at himself for not being mad at her; she obviously thought poorly of him, and yet here he was admiring her good looks and wishing she would fall in love with him.

"Hello, kids—how were the eggs?"

Manny Gregg, in white serge and smoking an expensive cigar, had joined them, and stood smiling with engaging self-assurance. The proprietor of East Plantation had a gift for elegant if casual hospitality. He was naturally courteous to bus boys and millionaires alike.

NO ONE knew very much about Manny and he showed no disposition to inform them; in the past, people were inclined to suppose, Manny must have flouted respectability even more than he did nowadays; some said flatly that he was a crook. But he was a crook with good manners and an agreeably raffish humor, and his business thrived.

"Excuse me," Willy said, as Manny sat down and poured himself some coffee.

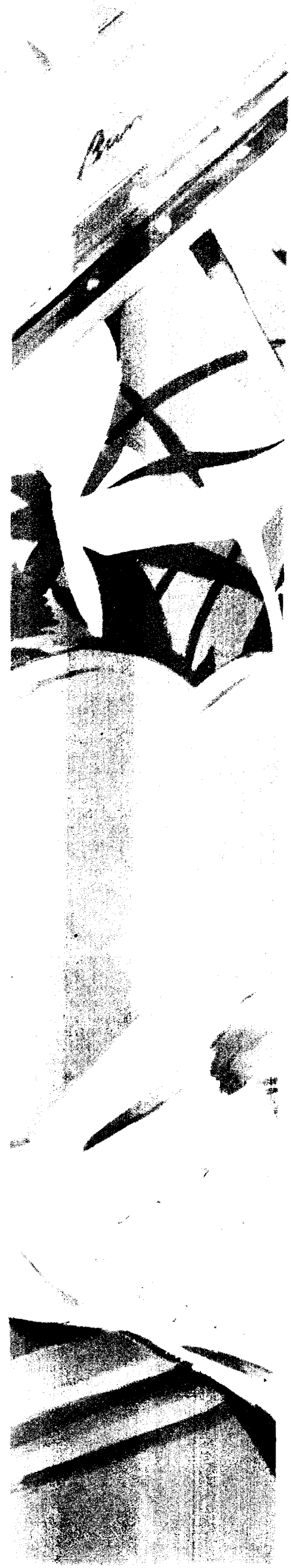
"You in a hurry, kid?"

"I've got work to do."

"Well, sure," said Manny, "and you must be exhausted—carryin' that torch. I always said romance was a wonderful thing and I wish I could afford it."

Willy walked down toward the pro shop. A light breeze strolled in from the sea, and Manny's verdant acres gleamed in the sunlight. It was a fancy place by any standard: made to order for the pocket-proud, for actual millionaires, for phonies who could not afford it, and for hustlers like Willy. That, he supposed, was currently his trade; he was a hustler, and it mattered little whether you did it with a pool cue, with a pair of dice, or a set of matched golf clubs. *(Continued on page 66)*

Jessica's gown was black and lacy. She leaned toward him, her elbows on the hard wood of the piano. "Well," she said. "Shut up," Willy said. "Don't look at me like that"



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RUSSIA OILS UP IN

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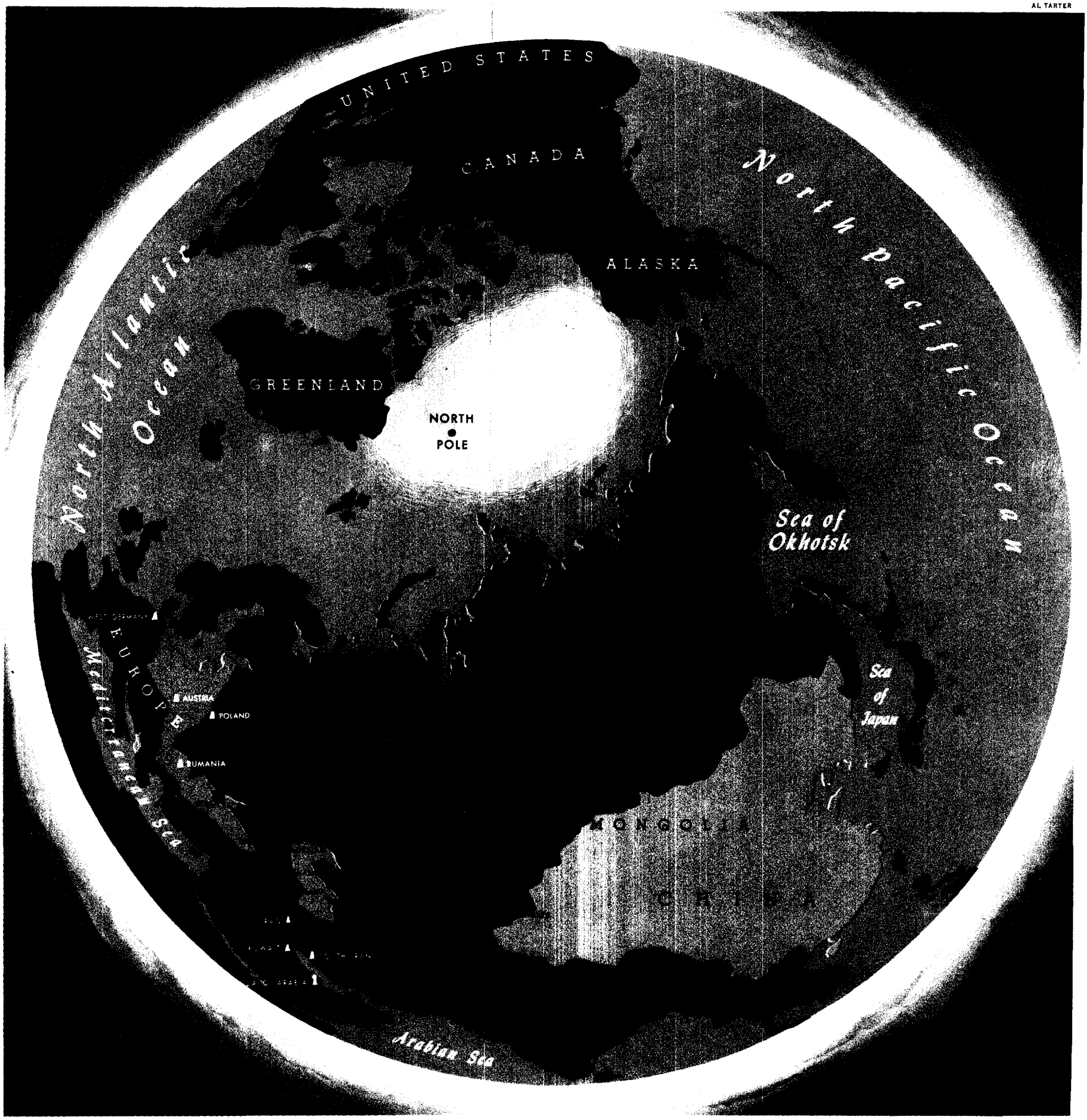

Just before Nazi invasion of Russia in 1941, a commissar told Smirnov the Reds someday would seize British and American oil fields in Iraq, Iran and Arabia. But Smirnov declares they would have to refine Near East petroleum on the spot, as they do in the arctic, since they lack tankers and could not build pipe lines to move it to their refineries. Map shows these oil areas and also those now controlled by Communists

Collier's for February 24, 1951

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THE ARCTIC

Leonid Smirnov first suggested Reds drill in arctic. If wrong, he would have been killed

By LEONID SMIRNOV

EARLY in 1933, a Russian geologist recommended to the Oil Department of the Soviet Commissariat of Industry that serious search for petroleum be made in the Siberian Arctic. I remember that recommendation clearly because I made it myself. Behind it lay many years of careful study and sober thought. If I suggested exploration in the arctic, and if that suggestion should be followed without finding oil, my career as a scientist would be ended. So would my life.

One error is all the Soviets allow a man; unless, perhaps, he is high in the Communist party. I was not then and never have been a party member. But like everyone else in Soviet Russia, I worked for the government.

When the great war came and Leningrad was besieged, I was evacuated to the Caucasus, and later captured by the invading Nazis. After six years in German camps, and in DP camps, I eluded Soviet attempts at repatriation, and managed finally to come here to America, the land of greatest freedom, where I have done work as a consultant for Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).

My interest in oil deposits, how they came into being and where they might be located, went back to my student days at the world-famous Institute of Mines at Leningrad. Later, I did advanced work in geology, and became a teacher. But all the time I was studying rock specimens from the Siberian Arctic, some of which had been in the institute at Leningrad for nearly a hundred years. To me, these rocks indicated oil. Added to the evidence I found in them were certain conclusions reached by a famous Russian scientist, I. P. Tolmachev, who suggested that salt dome formations, similar to those found in the Gulf Coast region of the United States, might also be found in the Siberian Arctic.

Finally, a study of the geology of a large arctic area convinced me that, starting at the Yenisei River in the west and extending to the Lena River in the east, is a geological belt of land 500 miles wide and a thousand miles long, bounded on the south by the old, stable formation of the Siberian Platform, on the north by the Taymyr Mountains, with a trough between consisting of ancient geological strata broken by upthrusting domes of salt. This seemed to be the perfect geological setup for oil. So I made my recommendation, the climax of my scientific life up to that time. I was excited, a little nervous, but positive in my own mind that this was oil country.

The reaction of the Soviet government surprised me. It was an almost instantaneous approval of my suggestion. Normally, the complicated procedures of the Soviet government, with everyone checking and double-checking lest he make an error, require long periods of time for even simple decisions, but within two weeks money and equipment were authorized for an oil hunt in the arctic.

Plainly, my suggestion fitted perfectly into the plans of the Soviet politicians. At the time I did not quite know why. Responsibility for the project was assigned to the Chief Officer, North Sea Route, the official who headed the semimilitary agency that exercises absolute authority over the northern Siberian coast line. The designation of this official gave a hint that the Soviet's desire for oil in the arctic was more for military than for commercial reasons—a statement that is applicable to many Soviet actions.

The Soviet government was lavish in providing for the needs of the expedition. Our ships were loaded at Archangel with prefabricated buildings, a variety of food, tools and the finest drilling equipment to be had in all Russia. We set out, some 70 or more of us, toward Nordvik Bay, and after hard going got there and unloaded. That is about halfway along the northern Siberian coast line.

Despite the confident manner in which I had talked about arctic formations, even risking my life on them, this was my first visit to the region. At the outset, living conditions were hard on us, but we made out. I had known spells of weather as cold as this almost every winter of my life. It did not take long to get our buildings and tents set up, the tents being on wooden platforms, and when tightly drawn against the icy wind, one could sleep with surprising comfort in them.

Radio Listening Was Restricted

Within a short time after we settled, near Nordvik, we discovered large seams of coal, which enabled us first to keep warm and later to generate electricity for drilling. We set up a radio station, also, which kept us in constant touch with Moscow. Once in a while, we picked up American broadcasts from the Philippines and Hawaii. That gave us a little pleasure, until Lavrov, the political leader of the expedition, found out what we were listening to. He ordered us to cease listening to such broadcasts, and of course we obeyed.

One doesn't disobey in the Soviet, and continue to live. Lavrov was a good organizer, a faithful follower of the party orders, and we thought a skillful walker of the political tightrope. But later on his foot slipped, though I do not know the details, and like so many other Russian Communists who fall off the tightrope, which means falling from favor, he was shot.

We studied the terrain around us, selected a site for our first try, set up a rig and went to work. The permafrost here goes down about 1,800 feet, which is approximately its maximum depth. Drilling through the brittle, frozen shales and clays was easy. In normal drilling, the bit is continuously washed by mud pumped down to it under pressure. The mud then comes back to the surface, bringing the drill cuttings with it. But we could not use ordinary water, even sea water, to make the mud because it would freeze and clog the works, so we began with water that was as salty as possible, and cut the salinity as the bit got below the permafrost level.

Our rig was not a good one, by American standards, but it went slowly down and down, and for what to me was a long, long time, results were negative. I began to fear I had made the one mistake that would be allowed me. Back in Moscow there were Soviet geologists who had disputed my recommendation from the first, and now they were busy, I was sure, trying to discredit me—and I have told you what that would mean. No scientist could survive after getting the hopes of Soviet politicians as high as I had, and after costing the government as much money as had been invested on my recommendation. An error of such magnitude would have demanded my life, and more. My family, and even my scientific friends, probably would have been penalized—perhaps banished to work camps.

But my suspense was not long drawn out—it merely seemed that way. At the depth of about 2,000 feet, we struck oil! The camp broke into a spontaneous celebration, and we had many rounds of vodka, which we called "74° cocktails," for we were working at that latitude. I believe that is as far north as oil ever had been produced up to that time, and I doubt if a cocktail party had been held nearer the pole. The 74th degree of latitude is much higher up in the arctic than even the most northern tip of Alaska.

This was a great day for me, and my joy was unbounded. In the years that have followed, I have realized that it was potentially a vastly momentous discovery for the Soviet Union, and its purposes. My reaction was that of a scientist whose prediction had been vindicated. Now I was sure that oil existed not only at Nordvik, but at many other places in the tight Arctic Circle where geological evidences were similarly encouraging. I concluded there was oil at Ust'-Port, to the west along the Yenisei River, probably in Spitsbergen, even farther north in Franz Josef Land, in Alaska and northern Canada. Quite recently, the United States Navy has announced minor fields at Umiat, Alaska.

The reaction of the Soviet politicians was quite different from mine. At once they set about the grim business of creating war supplies in the arctic, so they might fight over the top of the world. With oil available at Nordvik and later at Ust'-Port and other places along or near the Siberian Arctic coast line, Moscow prepared to develop arctic strength as it never before had been developed by any nation.

Along this long, cold coast line meteorological stations and naval bases were built at intervals of about 150 miles. The Soviet air force has constructed an arc of bomber bases throughout Siberia, from Murmansk in the west to within a few miles of Alaska. For years *(Continued on page 74)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

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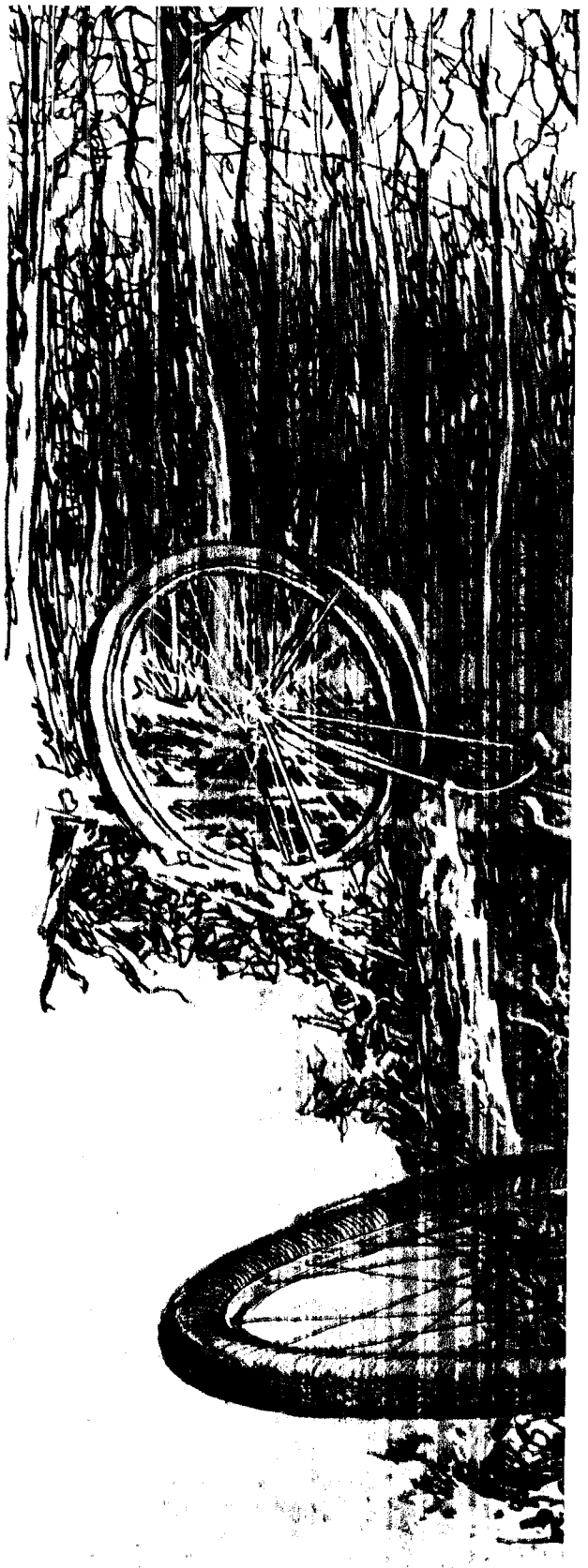
20

NEVER LET HIM DOWN

If you are ashamed of what you are, you try to be something different—anything different—even something bad, or vicious, or cruel. You say what you are, and you punish yourself, and you hurt the people who love you most



Don swerved out of the road and into a grove of trees. He leaped off his bike and signaled Bud to do the same. They heard the prowl car screech to a stop behind them

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

BUD stood under the shower for a long time, letting the needles of water spray hard against his spine. He wished he had a shower at home, instead of just an old tub in the cramped little bathroom—a half-pint tub, meant for a girl, or maybe for an undersized guy like Pop, not for a guy over six foot.

"Hey, Bud, you gonna stay in there all day?"

He yelled, "Hold your horses!" but he turned off the water right away and stepped out of the wooden stall, shaking the drops from his black crew-cut hair, and went loping across the wet concrete floor to his locker.

Don was already dressed, sitting on a bench with a cigarette in his mouth. But Don didn't have to worry about breaking rules. Any other guy, if he was caught smoking here, would be kicked off the basketball squad, but not Don. His father was such a big shot in town, nobody would dare do anything to Don.

Bud got quickly into his T-shirt and dungarees, put on his jacket, and stuck his bare feet into his beat-up loafers. "Okay," he said. "Let's go."

Don flipped his cigarette to the floor and they went up the stairs together, the blond, well-knit boy and the big, rangy, dark one, both overgrown, both swaggering a little in the still-new awareness of their masculinity.

On the outside steps of the school they met the coach. "You two better wake up," he snapped, looking at them with cold blue eyes. "Anybody on my squad who quits trying can count himself out."

Don muttered something inaudible, but when they reached the street he said to Bud, "Wait'll I tell my dad about that guy. Just wait. We'll have a new coach around here so *fast*—"

Bud did not answer. There wouldn't be any use telling *his* father, that was for sure. Pop wouldn't even know what he was talking about. He wouldn't know a basketball from a football, hardly.

"Not that I give a damn," Don said. "I'm sick of it anyhow. Practice, practice, practice, every day, sweating ourselves up in the gym, never having any fun, and what do we get? A chance to play a quarter, maybe, if some guy busts an arm, or if we're so far ahead we can't lose."

"Yeah," Bud said. "I feel like that too."

It was funny how you got sick of things. Last year, when he was a freshman, he had thought he'd do pretty near anything to get on the basketball squad—he had thought it was just about the most important thing there was—and now he was on it, and so what? There wasn't much kick in it any more. There wasn't much kick in a lot of stuff he'd thought was pretty good when he was a little kid.

They stood on the street corner and lighted cigarettes. Three girls came past them from school, talking very loud, pretending not to notice them. Don and Bud waited until they were halfway down the block and then gave a shrill wolf whistle in unison, and the girls giggled and walked faster, but that was all there was to it. Bud looked after them, feeling a vague and momentary hot tingling along his skin. Someday soon he was going to get a girl alone—a pretty girl, like Betty Warwick, or that Mary Lou on the cheering squad—and kiss her good.

"Where you want to go?" he asked Don, puffing restlessly on the cigarette, feeling the sting of the smoke, harsh and unpleasant in his throat. "What'll we do now?"

"I don't know," Don said. "Nothing I feel like doing."

"Me neither."

They walked along a bit, shuffling their feet in their loose-fitting shoes. After a minute Don said, "Listen, you come over after dinner, hear? My dad and her are going out with another couple in their car—I heard her fixing it on the phone last night. We'll take our car and go places."

Bud looked at Don with admiration. In the few months since he had been admitted to the other boy's friendship, he had found out new things about him almost every day.

Don lived in a big private house with a lot of grounds around it. He had his own room, full of all kinds of stuff like you saw in store windows. The one he always called "her," his father's third wife, was as pretty as a model, and his father was the head of his own company. He was swell to Don, too, always buying him what he wanted and letting him have fun. That was the kind of father to have.

"You know how to drive?" Bud asked Don.

"Me? I been sneaking the car out since I was thirteen."

"Yeah?" The word was a whisper of awe. "You bet I'll be over."

He left Don and shuffled slowly home.

HE COULD smell the spaghetti cooking on the fourth floor as he started to trudge up the stairs of the walk-up where he lived. Pop was standing over the stove, stirring with a long wooden spoon—a small, swarthy man with thinning black hair and bright black eyes. Bud wondered what Don would have thought if he could have seen him there, puttering around the stove, in the old brown sweater he wore because he was almost always cold. Of course he had to do the cooking. Bud's mother was dead, and they sure didn't have any money to hire a cook. Still, Don probably would have thought it was funny. A father, cooking.

"Hallo, Bud," Pop said, turning around and grinning so the space showed where he'd lost a tooth. "How did he do, the basketball practice?"

As many years as Pop had been here, you'd have thought he could talk better. And what did he care about the practice, anyhow? What did he know about basketball?

"Okay," Bud muttered. He slouched against the table and threw his leather jacket at the kitchen chair. It missed and slid to the floor, and Bud let it lie.

Pop stopped grinning. "Pick up coat," he said.

Bud did not move. Pop's eyes hardened, and he took a step toward the boy. "Pick up coat," he repeated, with a little space between the words.

Bud looked at him, and then after a minute he bent over, mumbling to himself, and grabbed up

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the jacket and threw it across the chair. He was mad at himself for picking it up. He didn't know why he did—why he didn't just leave it on the floor if he felt like it. Pop couldn't make him pick it up. Pop couldn't make him do anything. Bud was much bigger and stronger, and he knew a lot more too. Pop hadn't even been born in this country. He hadn't even gone past fifth grade.

"You play in game Friday night," the old man said, bending over his pot again. "I think maybe I come watch."

Bud's chin jerked up. "Aw, you wouldn't like it, Pop. Basketball's a very tough game to follow if you don't understand it. Anyhow, I don't think I'll be playing. The coach has it in for me."

"Why should coach have it in, if you play good and behave nice?" Pop said. He frowned up at the boy. "What you do, Bud?"

Bud came away from the table, his face flaring red under the dark skin. "I didn't do anything!" he shouted. "You make me sick! You always think it's me. You always take the other guy's side. You'd think just once in a while you'd stick by your own son!"

He slammed out of the kitchen before his father could answer and strode into the dark little bedroom they shared and flung himself on his bed. He lay there with his arms under his head and stared up at the ceiling. Don's father always stood by Don, all right. He wasn't always blaming his own son for everything that went wrong.

"Bud—"

The boy did not turn his head, but he knew his father was standing in the doorway.

"Yeah?"

"Who do you think you talk to so fresh?" his father asked in his soft voice that had no real softness in it at all. "Who you think you are? Big, sure—go to high school, sure—but just a kid, anyhow. *My* kid, see? And my kid gotta talk nice to me and do like I say, or I teach him better. Nobody else to teach him, no mama, only me."

He walked over to the bed where Bud was lying and slapped the boy once, hard, across the face. Bud gave a little yelp and sat up. I'll sock you back. I'm bigger than you. The next time, you wait, I'll sock you back. But he did not say these words aloud. He never said them aloud.

"I talk fresh to my papa in old country," Pop said, "he beat me with strap. Our family raise no bums." He walked to the door. "Come eat supper now."

Bud slid off the bed and shuffled into the kitchen, and Pop piled his plate with spaghetti and poured over it the rich, red sauce.

But Bud was not hungry. He did not feel like eating spaghetti. He was *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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Continuing: The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover

ADVENTURES ABROAD

By HERBERT HOOVER

Looking back on his boyhood, our only living ex-President remembers it as a period of hard study and long chores, happily broken by many hours of fishing and swimming. In last week's chapter Mr. Hoover told of being taken, as an orphan of ten, from his birthplace in Iowa to live with an uncle and aunt in Oregon. There he worked while going to school, as he was to do at Stanford University. He also ventured into "campus politics," fighting successfully for a new constitution for the student body. As financial manager in his final year, young Hoover handled thousands of dollars. He was graduated in 1895. "It was up to me alone to make my way in the world beyond the shelter of Stanford," he wrote. He had $40

II

AT THE risk of seeming counterrevolutionary or a defender of evil, I am going to suggest that there are some advantages to a test which I applied in hunting for my first job after my graduation as a mining engineer from Stanford in 1895. This test did not require qualifications as to ancestry, religion, good looks or ability to get votes. It simply involved finding someone with a profit motive who needed me to help him earn that profit.

I went to the California gold-mining districts of Nevada City and Grass Valley, where I had had some experience the previous summer. The mines were mostly managed by Cornishmen, promoted from foremen, who had rooted skepticism about "them college-educated fellers." Not that I was bidding for any top job. I would have been glad to get a start anywhere near the bottom of any mine staff.

Having exhausted the white-collar possibilities, my $40 resources and some credit from a kindly hotel keeper, I finally got a job pushing a car in the lower levels of the Reward Mine for $2 a day, on a 10-hour night shift and a seven-day week.

However, I did not feel like a downtrodden wage slave. I was confident that when I got $40 or $50 ahead again I would have the option of looking for some more open-minded economic despot.

The Cornish miners, while a little offish at first, warmed up to teaching the tricks of the trade to the anomaly of a college graduate working at common labor. Among this instruction was how to keep warm in a wet level while the smoke of blasting cleared. It was done by curling up in a steel wheelbarrow heated with several candles underneath.

In two or three months the foreman appointed me helper on a drill and I became an acknowledged miner. The men celebrated my advanced degree by bringing extra Cornish "pasties" for our midnight lunch.

Thirty years later the survivors of these men were to form a special campaign committee for my election as President and carry the vote of every Cornish family in the region. With a little brushing up, I was still able to speak to them in their own dialect at a Fourth of July speech many years later.

After a few months the Reward Mine slackened down and I was out of a job. I then learned what the bottom levels of real human despair are paved with—the ceaseless tramping and ceaseless refusal. Finally I got a job at the Mayflower Mine. After some time there, I communed with myself and $100 in savings as to the future. It seemed an appropriate time to change administrations.

JOHN FLOREA

The Hoover **collection of blue and white K'ang-Hsi porcelains is one of the most important in this country. These pieces are in the Hoover Library at Stanford**

My brother Theodore had been compelled to interrupt his schooling to take care of my young sister. They were living in Berkeley where he worked as a linotype operator, and I joined them.

At one time I had been casually introduced to Louis Janin of San Francisco, then the outstanding mining engineer on the Pacific Coast. I went to Mr. Janin and told him I wanted a tryout in any capacity. Mr. Janin asked me to lunch at his club. He spent enough on that lunch to keep me for a week. There he explained gently that he already had more assistants than he could keep busy and that the only job vacant was that of copyist in his office.

With that diminishing $100 and hopes that something might turn up if I kept near the throne, I at once revealed that I could run a typewriter and would like the job. Mr. Janin seemed startled, but he laughed and I was hired. I have no doubt that this episode landed on his busy mind. Some days afterward he sent for me and, saying he had a few months' work upon an extensive engineering project in northern Colorado, asked if I would go as an assistant for $150 a month and expenses. I certainly would.

From that day I never again asked for or looked for an engineering job of any kind. They came of their own accord.

In October, 1897, a cable came to Mr. Janin from a British mining firm—Bewick, Moreing and Company—asking him to recommend an engineer for Australia skilled in American gold-mining practice.

Janin showed me the cable and said he did not like to lose my services, but it meant $600 a month. With some trepidation—I was then twenty-three—I left for London.

This job enabled me to free Theodore to go back to college. He was graduated in engineering and after a successful career returned to Stanford as dean of the Engineering School.

In due time I presented myself at Bewick, Moreing and Company's office. This firm was one of international standing in mining. The doormen ultimately deigned to pass me in to the head of the firm, who proved much less formidable.

Mr. Moreing invited me to a week end at his country place. When I was shown to my room, the footman insisted upon assisting my preparations for dinner. The idea of having a man about while I dressed was shock enough, but on top of that I sensed deeply the scantiness of my wardrobe as Buttons dissected it piece by piece. At Mr. Janin's suggestion, I had bought dinner clothes. Otherwise, Buttons' sniffs would have frightened me to flight.

The firm had acquired a number of gold mines in the newly discovered fields of central west Australia. American machinery and technical practice in gold mining were far ahead of those of the Australians and British. My employment was for general engineering work. I stayed in London for only a week before leaving for Australia.

The desert mining camp of Coolgardie was then at the height of a boom. It had all the characteristics of a Western American mining camp, with some special Australian attachments. Government was more rigid, violence was absent, but petty crime, immorality and good cheer was as generally abundant.

The mines made gorgeous surface showings, but development in depth quickly dissolved many astronomic hopes. However, a nearby district—Kalgoorlie—justified its promise in full. This camp produced a flock of millionaires, not one of whom so far as I could ever learn survived his subsequent mining gambles.

I was soon engrossed in laying out plants, ordering American equipment and examining new prospects. The Kalgoorlie mines were unbelievably rich, but presented difficult metallurgical problems, made more difficult by the lack of water. Such water as we had came from shallow wells in salty depressions, and had to be distilled for domestic

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purposes. The wholesale price of household water was 2½ cents a gallon.

We had to recover all the water we could from our metallurgical processes in order to use it over again. To do this I introduced for the first time the filter press, a machine copied from one used in the sugar-refining process. It has since been largely adapted by the mining industry.

At one time I tried to enrich the living at our staff residence by growing a vegetable garden. But a large variety of creeping things, including several species of ants, entered into competition with each other. We managed to pull two cabbages through. The bookkeeper informed me I had used $250 worth of water for each of them. Anyway the neighbors all collected on the fence every evening to watch a green thing grow.

Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie are among the hottest and driest and dustiest places on this earth. The temperature was over 100° at midnight for days at a time. When rain came, the whole town started running for home. With water 2½ cents a gallon, the population quit its normal occupation to collect free water from the heavens. Roofs, blankets, buckets, tubs were all in service.

Some of our mines lay long distances away in the interior. The principal means of transportation was long strings of Afghan camels. We rode them on inspection trips, and I am in position to state authoritatively that a camel does not fulfill all the anticipations of romantic literature. His motion imparts aches to muscles never hitherto known.

On one of these early jaunts I camped overnight near a prospect called the Sons of Gwalia, which was being worked for owners in Wales. The next day I cabled Mr. Moreing that I thought the prospect well worth examination, if he could get an option from the backers. This was done, and a few weeks later I completed the examination and recommended the purchase of a two-thirds interest for $250,000 and a provision for $250,000 working capital. It was my first assumption of responsibility for what seemed to me a huge sum of money.

Rewarded with Job as Mine Manager

Over 50 years of continuous operation, the Gwalia has since produced $55,000,000 of gold and paid $10,000,000 in dividends. The firm was naturally pleased with this venture. I was carried for a small percentage interest and was appointed its first manager at $10,000 a year and expenses. I built a corrugated-iron house under the shadow of Mount Leonora—one of the highest peaks in Western Australia. It rose 160 feet above the plain.

The sodden conditions of life at the Gwalia were perhaps expressed by a foreman who had a habit of getting blind-drunk about once a month. Good foremen were too scarce to be discharged for such sins and on one occasion when I reprimanded him violently he said, "Well, if you live in this place you just have to get good and drunk once in a while." I inquired how he knew when he was "good and drunk." He replied, "When Mount Leonora whisky begins to taste good, then I know."

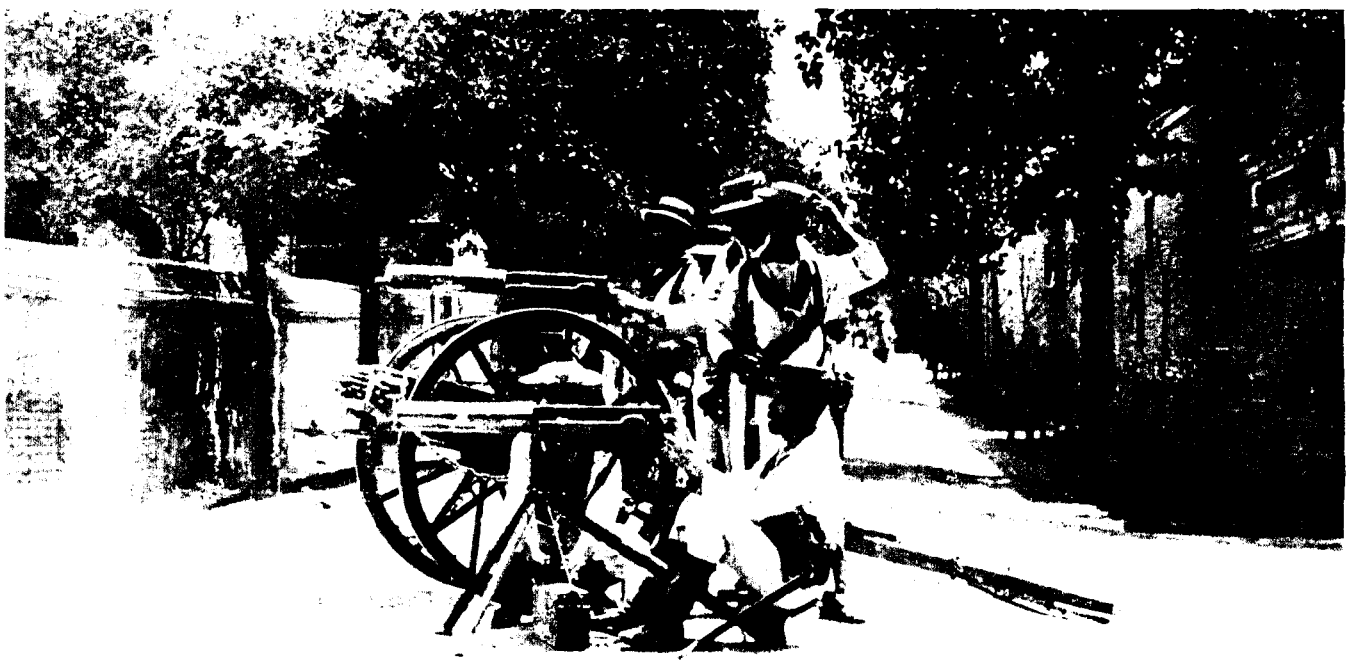
But no one need sympathize with men engaged in constructive work at the outposts of civilization. To feel great works grow under one's feet and to have more men constantly getting good jobs is to be the master of contentment.

In 1898, Mr. Moreing was in Peking, China, in connection with some engineering work resulting from a bond issue placed in England, Belgium, France and Germany to provide development capital for the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company, a large coal-mining and cement-manufacturing business. It was operated by a European technical staff, but in majority Chinese-owned and under Chinese business management, and it had a director-general selected by the government. The new capital was to open further mines and build an ice-free coal-loading port and connecting railway at Chinwangtao on the Gulf of Chihli.

The director-general, Chang Yen mao, had recently been appointed head of the Bureau of Mines, a newly created department arising out of the "Young Emperor" Kwang Hsu's "reform and progress" movement. Chang told Moreing he was being buffeted by all the European governments seeking appointment of their nationals to control the bureau's technical staff. Moreing suggested that he avoid these pressures by appointing an American as chief engineer. Upon *(Continued on page 48)*

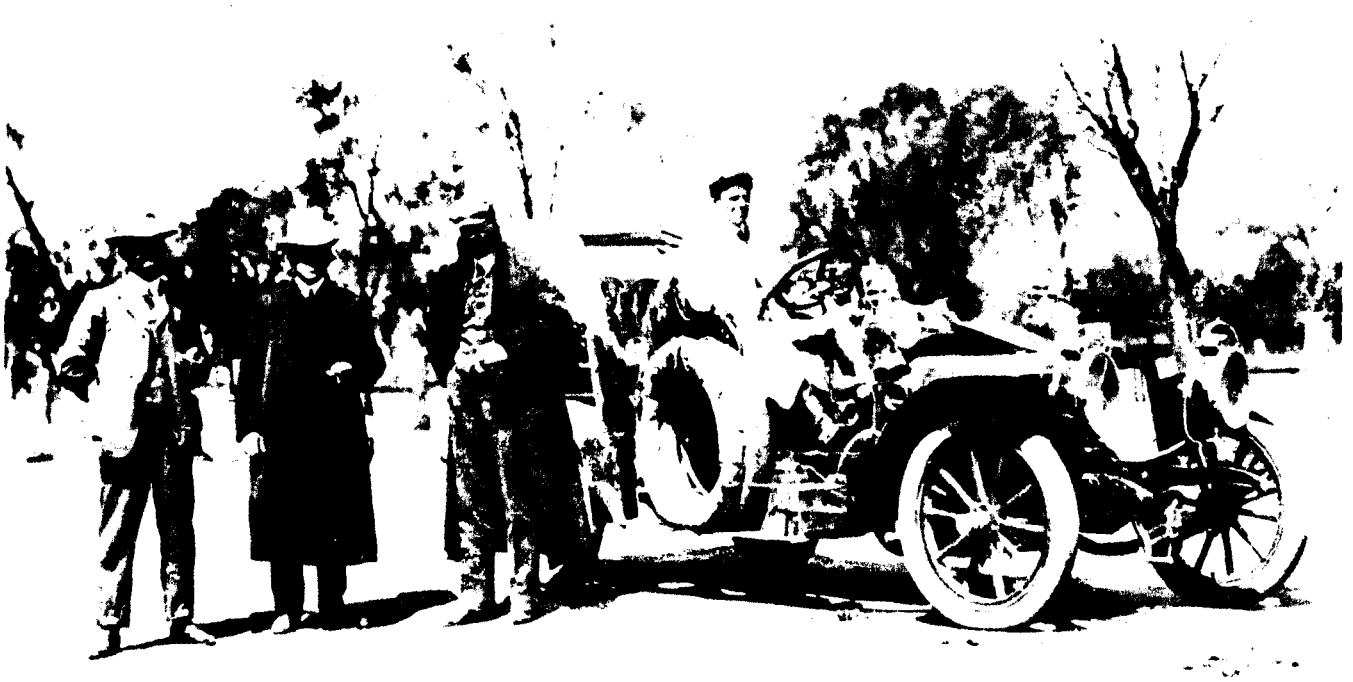
took Hoover to Australia in 1897. Photo was made soon after arrival

sweetheart Lou Henry married Hoover in 1899. Photo taken about '98



—When a huge antiforeign movement swept China in 1900, the Hoovers lived in besieged Tientsin. Hoover helped in a counterattack. Mrs. Hoover was a nurse

—Hoover, who usually had to suffer on camel back to get to remote mines in Australia, sometimes got an auto ride. Wearing a cap, he stands near the car, a Panhard



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For a moment I felt him there in that room. It was the first real comfort I had known. Why had I been afraid to remember?

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Letter to a Child

They had had to wait so long to be married and to have their first child. And now Christine needed Mark more than she ever had before

The Story: My child, this is the story of your life and mine. Mostly, I suppose, it must be the story of my love for MARK SEVILLE. You will have to know all I can tell you about that, so you will be able to deal with the difficult problems that are bound to come later.

I am living in a strange town now, under an assumed name. But I am not alone. DR. ROBBINS has come to be with me while we wait for you to be born, and MARGIT and MONTY, old servants who helped raise Mark, have been taking care of me for the last few months. The villagers were suspicious of me, at first, because I have no husband. I lied to them. You and I, my child, will always have to lie a little.

I first met Mark at a showing of my paintings at the gallery of my agent, PEREGRINE. Mark was a pilot in the Air Transport Command. He came to the gallery with his mother, MILLIE, and she commissioned me to do a portrait of him. Later I met his sister, EVE, a troubled, likable adolescent who had suffered, as Mark had, from Millie's overprotectiveness.

Mark and I fell in love with one another. But he was married—very unhappily married—and his wife, LYLE, made us wait a long time before she would consent to a divorce. When she finally did, Mark and I were married. For a while, I followed him from one air base to another in the West; then Mark was transferred to the East Coast, and I left to join him there. I found him waiting for me at my old studio in New York. Mark had come home to me many times in our short life together, but this was the first time I had come home to him.

IV

MARK and I had until the next noon together, and we didn't waste a minute of our time. We knew that eventually we would have to telephone Millie and let her know I was back in the city.

"Put it off for a few days after I'm gone and enjoy yourself," Mark said. "She'll have so many good ideas for you."

We saw Eve, of course. She came and stayed with me the first week end I had in New York. And when Mark came again we had her with us and she slept on the day bed in my studio and it was the best visit of her whole life, she said.

"It's always the best with you, Eve," Mark reminded her.

"But it always *is*," she insisted, "when there's the three of us."

Once Mark and I had three days in New York while he waited for some orders that didn't come through promptly. That was early in May. But the city was cold that spring.

"Okay, then. If spring won't play, we'll enjoy the winter," Mark said. When he came in from shopping for dinner he had an armful of Christmas decorations. Heaven knows where he had found them, but there they were—a two-foot-high tree, a garland of tinsel, and two silver bells.

"Merry Christmas, Mrs. S.," he said, handing me a white florist's box. "I'll give you until suppertime to do your Christmas shopping early."

He set up the tree and began twining it with the tinsel. "We owe ourselves a good Christmas," he said as he worked. "We missed the last couple that were coming to us."

"I missed 'em all," I said. "I never had anything, Mark, until I had it with you."

"Don't stand there flattering me. Get some pumpkin pies baked, and some turkeys stuffed."

He opened the white florist's box, and took out quantities of pink roses, ruthlessly cutting the stems from them and fastening them all over his little tree. I could only stand by, admiring. It was beautiful.

"You think the roses are a concession to the season?" he said. "Not at all. Roses were the original tree trimmings, when a tree was part of the medieval church ceremony at Christmas. Two trees, in fact, one on each side of the cathedral. One was decked with apples, commemorating the fall of man, and the other with roses, signifying his redemption. I enjoy the fall, but I celebrate the redemption."

He rummaged through my records and found some Bach and some Handel, and two albums of Christmas carols.

When the telephone rang we didn't answer it. There couldn't have been a lovelier Christmas night; it had everything it needed right there in that room. Mark built a fire in the fireplace, and we danced in the flickering shadows. Neither of us had ever been a good dancer, and even that seemed a bond between us.

"I tell you solemnly, I dance better with you than with anybody else I was ever exposed to."

"You dance divinely, Captain."

He sat in my big armchair after the dancing, and I sat on the hassock, with my head against his knees. I was thinking of that long-ago night when I had sat on his hassock and had called him darling to show him how little I cared.

After a moment he *(Continued on page 39)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

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DONALD F. MOSS

74

United We

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UN Is IT STAKE

THE illustration on these pages first appeared in the September 2d issue of Collier's with an editorial titled United We Must Stand. Four weeks later we published another editorial with the heading, Needed: A Vast UN Army. Since then there have been many new developments in Korea. The fortunes of the Anti-Communist forces have fallen and risen and fallen again. There will certainly be other new developments between the time we go to press and the time that you read this. But whatever happens, there is a question of historic importance to the UN's future which still remains valid: Where was a true United Nations unity and where was a real United Nations army when they were needed most?

We can imagine that American soldiers have asked that same question many times this winter. As they looked at the handsome UN flags that General MacArthur ordered, they must have wondered where the help was to back up those symbols of united effort. They must have wondered why the American government and press and public weren't hollering for more assistance from those best able to give it. If they did, we don't blame them. We in our turn wonder what the returning GI is going to think of the UN, when he remembers how the nominal strength of 55 nations was pushed around by the soldiers of two countries. We don't think their opinion will be too flattering. And for the sake of those GIs, as well as of the UN, we think it's time that some hollering was done.

A few days after the invasion of South Korea last June, the United Nations empowered its secretary-general, Trygve Lie, to ask the help of all UN members in putting down the aggression. Of the 55 governments outside the Soviet orbit, 21 eventually made some tangible contribution to Korea's defense.

Mr. Lie did not ask for help again, even when the great wave of Chinese Communists poured over Korea almost at the moment of a United Nations victory.

Of the 21 who responded, only nine had put fighting men in the field as this is being written. They were the United Kingdom, Australia, Belgium, the Philippines, Turkey, Thailand, France, Greece and the Netherlands, plus one group made up of British Commonwealth troops. The units ranged from a battalion to a brigade in strength. Sweden, India and Italy sent hospital units.

And the UN could report that, after more than six months of fighting, New Zealand troops were en route to Korea, the offer of troops by Colombia and Ethiopia had been accepted, and Cuba's offer was pending.

Some of the countries listed above, plus Canada, have made small contributions to the UN forces' air and sea strength. In addition, South Africa has one fighter squadron in action. Denmark has offered naval assistance, and Norway and Panama have volunteered to make merchant ships available.

The number of the land forces of the nine nations in Korea is restricted information. But an informed estimate puts the total at not more than 30,000. Thus the American ground troops outnumbered the total from all the other United Nations by about 5 to 1, and the combined American and South Korean forces outnumbered them by at least 9 to 1.

The United States has been criticized in the early stages of two world wars by some citizens of France and Britain for supplying materials, not men. It is not a just criticism, but it has been made. We recall some irate letters from Canadian and English readers after Collier's editorial plea for a really representative UN army, asking where this country was from 1939 to 1941.

The answer is, of course, that we were not yet in a war, declared or undeclared. And we were giving unprecedented help to our friends by every means short of war. Today the situation is different. The United States is supplying materials *and* men. Its contribution of both is grossly out of proportion to the number of UN member nations who condemned the aggression in Korea and offered unstinting moral support in the effort to put it down.

There seems to be a tendency among those other nations to regard the Korean war as a matter for Russia and the United States to settle. That is a false and dishonest assumption.

This is not America's private war. This is the United Nations' war.

Collier's has supported and championed the United Nations since its foundation as the instrument of best hope for world peace. We were greatly encouraged by the UN's prompt and concerted reaction last summer against Communist aggression. We are now greatly disappointed at the subsequent failure to translate reaction into action.

The UN has a mighty collective strength. But that strength must be used collectively. It has not been. For all its potential power it became quite largely paralyzed as soon as the Chinese Communists entered the war. Most of the member governments ceased to think in terms of collective strength. They suddenly were overcome by a fear of China and Russia which seemed to obscure their earlier and clearer vision of the fundamental issues involved.

We do not blame Mr. Lie entirely, though his leadership has been disappointing. For Mr. Lie's lethargy was obviously the sum of the lethargies of most of the governments with which he had to deal.

In 1941, after France had fallen and the Nazis stood menacingly at the edge of the Channel, Winston Churchill yet dared to send a part of his country's inadequate defense force to North Africa in order to protect and preserve "the life line of Empire." In 1950, Clement Attlee did not dare—or perhaps did not want—to send any of the well-equipped, well-trained, numerous British garrison at Hong Kong to help stop the first Communist push that all but drove the Americans and South Koreans into the sea.

Was the crown colony of Hong Kong more precious to Mr. Attlee than the heart of the great British Commonwealth was to Mr. Churchill? Was the threatened extinction of the United Nations of less moment to Mr. Attlee than the threatened loss of Britain's Chinese island?

And where are such populous countries as Mexico and Brazil? Where are India's soldiers? Why is France represented by little more than a corporal's guard under the UN command?

In his State of the Union message, President Truman said, "Our men are fighting alongside their United Nations Allies, because they know, as we do, that the aggression in Korea is part of the attempt of the Russian Communist dictatorship to take over the world, step by step." That may be true. But why their pitifully unequal contribution in a struggle to which so many are equally committed?

Is it that they were so fearful of what might happen that they could not arouse themselves to confront the immediate situation? It seems clear that the continued existence of the United Nations as a world force for peace is the stake in Korea. The extinction of that world force will most surely encourage further aggression and heighten the present peril. It will turn the world into a grim armed camp and silence the strongest voice that still speaks for the hopes and the prayers of the world's peoples.

If that is not an issue worth fighting for by the free nations of the world, then what in God's name is? —THE EDITORS.

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Manhattan TOWER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

THE 20,000 occupants of Manhattan's Empire State Building may not have felt a thing, but their building has been growing steadily since last July. A 70-ton television tower now sits atop its dome, and the world's tallest skyscraper is taller by 222 feet.

From this giant cage 1,472 feet above ground, five TV and three FM stations will be transmitting by early spring. It will mark the first time in commercial broadcasting history that a number of stations will be in operation simultaneously from a single source.

No one knows yet that it will work. If it does, the eight broadcasters—the ABC, CBS, Du Mont and NBC television networks, the independent TV station WPIX, and radio stations WNBC-FM, WJZ-FM and WCBS-FM—will be able to offer literally top transmission. They will be operating from the highest point on the Atlantic seaboard, in the center of the country's most densely populated area. For each broadcaster this means an extension of his range from a 38- to an estimated 52-mile radius. It means a potential audience of 15,000,000: one tenth of the nation's people. And for the televiewer it means improved reception, a screen clear of the shadows and "ghosts" which formerly plagued him.

Few structures could support so heavy a burden as the new tower. Empire State can take the strain only because of a lucky circumstance. When the building was under construction in 1929-'31, plans called for making a dirigible mooring of its dome. To offset the lateral pull of the big airships, the dome was covered with an unusually heavy steel casing. Then great, rigid blimps went out of fashion, and engineers wrote the casing off as a total loss. But now the top-heavy Empire State pays off, for it's solid enough to hold not only the dome-top tower but also a mass of heavy transmission gear in its upper stories.

Cameraman Lew Merrim aloft

Although the problem of supporting the tower was solved unwittingly in 1931, the problem of getting it up there was a new one. How were 70 tons of steel to be hoisted to the top of Empire State, 1,250 feet above street level? The usual procedure would have been to erect a scaffolding against the side of the building and hoist the steel up its length, but this would have been dangerous and time-consuming.

So consulting engineers came up with an unprecedented solution: The tower was designed in units small enough to be fastened to the underside of Empire State elevators. Each unit was then hauled up the elevator shaft, swiftly and without mishap. Shipments were so arranged that occupants of the building never even knew that 70 tons of steel were being mass-moved to the top as they worked.

Where the elevators left off, steel men took over, building upward from a ladder set in the middle of open steelwork. And there were no accidents here, either. Although they were working at a structural level which broke all altitude records, not one casualty—not so much as a scratched finger—has been reported among the crew.

The only mishap report was turned in by an outsider—photographer Lew Merrim. To shoot the pictures on these pages Merrim climbed to a platform 60 feet below the top of the tower—a distinction shared with a handful of steel men and no other photographers.

His casualty: one frozen camera shutter (luckily, he had another in reserve). THE END

In their air-conditioned office overlooking the East River, two steel men discuss blueprints

Temperature, 8 above—10 degrees colder than at street level. Bill Campbell signals info

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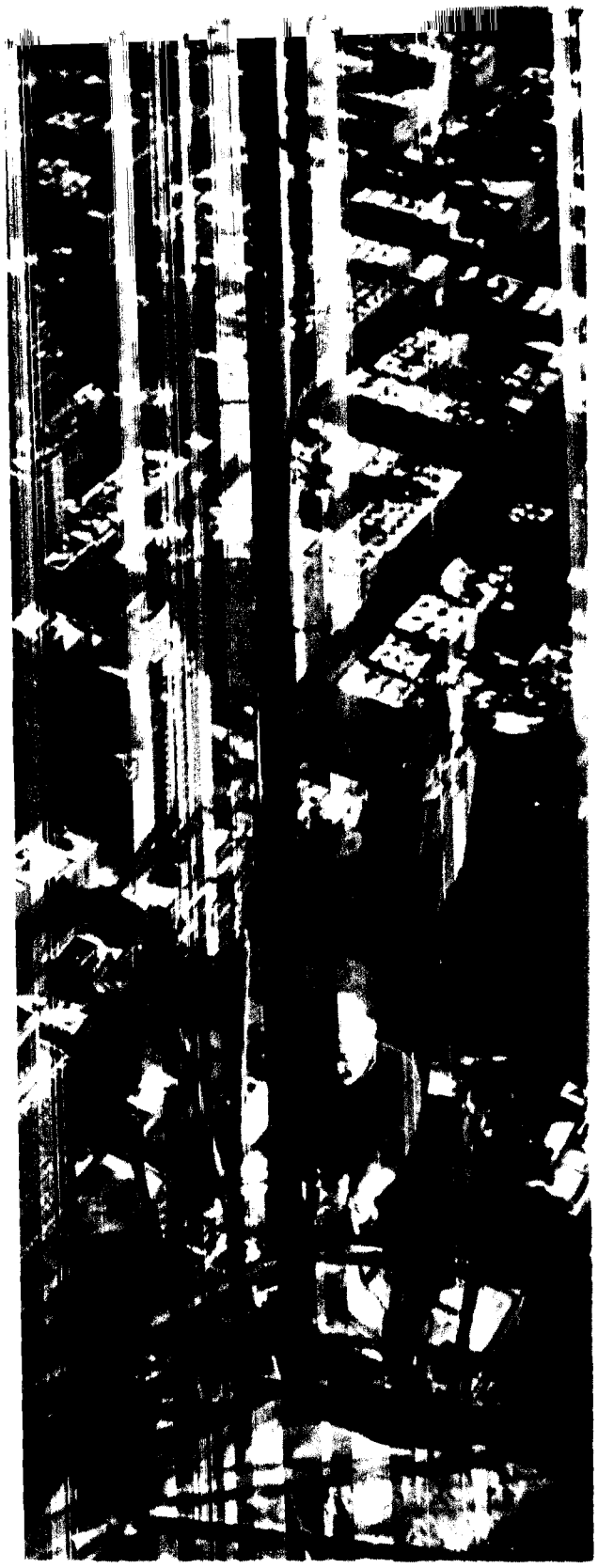
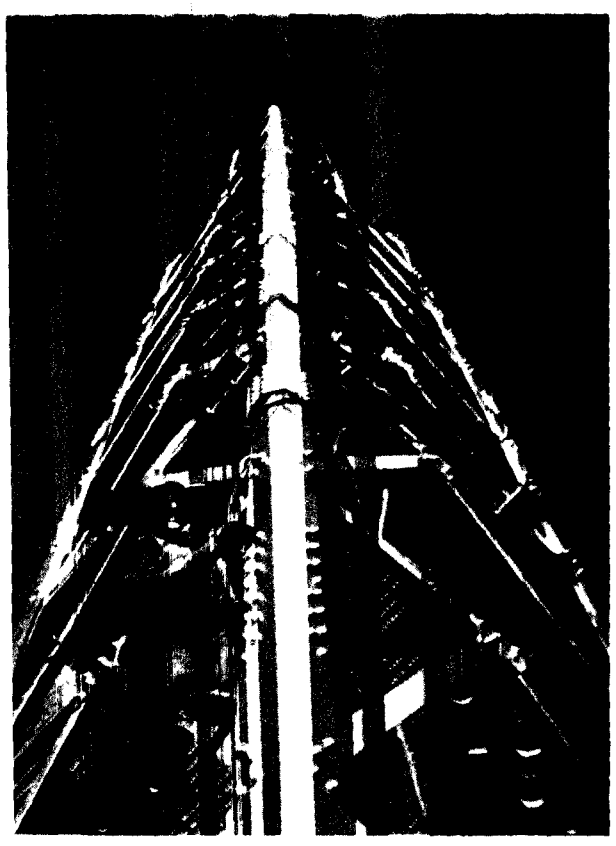


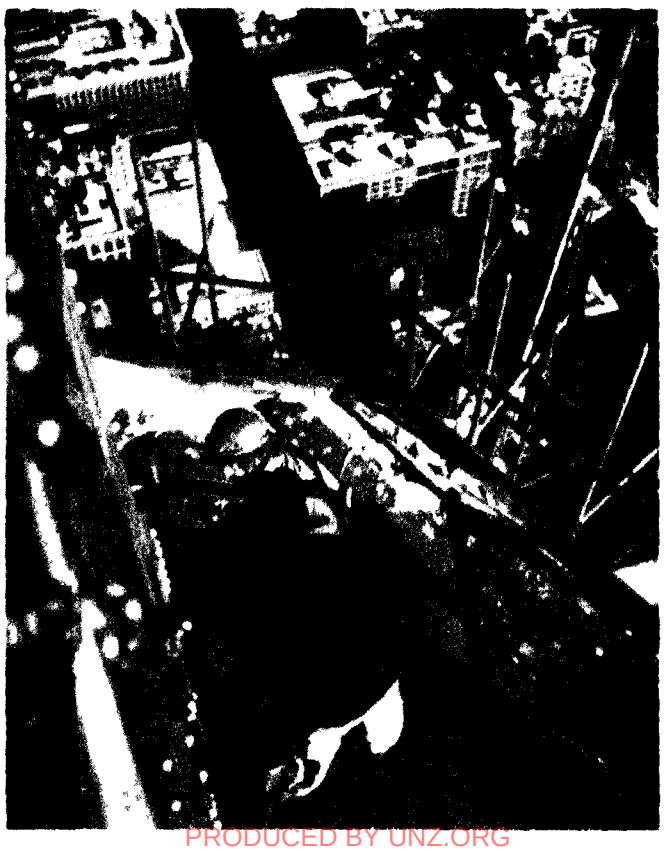
With only safety belt between him and ground, Frank Savastano prepares to fix a power line

A steel worker's view of New York skyscrapers, shadowed by the long, lean silhouette of the Empire State Building. The new tower appears as an elongation on top of the building's dome

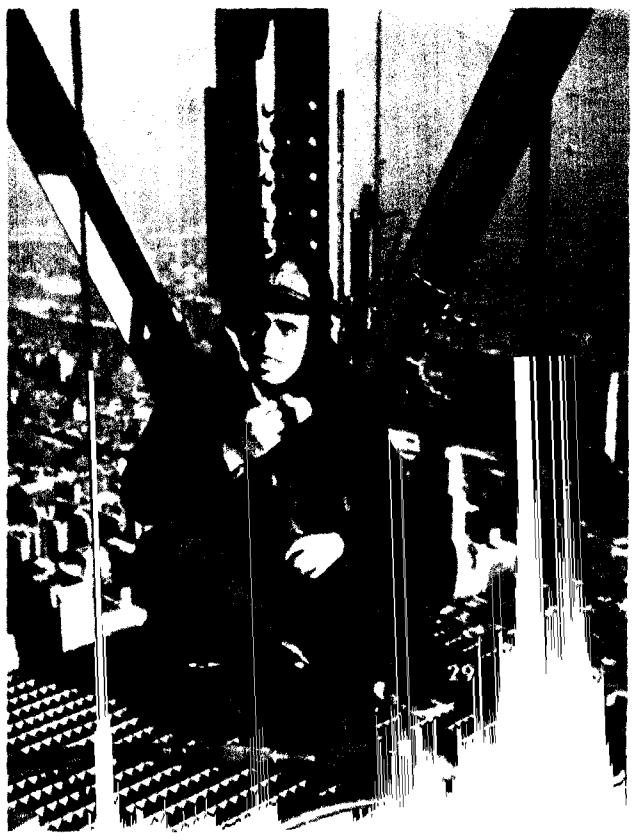
New multiple-transmission framework adds another 222 feet to world's tallest structure



Construction men feel like groundlings when working here. It's the tower's base, a mere 1,250 feet high



William Sullivan pauses for a snack. Note UN Building in right background



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A BETTER

The morning repast has fallen to low estate in many homes, but all isn't lost. The solution: the Special Breakfast, which can be the day's happiest meal. Prepared with loving care, it may consist of almost anything, but results are best when ingredients are out of the ordinary. Try it on your husband—or your wife

First course in one Special Breakfast is a melon filled with dry white wine

THE excited tempo of modern living is probably responsible for a tragic decline in the quality and character of the breakfast that appears on the average American table. Time was when breakfast was precisely what the name indicates: *break fast.* The normal interval between dinner and breakfast is greater than that between other meals; it is an ideal time to serve a tasty, well-balanced meal.

In many sectors of the country, there are still people who make a very special event of breakfast, usually on Sundays and holidays, and these citizens endear themselves to their families and some appreciative guests by planning, preparing and serving victuals so good they deserve a 21-gun salute.

These memorable meals are occasionally man-made, too. A great many married males are not only good amateur chefs, but they have special talents when it comes to the cooking of breakfast. They rise, on these occasions, and tell the lady of the house to lie abed while they go down to the kitchen and whip up a spot of baronial breakfast. These pampered and fortunate females, for obvious reasons, adore their husbands.

What constitutes a well-rounded Special Breakfast depends on where you live; it also depends on how and where you were raised. For most of us, the character of the morning meal assumed great importance when we were very young. Today, the memory of this repast creates an empty ache which can be assuaged only by consuming what I designate as a Special Breakfast.

Many trenchermen friends of mine across the country have kept alive this fine old tradition. As a suggestion of what can be done, when time allows you the luxury of something more than toast and coffee, here are some of their favorite morning meals.

Doctor A. J. Capron, of Oswego, New York, has a glitter in his eyes as he prescribes for the faithful a breakfast such as he enjoyed as a farm boy. Of a cold morning, he recalls, the family males would rise and go forth to the barn to water and feed the critters; the cows were milked, the chickens fed, stables cleaned, and there might be a bout of calisthenics with the snow shovel, making a path to the front gate. Then, cheeks glowing, they trooped into the big kitchen for breakfast.

The table was set, the plates were warming. The raised buckwheat cakes were light, delicately brown, endowed with a slightly sour taste. Potatoes, fried to a crusty goodness in butter or bacon fat, were served with sausage meat—homemade—straight from the skillet. The table had been set with brown sugar, maple sirup, and always a dish of incomparable and savory gravy from the sausage—it contained rosemary, too. There were cookies, friedcakes, apple pie, coffee with plenty of thick cream, rich milk for the youngsters—a real country breakfast.

This may not be your idea of a truly good morning meal, but it sounds very attractive to me. Prejudice and bias often dictate what constitutes a good breakfast, and the proponents become eloquent on the subject.

Helen Glenn often serves breakfast that isn't hard to take. She lives in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The Glenns have a fine theory about food. They think there are times when a Special Breakfast is indicated.

A typical Glenn breakfast starts off with a goodly slug of orange juice. In the meantime, the hostess is busy puttering around a nice hot stove. In the oven a pan of baking-powder biscuits attains maturity and color. On top of the stove, there's a skillet filled with chunks of authentic Pennsylvania Dutch smoked sausage; it sizzles cheerfully, exuding an aroma that teases the appetite.

Also, she is poaching eggs in the neatest, quickest, most palatable manner. The frying pan is delicately anointed with butter. When it is hot, in go the eggs. They are quickly seasoned, the lid is clamped on and the pan is removed from the fire for 30 seconds.

This is a stop-watch project. Then, back on the fire goes the pan. One teaspoon of boiling water is slowly poured over each egg, and the lid is replaced for one and a half minutes. Lift and serve! No more watery poached eggs—these are pridefully puffed up, a creamy white and gold, dry as a bone and utterly delicious.

The biscuits come out of the oven, brown-topped and light as a feather. On the table there's Lattwaerrick, the famous black apple butter of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The sausages are smoky and spicy, the eggs are perfect. Guests call for seconds on almost everything, plus at least three cups of coffee. In other words, it's a mighty good breakfast.

Let's slip down to Halifax, Virginia, to the home

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BREAKFAST, PLEASE

BY HARRY BOTSFORD

of Mary Watkins McLaughlin, and see what's being served for breakfast. Mary processes the finest Virginia ham I ever sank a tooth into. She was brought up in a tradition of good food.

"My father, who lived on a big plantation as a boy, remembers being wakened every morning by the sound of biscuits being beaten," she says. "He came down to a breakfast of the biscuits, batter bread, eggs and at least two meats, usually ham and sausage. They also had bacon, but they didn't consider it a meat."

When the big house bulges with guests, the McLaughlins still preserve the tradition of the big and hearty breakfast. There may be 14 adults at the big table, and 12 to 14 children at the side tables in the big dining room.

There's a brimming glass of orange juice for each person, a broiled quail, tender, modestly brown and succulent, and a slice of Virginia ham and eggs. With batter bread, popovers, and an assortment of jams and jellies, it is a first-rate starter for a happy day of family fun.

Of course, meat isn't an absolute necessity for a Special Breakfast. Fish, properly prepared, does just as well—and sometimes better. Sidney Corbett, the laird of Grosse Ile, near Detroit, knows the secret. Sid is a former General Motors executive, now sentenced to a wheel chair after five years of hospitalization. He has a great zest for food, genuine talent in its cookery, and his books on the subject should be required reading for gourmets, epicures and run-of-the-kitchen trenchermen. Sid Corbett knows the art and science of the Special Breakfast.

Once a year he invites a half-dozen friends in to share his famous salt-mackerel breakfast, as handsome a meal as was ever eaten of a brisk Sunday morning. The day before the feast, the fish are placed on a wire rack in a large dishpan and covered with cold water. After a few hours, the water is replaced, but the original water should be saved. This water is ideal to use in boiling the breakfast potatoes—in their jackets, of course—in a heavy iron or aluminum cooking pot. Once the potatoes are done, the pot is drained and it goes to the back of the stove over low heat; the potatoes become mealy perfection.

Meantime, Sid places the freshened and drained mackerel in a lightly greased frying pan, skin side down, and over a medium fire. At the end of 10 minutes, the fish have exuded some moisture, then absorbed it again. Thence—still in the frying pan, and without turning—under a very hot broiler for 10 more minutes. Just as they enter the broiler, they are brushed with melted butter, and sprinkled lightly with paprika. They emerge a deep, crusty brown on the outside, white as snow on the inside, tasty beyond description with just a little lemon juice on them. The potatoes have a very special flavor, thanks to the light *(Continued on page 58)*

Old-fashioned country breakfast was always special, always whopping—a perfect prelude to a good day's work

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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SAUL TEPPER

The guys dropped their shovels then and jumped him. They held him till he cooled off

THE NEW MAN

By FREDERICK LAING

WHEN Stan saw this fellow the road boss had hired to work with him, he figured he was in for trouble. He was only thinking of the job. Dragging that heavy screed over wet concrete needed two strong guys, not just one.

"This here's Anton," the big, easy-talking foreman said. "He don't speak much English. He thinks he can handle his end of a screed. I want to give him a chance."

Anton looked as though he had just come off the boat. Things must have been tough where he had come from. His cheeks curved in instead of out. He wore a frayed and faded striped shirt, and much-mended, greasy black pants. He was as tall as Stan, but he sure weighed less, and Stan looked at him twice before he realized Anton was just a young guy, like himself.

Only Anton's dark eyes looked fully alive. They were quick and shiny. His eyes said, "You better not try to kick me around," and they said, "I want to be friends."

The foreman called John Broda over from the concrete mixer to explain in Anton's language what had to be done. Stan understood a word here and there. His father still spoke the language once in a while. His father's name wasn't really Stanley, it was Stanislaus. He had settled in this fertile valley when he was Anton's age, and probably for the same reasons, because things were tough where he had come from, and because the valley and the rolling hills were so much like the kind of country he had called home.

John Broda was explaining to Anton. They were adding a strip to the highway and had to lay concrete over a base of crushed stone. It would pour out of the mixer like lumpy dough while a couple of guys in hip-length boots followed the mixer and distributed the stuff with shovels. Then the heavy screed, with a man dragging each end, would make it smooth.

You had to keep that screed moving at a steady pace or somebody would holler, and you and your partner had to move together, because if one was slower, he was going to have a lot of concrete shoved over to his side, and then dragging the screed would be twice as hard for him.

Stan wondered if Broda had explained it that way. Broda gave Anton a slap on the shoulder and went back to the concrete mixer.

Then the trouble started. Anton just didn't have enough meat on him to move that screed the way it had to be moved. The stuff piled up in a lumpy pyramid at his end. Guys hollered. And after a while Anton was glaring across the screed and muttering as though he thought Stan was doing this to him on purpose.

Suddenly Anton let go of the screed with a howl and leaped over it. He got Stan by the throat. Stan put the heel of his palm under Anton's chin and shoved him over backward. Anton got up and launched a kick and Stan turned and grabbed him by the foot, and he went down again. The fight looked ridiculous and Anton got to one knee, surrounded by the other men, all laughing.

He must have hated their laughter. His hand went into his pocket and when he started for Stan again, he had an open knife.

The guys dropped their shovels then and jumped him. They held him until he cooled off.

"Boy, they must fight dirty where you come from!" one of them said. Anton didn't understand.

John Broda took up for him. "A lot of dirty things happened to his home town." And after the noon whistle, Stan heard Broda giving Anton a talk on what you didn't do here when you got into a fight. . . .

Anton managed somehow to hold the job. His work even improved. And on Monday after the first payday, he showed up with an outfit like Stan's —dungarees, navy-blue shirt, and the same kind of cotton cap with a long peaked visor.

That morning as they were working, Anton gave the screed a sudden tug and piled the mixture on Stan's side. Stan wondered how he'd got so strong all of a sudden. He said, "Holy cow!"

"Holy cow!" Anton repeated with a wolfish grin.

Later he asked Broda what it meant, and from then on everything was holy cow. Broda would ask, "How ya doin', Anton?" and he'd answer, "Holy cow!"

Stan came to work on a bicycle. After a few more paydays, Anton showed up on a bike too. He tried to look casual as he parked it beside Stan's. He followed Stan home that night, and after a while they always left work together.

THEY got to be friends—or so Stan thought. One Saturday they stopped at a lunch wagon for a hamburger, and watched part of a fight on television. Anton became excited and waved a table knife at the television screen. Stan laughed. But one of the guys from the road job said, "I wouldn't want to be alone with that fella. Where he comes from they fight dirty."

When the prize fight was over, they went out to their bikes. A girl drove by in an open car, her blond hair streaming. Stan didn't know her, but he waved and she waved back.

"American girls," Anton said. He kissed his finger tips. "Holy cow!"

"Yeah," Stan said. "Me too."

They coasted downhill and Anton pointed to the apple trees in the field near the creek. The apples were getting ripe. A streak of red showed here and there. Stan stopped by the fence and motioned Anton to follow.

They picked a couple of apples and sat down near the creek. Stan bit into his apple, but Anton took a knife and began peeling his. Stan noticed the way Anton had opened the knife with a flick of his thumb. He saw how long the blade was—nearly five inches—and the way it sliced a thin ribbon of peel. Anton wiped it on his shirt and put it back into his pocket.

They finished eating the apples. Stan threw the core at a tree across the creek and hit it. Anton hit it, too. They got up.

"Now," Anton said, "we fight."

Stan thought he must be kidding. He made a playful pass with his open hand, and Anton came in and hit him hard on the jaw.

"What the—! What's the big idea?" Stan said angrily.

"Fight!" Anton said.

"What for? What's got into you?"

Anton swung a couple of wide ones which Stan blocked easily. But he kept coming in and Stan gave him a hard left jab and a right. Anton backed away and danced around Stan in a circle, waving his fists.

It lasted about fifteen minutes, with Anton getting the worst of it. Finally as they stood facing each other and puffing, Stan thought Anton had had enough and he lowered his hands.

"You stop?" Anton asked.

"I didn't want to fight in the first place," Stan said. "What you want to go and start a fight for?"

Anton didn't answer. Maybe he didn't understand. He reached into his pocket and the knife came out. Stan's eyes flashed to the knife. He had thought he was beginning to know Anton, and that Anton was beginning to understand a few things, too. Anton flicked his thumb and the sharp blade gleamed in the sun.

"One good knife," Anton said.

Stan didn't say anything. He stayed where he was.

"Cost plenty money. Good knife." Anton shook his head. And as Stan stood watching, he closed the knife. When he looked up, there was a grin on his puffed lips. "I fight clean?"

Stan saw what it was then. He rubbed his jaw and his grin hurt. "Yeah, clean enough."

Anton turned quickly and threw the knife into the creek. Then he embarrassed Stan with a hug. And when they got back on their bikes, Anton looked battered but happy. THE END

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We stick to our knittin'...

We're tobacco men not medicine men

Old Gold cures just one thing:

the World's Best Tobacco!

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"Fur Coats for Five Dollars"

By LAFE F. ALLEN

Capital shoppers go wild every February 22d. It's easy to see why

THIS February 22d, while most Americans are marking the birth date of George Washington by relaxing or engaging in some other ceremony appropriate to the occasion, the residents of the city named after the first President will converge by the tens of thousands on the capital's downtown shopping area. There they will scratch, kick, bite, stomp and shove; they will trample toes, elbow ribs and perhaps punch a few noses; many will stand in line all through the long, cold night.

Five of them will buy typewriters for 99 cents. Perhaps a dozen will get fur coats for $5. Others will spend 50 cents and carry home a radio, or five cents and carry home a phonograph record. Most of the frenzied Washingtonians—augmented by hundreds of their neighbors from nearby Maryland and Virginia—won't fare that well. But chances are they'll be back on February 22, 1952, for another crack at the fabulous cornucopia of bargains which has become synonymous with the District of Columbia's annual Washington's Birthday Sale.

For this yearly mob scene has been going on for three decades. And, far from relenting in its fury, it shows every sign of becoming more intense. Sale day may bring snow as in 1948 or rain as in 1949 and 1950, but it's always June in February as far as the hell-bent patrons of this bargain-day-to-end-all-bargain-days are concerned.

The good burghers of Washington consider themselves no less patriotic than their cousins in Des Moines, Walla Walla or Tallahassee. Nevertheless, it is a statistical fact that whereas 150,000 of them stormed local stores last February 22d, only 2,580 visited Mount Vernon that day to participate in reverential ceremony. Other solemn rituals in the general area of the nation's capital got similarly short shrift.

Washingtonians have a ready, if somewhat helpless, explanation for their singular observance of the first President's birth date. They say that local merchants simply won't let them stay away on this particular day. Just as mother was lured 30 years ago by ads for misses' muslin drawers for 59 cents and dolman capes for $14.98, so her daughter is drawn nowadays by such magnetic bargains as hats for 88 cents, dresses for $1, neckties for 10 cents and used washing machines for $3.95.

District police are bracing themselves for bigger mobs than ever this year, based on their painful observation that each sale day draws more than

Milling crowds **at Philipsborn women's store, which once sold some 25 dresses —originally priced at $45 to $65—for 27 cents each. The dresses were advertised that way by accident, but shoppers considered it normal for Washington's Birthday**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL

SALE
TOMORROW 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.
TYPEWRITERS
99¢
5 OF 'EM
Standard, Complete Operating
ea.
FUR COATS
Use Morton's Lay-Away
Orig. Value
Now
1 Mink-Dyed Coney Coat 38.00 5.00
1 Black-Dyed Caracul Lamb Coat 89.00 5.00
1 Gray-Dyed S. American Lamb Coat 59.00 8.00
1 Mouton-Dyed Lamb Coat 69.50 12.00
4 Alpine Lamb Coats 79.50 12.50
1 Skunk-Dyed Opposum Coat 89.50 14.00
1 Gray-Dyed S. American Lamb Coat 89.50 25.00
4 Assembled Seal-Dyed Coney Coats 48.00 25.00
4 Assembled Seal-Dyed Coney Coats 59.50 28.50
3 Mink-Dyed Coney Coats 58.00 33.00
3 Sable-Dyed Coney Coats 69.50 33.00
2 3-Piece Gray-Dyed Coney Coat, Hat and Bag Sets 75.00 33.00
4 Mouton-Dyed Lamb Coats 66.00 35.00
1 South American Grey Fox Coat 189.50 44.00
4 Tax-Free Grey-Dyed Coney Coats 69.50 44.00
2 Brown-Dyed Kidskin Coats 99.00 58.00
3 Tax-Free Mouton-Dyed Lamb Coats 99.00 58.00
4 Black-Dyed Kidskin Coat 119.00 58.00
4 Seal-Dyed Coney Coats 139.50 66.00
3 Black-Dyed Persian Lamb Paw Coats 149.50 77.00
4 Tax-Free Seal-Dyed Coney Coats with mink trim 129.50 85.00
2 Tax-Free Black and White Kidskin Coats 139.50 99.00
2 Tax-Free Br... 139.50 99.00
6 Tax-Free...
Below ... just a few of the many sensational values in this six hour sale. Now, as never before do you have such an opportunity to SAVE.
(1) Famous Make
TABLE MODEL TELEVISION
Cash and carry—As is
Mfgr.'s List $169.95
99c
(2) Famous Make
...EVISION
...Detective ...amined the "fountain pen." Sud- the clo...
...ature ...notgun.
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY SALE!
1500 PAIRS of WOMEN'S SHOES
5c
... with the purchase of one pair at the regular price If you can't use both pair, bring a friend.
SPECIAL to the first 50 Customers — ODD LOT HOUSE SLIPPERS 5c A PAIR
150 PAIR CHILDREN'S GALOSHES 85c
100 PAIRS WOMEN'S KLUMEN'S ARCH SHOES
Sizes to 6 only 85c

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're working for defense too!"

SO THAT THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD IS READY TO MEET ANY DEMAND, ANY EMERGENCY . . .

WHILE industry makes ready for whatever defense production program the Nation may require, the Pennsylvania Railroad is making ready for any transportation job that industry . . . or the Nation . . . may call on us to do.

Gaining momentum since 1946, the Pennsylvania Railroad's half billion dollar equipment program to insure an adequate car supply, with locomotives and supporting facilities to provide good transportation service, is nearing completion.

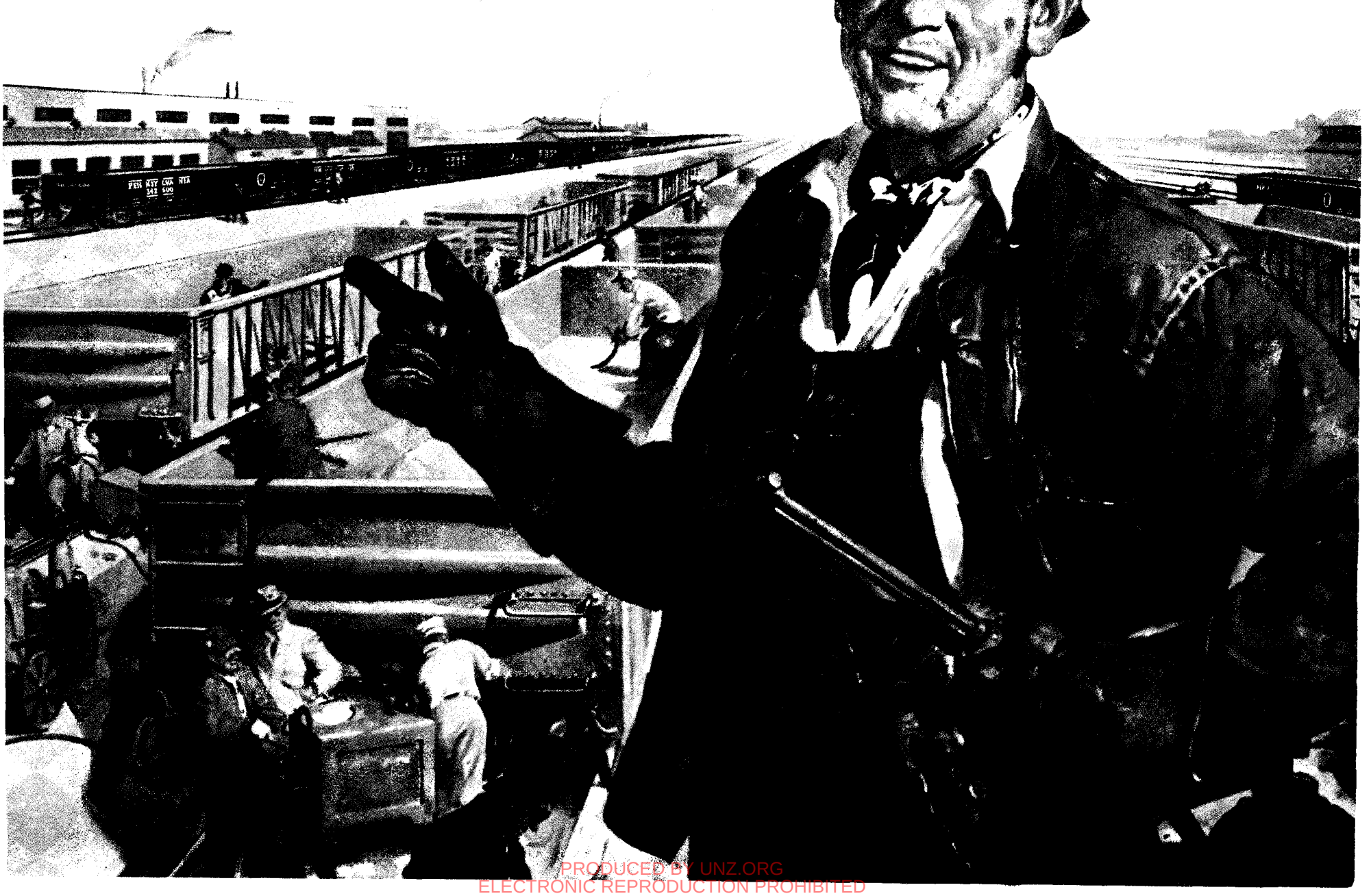
The Pennsylvania's 54,000 shopmen are working to keep all transportation equipment fit. Besides building new cars they have rehabilitated 20,000 existing freight cars and will put another 14,000 in new-car condition this year.

Car builders are busy on the biggest single order of its kind in railroad history . . . 20,000 new Pennsylvania Railroad freight cars costing $114 million. More than 7,000 have been built and put to work. The others are coming along at the rate of 1,250 or more a month. These are in addition to more than 5,000 new cars built in the Pennsylvania's shops in the past three years.

More than 1,000 new Diesel-electric locomotives costing $212 million have been ordered. Nearly all are now in service.

In every possible way steps have been taken to make sure that equipment and all other facilities are ample and ready for any demand or emergency.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



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But for Him...

But for him . . . words would be sterile, meaningless things . . . words like freedom, liberty, justice, equality . . . words that make pacts, proclamations, constitutions, charters . . . hopes for a better, more peaceful future.

Back of each man with a gun there are at least 25 men in uniform. They are men who are doers in their own right . . . specialists in communications, transportation, engineering, food, housing, motors, maintenance, repairs, electronics and many others.

Today's Army is a multiple combination of teams . . . in which all individuals merge their identity for a cause. Yet, as on any team in civilian life, individuals emerge from the group to carry the team and the cause.

Your Army is constantly seeking individuals of courage and initiative. Last year more than 200,000 men volunteered for the role of HIM. If you believe you can qualify, stop in at your nearest U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station and see how much your Army offers you!

U. S. ARMY

RECRUITING
U.S. ARMY
U.S. AIR FORCE

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in Washington are jammed [illegible]h people early on the morning of the [illegible]ig day. Police [illegible]ys expect heaviest crush [illegible]f the year

the last, thanks to the participation of more and more merchants and the cumulative publicity through the years.

The rising cost of living and the anticipated shortage of household appliances brought on by the Korean war are expected to swell the bargain-hunting hordes even further.

The Washington's Birthday Sale is admittedly a rummage event to clear the decks of shopworn, traded-in and end-of-season stocks. Prospective buyers are so warned, but that proves no deterrent. "I just don't get it," confesses one puzzled store executive who this year will offer table radios for $1.95, radio phonographs for $9.95 and other comparable buys in used appliances. "You point out that a washer is years old and subject to no guarantee. But the customers think you're trying to tout them to something higher-priced, so they insist on this particular item. Believe me, they're welcome to it."

Almost without exception, Washington stores do a greater dollar volume per hour during the four or five hours they are open on Washington's Birthday than on any other day in the year. Local newspaper advertising provides a pretty accurate barometer of what really big business this annual sale is. On February 21, 1950—the Tuesday before sale day—the Washington Evening Star had a whopping 108-page issue, jam-packed with sale offerings; the Star's average weekday paper carries 60 pages. The same afternoon the Washington Daily News ran 80 pages, compared to an average weekday paper of 48 pages.

The idea of the Washington's Birthday Sale was born more than 30 years ago. The late Sidney H. Reizenstein, owner of the Mode, a men's store, was poking ruefully through a year-long accumulation of sun-faded ties, shirts and other odds and ends of men's furnishings when he suddenly hit on a scheme which in the years to come was to prove a merchandising ten-strike: Why not capitalize on the fact that tens of thousands of government workers get off on Washington's Birthday; why not entice them with big enough bargains to make them spend the day shopping instead of holidaying? Reizenstein took newspaper space to advertise frankly:

"Clearance, of course, is the only reason for such cutting of prices."

He offered $1.50 ties for 10 cents, $2.50 shirts and pajamas for 29 cents and 39 cents, and $50 men's suits for $9.75. When he got down to work on the morning of the sale he was shocked to see a line two blocks long. The Mode sold all its sale merchandise in 20 minutes.

Other store owners along the downtown thoroughfares realized belatedly that they'd missed a good bet. They made for the band wagon in steadily increasing numbers; today the merchant who doesn't participate in the sale is as rare as a speechless congressman. Even the big, fashionable specialty and department stores advertise lowered prices—although they rarely offer the cut-to-the-bone merchandise featured by other shops.

In front of the latter establishments, the lines start forming as early as 8:00 P.M. on February 21st. Some shoppers come dragging camp stools or beach chairs; others fortify themselves with vacuum jugs of coffee and other stimulants to ward off the debilitating effects of a February night in the streets. Detective stories and magazines are read in the dim glow of street lights, and portable radios help while away the *(Continued on page 56)*

[illegible] lucky bargain hunters who got 99-cent typewriter. That many reconditioned machines are priced under a dollar yearly

[illegible] the big sale, lines start forming at stores offering best buys. Shoppers come equipped with blankets, coffee

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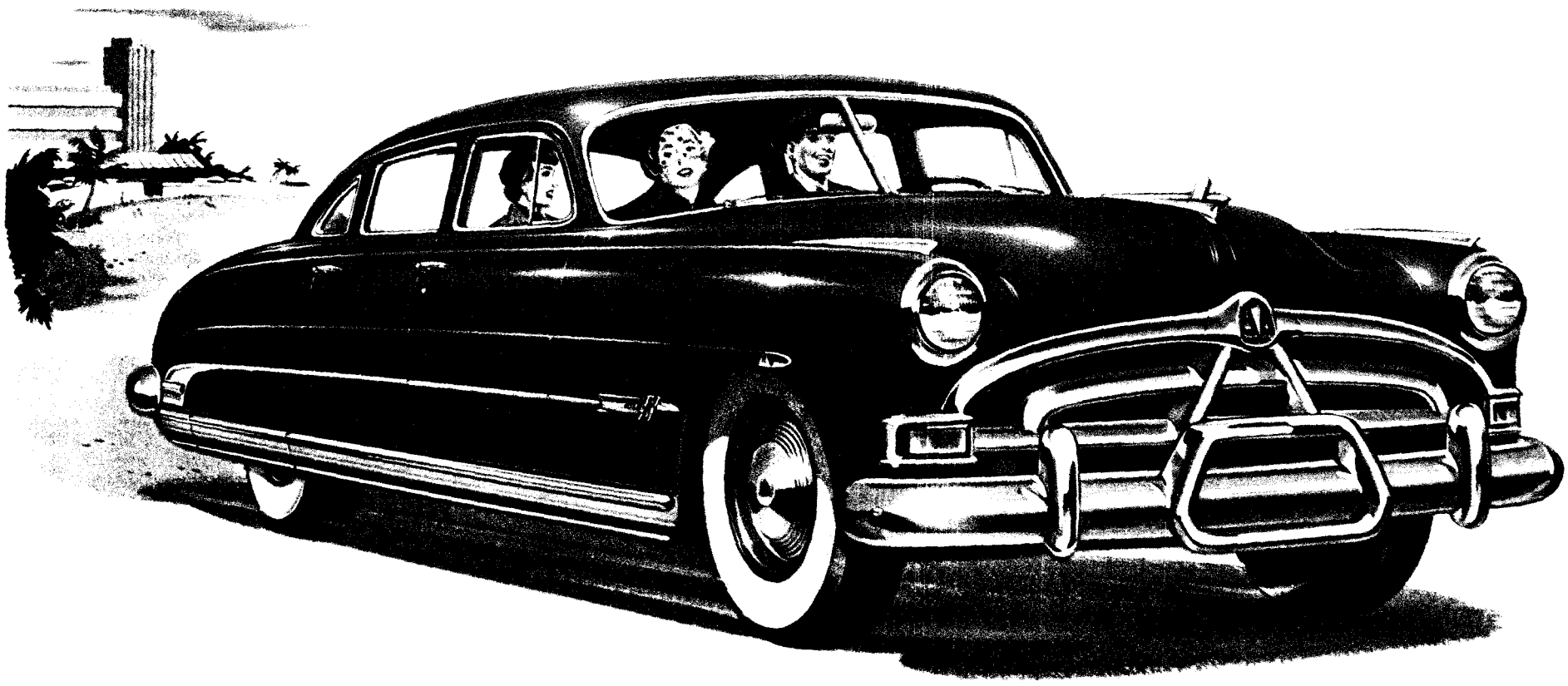
World's most exciting get-up-and-go!



Fabulous new HUDSON HORNET has Miracle H-Power

You are invited to enjoy something new under the sun!

Performance *unlimited* — with the sensational new H-145 engine in the fabulous new Hudson Hornet!

Here is exciting get-up-and-go — high-spirited action, the like of which you've never experienced in a motor car before!

And—with all its great power, this spectacular new high-compression H-145 engine is unbelievably quiet and smooth! It is simple in design for low upkeep cost and trouble-free operation—built to outlast any other engine on the market!

But there's even more than a great new engine to make the Hudson Hornet the most exciting car in years! Inside luxury beyond your fondest dreams—famous "step-down" design for the most room in any car, and the best and safest ride in all motoring!

Your Hudson dealer invites you to enjoy this thrilling, new driving experience!

Important today—
perhaps VITAL tomorrow

All Hudsons give high-compression performance on REGULAR GAS!

Hudson... most DURABLE car your money can buy!

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Letter to a Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

reached down and curved his hand around my cheek. "I think it's time, Chris," he said.

"For the children, Mark?" . . .

Long hours later, when we both had been asleep, I woke again and Mark was not near me. I heard him moving quietly in the studio, and I sat up to listen. His shadow was huge and unearthly from the last of the fire. He held the little tree in his hands; then he knelt down and laid it on the fire. The fire blazed up quickly.

He turned then and saw me. "They'd have been wilted in the morning," he said. "The time for things to be finished is when they're at their loveliest."

"That's for things like roses, Mark," I said sleepily. "But some things are never going to fade. They're forever."

DR. ROBBINS confirmed the fact that I was pregnant. He lived in a little Maryland town just outside of Baltimore, in a rather shabbily elegant old house, with several servants and however many of his countless adopted children happened to be home at the moment.

Mark and I had telephoned to say we were coming, and when we drove through the big stone gateposts into his quiet old grounds, there he was waiting for us. Mark and I jumped out of the car on opposite sides and smothered him in greetings.

"Now, wait a minute," he protested. "I'm an old man today. It's my birthday."

"No foolin'," Mark cried, and then he stood back and looked at him. "I don't know why, but it never occurred to me you *had* a birthday."

"But we've brought you a birthday present," I said. "At least we hope we have." We put our arms about his waist then, and dragged him up to the house, both of us talking at once.

Several of his children were home at the time, and they took Mark out to the stables. Laura, one of his daughters who is studying to be a physician herself, helped the doctor with me.

"We're fresh out of nurses at the moment," he said. "Will you accept two doctors instead?"

Many of the doctor's children have gone into his profession, and several more have become nurses or technicians. He says he never influences them, and I suppose he doesn't, consciously. But everything he does influences the people around him.

After the examination, he put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my face. "Chris," he said, "you're going to have a baby."

"That's what I told you in the first place," I said. "Now let's go out and put Mark out of suspense."

We spent the whole lovely day talking about our plans for the baby. Before we had to drive back up to New York we had decided that we would ask Millie to let us have the Cape Cod house for the summer. Eve could be there with me, and Mark could come whenever he was on the East Coast for a few days. Dr. Robbins thought the quiet spot was an excellent place for the baby to start growing.

"Millie will want to come up and fuss a bit," he warned. "The way to handle her is to let her come, and then just bore her to death. Then she'll think of a couple of good reasons why she has to leave." . . .

As soon as the weather was mild enough, we moved up to the Sevilles' house on the Cape. Eve and Mark and I drove up together. It had been almost two years since that day Eve and I had arrived alone, she so uncertain of herself, and of me, and I so overwhelmed with my impossible love for Mark.

This was quite a different home-coming, for now all the things we had not dared to hope for then had become everyday facts.

Eve, at sixteen, had grown quite lovely. Her voice had deepened and slowed down, so that one listened to what she had to say. Outwardly she had become a calm and poised teen-ager. But there were still wide gaps of loneliness and uncertainty in her.

As soon as we had unpacked the car and got ourselves settled, she disappeared, and we saw her walking along the beach with her hair blowing out behind her.

"She's a lovely thing," Mark said, sitting on the window seat and watching her. "You'll let her grow more like herself this summer."

After a few days both Mark and Eve began to paint. To my amazement Mark painted not big flamboyant thrusts, but rather small and fragile things. Eve painted storms and turmoils.

I simply lay in the warm sand and watched them solemnly enjoying themselves. I didn't care whether or not I ever painted again. I didn't care whether or not I ever moved again. I was a drowsy, purring kitten with my world between my happy paws.

As soon as the European war ended, Mark's trips to the East Coast stopped abruptly. He had a short leave with us, and then we didn't see him for weeks.

The summer slipped through our fingers. Mrs. Crannich moved in and took care of us as I got lazier and lazier. Millie came up several times, but found us so wonderfully dull that she soon went home again. Eve read to me while I lay in the sun.

We swam when the water was warm enough, and walked miles along the cliffs or the beaches. We talked, or we were contentedly silent. And the child in me grew stronger and made himself felt.

Then suddenly, on August fourteenth, the war was over. We heard it on the radio, and Eve wept and jumped up and down, and hugged me and wept some more.

"Now I can confess," she said. "There's never been a day when I didn't feel sure that before sunset I'd have a telegram saying that Mark had been killed."

"That was morbid," I said.

"I'm sorry. But it's the truth."

"Very morbid. And I know exactly what you mean because there never was a day when I didn't believe the same thing."

"Oh, heavens, the things people suffer," she said, wiping her eyes. "If you love someone it's hell all the way."

"Except the part that's heaven," I said.

The war was over, and we turned the dials of the radio and listened to people screaming and laughing in the streets of New York and London and Paris. Mark telephoned us from Dallas that night, hardly able to control his own excitement. In the background we could hear people laughing.

"They're trying to celebrate," Mark said. "People just don't know what to do, I guess. What'd you and Eve do?"

"Just what we always do," I said. "Talked about you."

ASTONISHINGLY soon after the end of the war, Mark got his terminal leave. Eve had gone back to school, and Mrs. Crannich and I were staying on alone in the house. I had decided to stay at least until Thanksgiving.

It was a week before Thanksgiving when Mark telephoned to say he was on his way home for good. Furthermore, he was bringing a surprise for Thanksgiving.

I find myself writing of these unimportant details now, because I cannot bring myself to tell what must come next.

Mark expected to get an Army plane up from Georgia to New York, and said he'd call me from there so I'd have some idea of when to expect him. I waited all afternoon in a frenzy of happiness, and finally about eight (when I had decided it must surely be midnight) I went to bed. I woke up suddenly, seeing the bright lights of a car flashing across our windows.

Then I heard a strange man's voice, calling out to Mrs. Crannich: "Do some people named Seville live here?"

So I knew it was no one from the neighborhood. Then I heard him lower his voice ominously while he said something else to her, and by that time I was down the stairs and peering out the slit of the opened front door beside her.

"What is it? I'm Mrs. Seville."

He was a tall middle-aged man with a raincoat fastened up under his chin.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Seville, but I'm afraid I have some bad news," he said.

"My husband?"

"There's been a plane accident. He's in the hospital in Taunton. I thought maybe you'd like me to drive you up."

Mrs. Crannich was crying. But I couldn't say anything at all. I couldn't seem to do anything but just stand and stare.

But I must have said something, and I

COLLIER'S "And another thing—the date is 1951, not 1591!" SIDNEY HOFF

Never neglect a cut finger

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name on the box

BAND-AID means MADE BY
Johnson & Johnson

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Announcing the

Finest Paul Jones in Five Generations!

SO SMOOTH, SO MILD, SO RICH AND MELLOW...

YOU JUST CAN'T BUY A BETTER DRINK!

SINCE 1865, when some fortunate gentleman first sampled the rare, silken smoothness of Paul Jones, this famous brand has held an honored place among America's proudest whiskies.

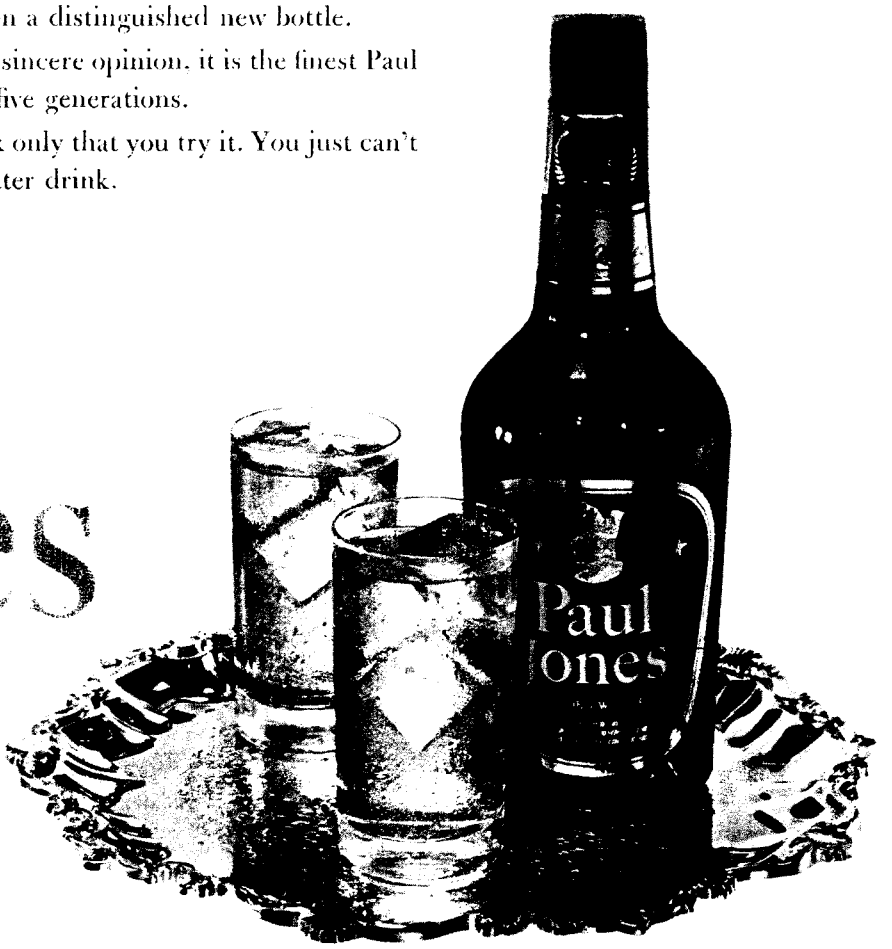
Today we bring you a Paul Jones so smooth, so rich and mellow that it deserves and has been given a distinguished new bottle.

In our sincere opinion, it is the finest Paul Jones in five generations.

We ask only that you try it. You just can't buy a better drink.

Paul Jones

SINCE 1865



Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.

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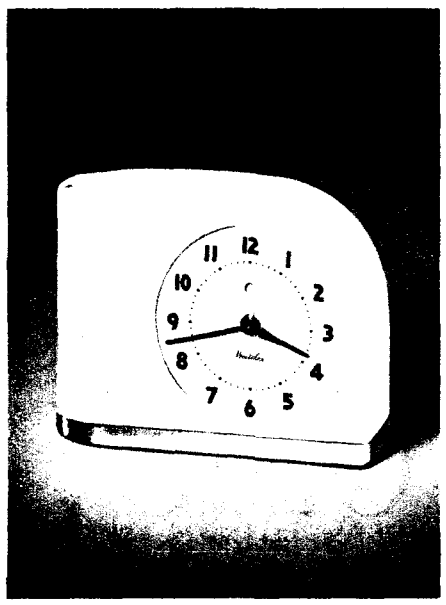
There's nothing like this

NEW... MODERN

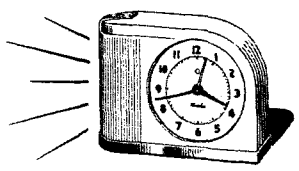
way to wake up!



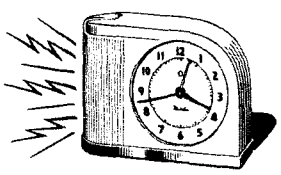
MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM

This completely different electric "alarm" calls two ways . . . with a light for "light" sleepers; a sound for "sound" sleepers. First call is *silent* . . . a blinking light that disturbs nobody else. But if you ignore the light, Moonbeam adds to it a cheerful, audible alarm. A Westclox exclusive, Moonbeam comes in plain or luminous dial.

"first he blinks... then he rings"



His first call—a blinking light . . .



. . . later joined by an audible alarm

WESTCLOX

Electric Clocks

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Products of Corporation

must have got myself into some clothes, because within a few minutes we were driving down the road from the Seville house, and the man was telling me his name was Martin Crippen, and that he was one of the Cape correspondents for the Boston Globe.

I was saying to myself, "He's not dead, or they wouldn't ask me to come. He can't be dead, or they wouldn't . . ." And aloud I was trying to behave in a way that would be considerate of this middle-aged stranger who was telling me about other times he had been called out by the Globe, to tell someone bad news.

"The worst part of my job, seems as if," he said. "I'm a kindhearted man, Mrs. Seville."

I said, "This is very kind of you."

"Well, don't be too frightened," he said. "Just try to keep calm."

The drive was interminable. At last we crossed the Cape Cod Canal, and almost immediately we were in a snowstorm.

"Always colder up on the mainland," Mr. Crippen said.

We hadn't mentioned our errand for miles, and I began to try to persuade myself that I had somehow misunderstood. At last we were in Taunton, and Mr. Crippen was looking for someone to ask where the hospital was. We found a bar, and he went in and stayed a long time.

"Sorry I took so long," he said when he came out. "Couldn't get my number through to Boston." So then I knew he had been reporting to the Globe.

WE DROVE around a few more streets, and at last we saw the hospital ahead. Then Mr. Crippen was ringing the emergency bell on the door, and a gray-haired nurse was peering out at us.

"Maybe you better just let me do the talking," he said, as she opened the door for us.

He explained who I was, and she looked cheerfully sympathetic, and said we'd better just wait in the outer office a minute until she found out.

"You sit down. I've got to go to the little boys' room," Mr. Crippen said lugubriously, and I heard his footsteps going down the long silent hall. As soon as they had stopped, I went out into the hall myself.

I knew that if Mark was in that building something would lead me to where he was. I began running down the corridor now, as softly as I could, with some idea that I'd have to hurry before the nurse came back, or I'd never get to him. I found the elevator and got into it and tried to close the door, and just then another nurse came up.

"What are you doing?" she said in a belligerent whisper.

"I've—I've been sent for," I said. "My husband's here. I'm Mrs. Seville."

"Now, let me see," she said, putting her hand firmly on my arm. "We're supposed to be down in the waiting room, aren't we?"

"You've got to find someone who knows where he is," I said. "He's— They say he's been in a crash."

Her face softened then, and she put her arm around me. "Now, you'll just have to wait a bit, dear," she said.

I knew it would do no good to argue with her. It would only delay her getting the authority to take me to Mark. So I agreed quickly to go back with her to the night switchboard at the front desk, and she sat me down and began telephoning.

"Patient's wife is here," I heard her say. "What'd I better do with her? . . . Okay."

She came over to me then and said, "You'll have to wait a few minutes, dear. But they're going to let you see him."

"Is he—is he—?"

"He's fine," she said firmly. "He's been lucky. The girl wasn't so fortunate."

"Is he suffering?" I couldn't think of anything else to ask, and the question sounded stupid. All my words sounded stupid.

"Not now, of course," she said kindly. "They have him under sedatives."

There was a buzzing on the switchboard, and she pulled up the instrument and spoke into it. "Yes? I see. I'll bring her right away."

I was out of my chair and on my way toward the door before she had finished speaking. She took my arm and kept me from running.

"Now you've got to be a big brave girl," she said.

I nodded dumbly. She pulled the elevator door closed, and pressed the proper button. None of it seemed real to me, but to the last day I'm on this earth I shall remember every detail. I can close my eyes and count the buttons on the brass plate of that elevator; I can hear the wheezy breath of the nurse, and my own heartbeats choking me.

There was a youngish doctor waiting for us when the elevator door opened.

"Here you are," he said in a whisper, smiling at me as if I were a child. "Now, honey, you've got to—"

"I know. I've got to be a big brave girl."

We went down the dimmed corridor, and he opened the door of Mark's room for me. The room was filled with a sweet, frightening odor of medicine, and Mark was propped up in the bed. His eyes were closed, and there was a long white strip of adhesive tape across his temple and up into his hair.

COLLIER'S FRED LUNDY

He was breathing in deep rhythms, as if he were making a tremendous effort not to stop.

The doctor bent over and spoke softly to him, and he shook his head and whispered. Then the doctor motioned for me to come closer to the bed.

"You speak to him, Mrs. Seville," he said.

I tried to speak, but my voice couldn't seem to come up from my throat, so I reached out instead and touched his hand. It was hot and moist. It moved away from my hand, and then, as if all his reactions had to be relayed through mazes of agony, his hand came groping back to mine.

"I'm going to leave you here a few moments," the doctor said.

WHEN we were alone in the room, I could speak to him. He opened his eyes slowly and I saw that he knew me. I saw much, much more than that in his eyes.

"Chris—I've been trying to find you."

"You found me, darling."

I thought for a moment that he had drifted off. Then he turned his head impatiently, as if he couldn't quite see me in the dimly lighted room. "Don't let anything happen to the baby."

"No, Mark."

"I've got to tell you something."

"Yes. Tell me."

"If anything happens to the baby, you've got to find another baby."

"But how could I, Mark, if I didn't have you?"

"You'll have to find a way," he said. Then to my horror he tried to pull himself up on his elbows. "Chris—let me hold you just once," he said. "I've loved you so much, and I've had such a little of you—"

I slipped my arm under his neck, and held his head against my breast, and that is where he died. . . .

I don't remember much else that happened that night. Mr. Crippen was holding me up, and somebody was insisting on giving me some brandy, and somebody else was saying she'd gladly give me a room for the night, except that the hospital was so crowded these days.

"But you can just stay here and rest as long as you please, Mrs. Seville," she said, patting my hand.

And then, as long as I seemed to be taking it all so well, they decided to tell me the rest.

"You'd have to know in a few hours anyway," the nurse said. "We've just found out who the girl with Captain Seville was."

"The girl?"

"She was his sister. They've just found her little suitcase out at the wreckage. Her name seemed to be Eve. Did Captain Seville have a sister Eve?"

AFTER I left the hospital that night, I knew I couldn't go back to the Cape and to that house where Mark and Eve and I had been so happy. I knew I had to be alone somewhere and try to begin believing what had happened. I had to try somehow to find my way back to reality.

I've never been very clear about what happened after we left the hospital. I suppose Mr. Crippen must have driven me to Boston and found a hotel room for me.

Of the whole hotel nightmare, the only moment I remember clearly is the first moment I was alone and the door was safely shut behind me. I had no night clothes with me, so I began unbuttoning my dress and taking off my shoes. I hurried as if something terrible were pursuing me, and I remember that I had some notion that the only thing in the world that could comfort me now was my own child. I wanted to huddle down under the covers with my child, and sleep for a thousand years, and find somehow in the sleep that this was all a dream.

Then, somehow, the window was graying, and it was morning. I got up and counted the money in my handbag. I had to get to Baltimore, I kept reminding myself. As fast as possible, I had to get to Baltimore, where Dr. Rob was. If there wasn't money enough for train fare, perhaps I could take a bus.

The only place in Boston which seemed populated at that early hour was the bus terminal. There was a tangle of luggage and children everywhere, and wan, tired women, and men in uniform. My ticket to Baltimore took nearly all the money I had in my purse, leaving just enough for a telegram to Dr. Rob saying I was on my way.

I knew I should have some breakfast, but the thought of food was intolerable. When the bus door was unlocked, a tide of passengers carried me in and deposited me in a seat beside a window. The only alert person in the bus was the driver.

"All right, folks, we're off," he said jovially, clanging the door shut.

We swung out into Stuart Street, and I sank down deep into my seat, rocked and jiggled by the shaking of the bus. I wanted to lose myself if I could. If I could have destroyed my memory and lost myself completely, I would have done that.

We stopped for food every few hours and everyone piled out and made beelines for some dingy eating place.

The man who was sitting next to me said, "Sister, I notice you ain't had a thing to eat."

"Not hungry," I said.

"If it's because you're running a little low on cash, you just let me treat you to something." At the next stop, he insisted on buying me coffee and a hamburger.

Darkness came down finally, and now the window beside me was a black mirror. The man beside me had fallen asleep against my shoulder, his face touchingly good in sleep. He looked younger now than when he was awake, but already there were marks of sadness and defeat about his mouth. I moved my shoulder gently so he could rest more comfortably.

Then suddenly I knew the bus had

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stopped, and the lights had gone on in the ceiling, and people were stirring about and bending over me. The man who had been sitting next to me was saying, "I thought she didn't act just right. I seen right away the lady was sick or somethin'."

Then the tall, fresh-faced driver was carrying me off the bus, and someone had spread down a coat by the side of the road, and I was lying on it, retching and slashed by a thousand knives of pain. I lost consciousness in the ambulance, and that was a great mercy, for I was losing my child.

DR. ROBBINS found me in a country hospital somewhere in Pennsylvania. I knew without being conscious that I had lost my child. I knew, under my muddled delirium, that I was alive, and that I would survive all this, and that eventually I would find myself again. I knew that Dr. Rob had come, and I saw his face sometimes, rising and setting in my delirium, and I knew that one of his children, the youngest nurse, was with me almost constantly.

Then at last there came a morning when I was fully awake again, and the first thing I realized was that my body was thin and flat under the white hospital blankets. My hands recoiled from having to touch the flatness.

The hospital nurses came into my room with solicitude disguised by their impersonal cheerfulness, and I tried my best to live up to what they expected of me.

"Well, I see our little patient's back among us this morning."

Dr. Rob's daughter didn't try to be professionally cheerful when we were alone. She held my hand and didn't attempt to talk. When Dr. Rob himself came later that day, he wept for both of us, because I still could find no tears, and he let me comfort him.

"Chris, you've got to make it up to me," he said. "I've lost my best boy."

"I can't be your best boy, Dr. Rob. But—"

"You've got to come and stay in my house with me a while," he said. "My children are nearly all scattered now. Will you come?"

(It was many months later that I understood how skillfully he had helped me over that difficult place in my recovery, by making me responsible for helping him.)

Within a few days Laura drove us the rest of the way to Dr. Rob's house. Then Laura had to go back to her own work, and I settled for a bit in the lovely old house.

Several of the children came home for Christmas; some even brought grandchildren, and the house was filled with noise and warmth.

"And there wasn't a one of them, Chris, which didn't begin in tragedy," Doctor Rob said. "I like to think of that whenever I see unaccountable, sad things striking, the way Mark's death has struck me."

Many of the adopted children had known Mark, and they always spoke of him naturally. But I could not speak of him to anyone. I could barely think of him, except in the white silence of the night when I lay awake and grieved.

Dr. Rob eased me into my own existence carefully, the way a ship must be launched. I hardly realized it was happening, but it came about with the infinite patience and tact of Dr. Rob.

One day he said, "Chris, I've wanted for weeks to go into New York to the theater. Do you suppose you'd be good enough to take me in?"

Naturally I would have done anything for him that he asked me to do.

"Let's go up early enough to pick you out something pretty to wear," he said. "I've always had a homely man's vanity about being seen with a pretty girl."

We went up on the morning train, and in the afternoon he amused himself picking out the kind of clothes that he said he'd always wanted to see me wear—a very simple and elegant holly-green suit with a bit of mink.

He put me in a hotel and neither of us mentioned that I had a studio, locked up and empty of everything but dust. He had chosen a musical, and during the opening scene of it he took my hand and held it happily. When intermission came I knew that I had forgotten myself for an hour and had been happy.

The next day, on the way back to the country, I said, "Dr. Rob, I think maybe I ought to tell you something. I've been dreading going into New York."

"You have?" He sounded surprised.

"I didn't think I ever could bear to be there again."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have taken you."

"No. It helped me get over something. I'm awfully glad we went."

"Maybe old men like me become selfish and unseeing," he said. "I wanted so much to go myself, you see."

After a moment I understood how it had happened. "And you wanted so much to have me go," I said. "I think old men like you become geniuses in understanding."

He smiled then, and tucked my hand under his arm protectively. "Don't give me credit for too much genius, Chris. It's only that I love all my children, and now you're one of them."

Each step of the way back, he was there supporting me, so that I did not even know I had taken the step until it was safely behind me.

SPRING was approaching before we went to New York to the theater again. Dr. Rob said he was going to be busy with one of his colleagues in the afternoon, but he was sure I could amuse myself. Deliberately, I kept myself around the galleries.

Then suddenly I was walking east as fast as I could go.

"I'll just walk past the house," I said to myself. "I'll just look up at the windows, and if it feels too unbearable . . ."

I was almost running now, and when I came to the street, I didn't stop. I didn't look up at the windows. I hurried up the steps and into the foyer, and then I began running up one flight of stairs and across the landings to the next flight, until I was standing outside my own door, with my heart beating wildly. I knew I had the key, for it had never been far away from my hand. I took it out of my bag, and fitted it in the door.

The sun was streaming in through the side window, and there was dust on all the surfaces. The hassock was pulled up beside the fireplace chair, as if I had just risen from it. A book was lying open on the table; it must have been I who had laid it here, for Mark was too orderly and too respectful of books to leave them lying on their faces. I stood at the entrance and wondered if I ever could step into that place again. Even after nearly a year of being away, I wasn't sure I could.

Then something, the whitest object in the room, drew my eye to the floor. A letter which had come through the mail slot of the front door was lying at the edge of the rug, a few feet before me.

I took two steps toward it, but I was afraid to pick it up, knowing it would be from Mark. There was his bold handwriting splashed across the white square.

I stooped down and picked the envelope up. I turned it over, and there on the back he had written a message. *P.S. Tell the baby that his father is bringing him a present.*

My eyes were blinded suddenly, and a spurt of pain shot through my body. I felt as if I could not bear the physical anguish. Why did I go on? Why wasn't there some way for me to find oblivion?

Then, gradually, the sorrow subsided, and at last I was calm enough to open the letter. It was just one of his ordinary letters; that is to say, it was a love letter. It had been sent in June, when I was packing to go up to the Cape.

At the end he said: *You'd think I'd get over missing you, Chris, but I don't. I miss you. Enough is how I love you, Christine, and always will.*

For a moment I felt him there in that room. I felt him all around me. It was the first real comfort I had known. Why had I run from that? Why had I hidden myself away in strange places? Why had I been afraid to remember? For the first time in months I felt strong and full, not withered and emptied.

I stood before his portrait, and saw again how obsolete the sadness and bewilderment in the face had become. I would have to paint him now, bold and kind and full of a bright courage about the kind of people he wanted to see living on this earth. Suddenly my hands were tingling and I wanted to paint.

I was alive at last, and I knew it.

I was late meeting Dr. Rob at the theater. He said, "I've been worried about you."

"I went home."

"You look it, darling. It shows in your face."

"I'm well again. I have to get back to work now."

"I can see you do, Chris. I hoped you'd find your way home today."

AFTER I moved back to my studio in New York, I painted for weeks, hardly seeing anyone, until the long convalescence of my life's almost-fatal illness was drawing to an end. I painted rapturously. Sometimes I heard myself singing. I was not lonely, even though I was alone. My life and I myself became new and somehow young again.

I knew that if I had been surrounded by people who sympathized with my loss, and held me magnetized at that point, in time I would have been in danger of losing my own Mark, and in substituting some shadowy compromise figure, stereotyped and objective. But if I was willing, I could trust the love we had to lead me boldly into a new aliveness. I would be as my wounds would let me be. When the time came for laughter, I would laugh. I would be loyal to life, and not to death. And that loyalty somehow gave me back the meaning of Mark, in all its masculine vitalness.

I knew that he would have said to me, "Look here—either you can droop around and be a nuisance to yourself, or you can take the good stuff we had between us and keep hold of it. You choose, and if you're stupid and ruin your life, nobody will blame you, Chris. But if you use your common sense you can make a decent existence. Think so?"

"I do think so, Mark," I said, within myself. "You're absolutely right." . . .

When I had twelve paintings finished I went to see Peregrine. He was adding up some lists of figures in his office, and muttering angrily to himself. I stood in the door and watched him, without his noticing me.

"Getting mad does no good," I said. "You've told me that yourself."

He looked up, politeness spreading over his face quickly in case I was a rich somebody wanting to buy a painting. His ponderous weight was on his small pointed feet in a minute, and he was bowing and apologizing.

"Not Christine?" he cried. "I cannot believe my eyes." He came over then and put his arms around me and kissed me tenderly on the cheek. "My dear child, I went to see you a dozen times, and you were never there. I wanted to do something."

"I've come back now," I said.

His large gray eyes were suddenly full of tears, and he took out his fine linen handkerchief and blew his nose. "I apologize. I cannot help a little crying," he said. "I make up my mind I won't cry, and then I see you—" He shrugged massively, and took me over to a chair, and impatiently brushed a pile of papers to the floor. "Sit here and tell me."

"I have nothing to tell, except that I've been painting."

"My heart ached for you, Christine. I know what a child you are. And children suffer most."

"Yes," I said. But we were not talking about me, of course. When people tried to console me, they never seemed to be talking about me, so it was fairly easy to be

COLLIER'S

"Men are so unreliable. Billy was supposed to take me to the dance Saturday night. Now he calls to tell me he fell and broke his leg"

KATE OSANN

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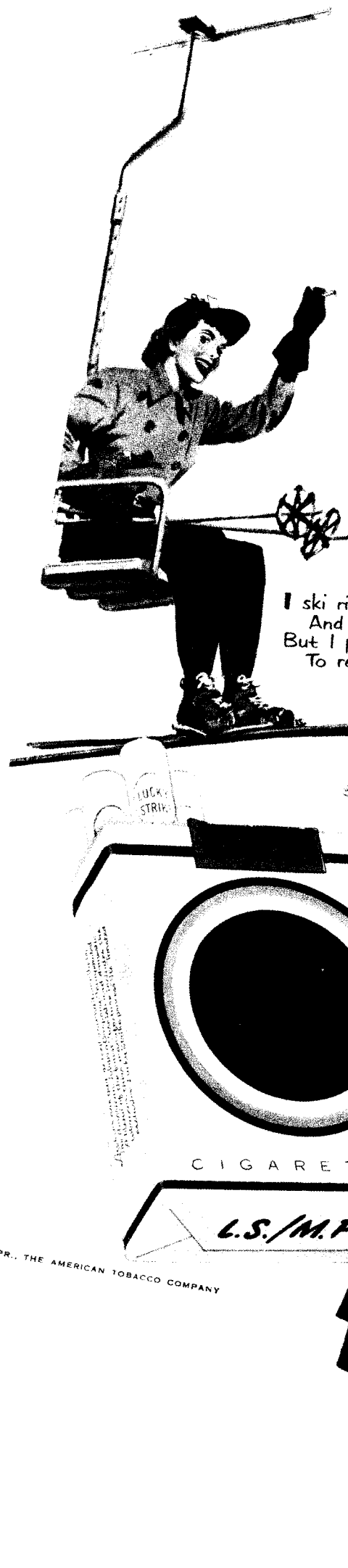

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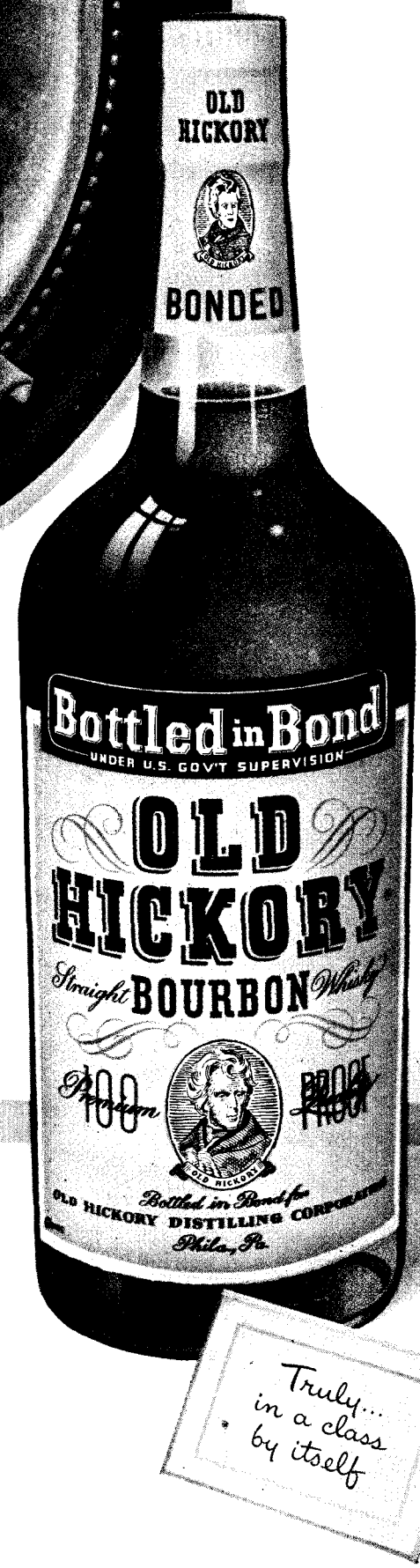

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just what they expected me to be—a mirror for whatever their concept of a young widow's proper grief was.

"I liked that young man so much the day you brought him in to see me. He was a man of excellent feelings."

We nodded and murmured, and spent a decent number of words on this loss of mine which neither of us could expect to touch. But we had to try, for each other's sake and for the very real affection we have for each other.

THEN at last he felt free to utter the word he had heard me say, at which his weeping eyes had involuntarily brightened. "And you have been painting?" He was cautious about it, trying not to be indecently eager.

"I want you to see them, Peregrine. I think they're good."

He shrugged his shoulders, as if to say we must not expect too much yet.

"Well, I look sometime soon."

"What's the matter with today, Peregrine?" I asked.

"You mean you've got them outside?" He was up on his little pointed feet now, all caution flung off.

"I brought over six. I have six more at home."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" he cried explosively, and then blushed and bit his lip and looked as if he would again burst into tears because his eagerness had betrayed him.

"That's the way I feel about it," I said, and grinned to reassure him.

He set the first painting up on the ledge, and ran back and peered at it carefully. He looked at it in silence a long, long time.

"Christine, you paint," he said. No more. One by one, he set up the canvases and looked at them. At the end he came and put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my face.

"You have gone a long way, and you have brought something back," he said. "Nobody who loved you would willingly send you on such a journey. But since you had to make it, Christine, it is wonderful that you brought something back."

Then he blew his great nose again and said, "And now we go somewhere and celebrate. We eat, and I forget my diet *absolutely*."

But as soon as we were on the street, and he was peering up and down Fifty-seventh for a cab, he got crafty. "It is really too early in the day for luncheon," he said. "How would you like it if we went first to the studio, to see the others?"

So we drove east to my studio, and, as we went up the stairs, he said, "You do not need to be afraid, Christine. I do not expect too much of these. I know you have brought the best to show me."

But when he was inside the studio, he walked about impatiently until I could stand up the paintings, and then he was again beside himself with pleasure. Then he began asking me about how I was living, and what I would be doing from now on.

"One day at a time, for a while," I said, and he nodded understandingly.

"You will be taken care of," he said confidently. "You paint. The rest will happen."

"I don't want anything to happen, Peregrine."

"You will," he said. "There will come a day."

There did come a day, finally. I cannot exactly say how it happened, but gradually I knew that I was well enough to go back to the full stream of living again. I knew that I had some work to do, other than the painting. I had something to give back to the world. In so far as I could be creative in my living, I must replace what I could of the living which had gone out of the world. I did not understand this strange thought when it first came to me. I could not fully understand it, but I could perceive that it was there. Then, gradually, I recognized what it was. It came from the last words Mark had said to me.

So shrouded were they in pain that I could barely remember them. But I knew the pain would ultimately seep away, and the meaning stand clear.

I felt strong enough now to find my old friends, and even to go up to Bronxville for a week end with Millie. Millie, of course, was difficult. For the first time in her life, she was bewildered. She was utterly without materials for her tireless handiwork. But I knew she would not be idle long. There would be lives and people around her soon that she could tangle and change with all her willful good intentions.

She begged me to stay with her—to take a cruise, or go to Mexico, or enroll in some university with her. "I've got to do something, Christine. I knew the first time I ever saw you—remember?—that you'd be someone who would stimulate and encourage me."

"You'd find me most exasperating," I said. "I'm perverse and quiet and stubborn. I've never been able to live with anybody, Millie."

"Except Mark. And Eve. And they were both my children. I'd live any way you wanted us to, Christine."

But I had my own work to do and my life to lead. I filled my days with people, and places, and ideas. I went down to Dr. Rob's to the wedding of one of his daughters, and that was gay and beautiful and I was happy. She had asked me to be her matron of honor and had found me a dress of azure lace, and a large romantic hat. One of the ushers thought I was lovely, and followed me around, and kissed me.

The fall wore on, and Thanksgiving came, and I had lived a year. I had got through it by carefully opening and shutting all the doors as I passed through one room after another of understanding. I had got through them by not fearing any room, but daring to linger in it until I saw its meaning, and then leaving it behind me. By not becoming a prisoner in any room of my grief.

ONE day in January I was riding on a Fifth Avenue bus, when suddenly I knew what I wanted. I must find a child. That was what Mark had said in that last moment. I could hear the words now as plainly as if he were saying them again, for now I could hear them.

"You'll find yourself another child. You'll have to find a way."

In that moment, it seemed to me that I conceived my child. For in that moment I had conceived the heritage of my child. I knew that there would have to be slow, cautious steps, and the long fulfilling of circumstances, and myself patiently and in terrible humility going about my project in orderly ways that would not startle or outrage. But I knew somehow that in that moment I had conceived my child.

I thought at first that I should find it born of some other woman's body. And I was willing that should be so, for I knew its spirit as I knew my own, and knew that inevitably the two of us would work and laugh and grieve and triumph together. It did not matter how my child and I found each other. I knew only that ultimately we would.

I expected it would be a simple matter to adopt a child. I called one of the adoption agencies and spoke to a Mrs. Geiger. She would be delighted to talk with me. Would I like to come tomorrow? Oh, today? Well—at four? . . .

I went at four, hardly able to contain my anticipation. I had common sense enough to know that I wouldn't be bringing home a baby to my studio immediately. I would certainly have to give evidence that I was financially able to care for a child, and that I had a proper place.

I should ask the experts' advice about that. Perhaps I should move out of New York. Or at least find a large comfortable apartment here. I would get a good housekeeper, and a well-recommended nurse. I would go on painting, of course, and the painting would go even better, for I'd have someone to be working for. I was full of energy and plans.

On the way down to the East Tenth Street address, I smiled at everyone I saw. The building was in a row of nice old-fashioned houses. It was tall and narrow, sandwiched between a private club and an antique shop. I ran up the flight of stone steps breathlessly, into a most pleasant entrance hall. The long high room beyond had a switchboard in it and two desks with pretty girls typing busily. The girl at the switchboard motioned to me, and I came over and said, "I have an appointment with Mrs. Geiger."

She consulted a little pad, and then looked up at me. "You're Mrs. Seville? Will you go up to the second floor?"

She plugged in and spoke to someone, saying I was on my way up. I walked up the stairs sedately, remembering that if I was to pass inspection as a good sensible parent, I mustn't be running and skipping like an irrepressible youngster.

Mrs. Geiger, a woman with very white teeth and graying hair, came out of a little room and shook hands with me. She glanced down the stairs, as if she expected someone to be with me, and then led me into her office.

"Just sit where you'll be most comfortable," she said. I flung off my coat impatiently and sat down.

"Now," she said, "you just tell me something about yourself."

I was prepared for that. I wasn't even shy or awkward about it, for I knew it would be necessary and I wanted to get it over as quickly as possible so we could go on to the really important business.

"Well, I'm thirty, or I will be in about six months. I have plenty of money—not a lot, but enough so I'll never have to worry. I could educate a child and give it whatever it needed."

"I?" she asked gently.

"Yes. You see, I'm a widow. My husband was killed a little more than a year ago."

"I see," she said thoughtfully. And then: "Do you have any other children, Mrs. Seville?"

"No. I lost my baby, when my husband—"

She nodded with sympathy.

"But—" I found myself floundering now.

I WANTED to explain that I was not nearly such a melancholy character as that situation seemed to suggest. But I didn't know how to say that to this stranger; she'd have to see it for herself.

"I'm a painter," I said, with some desperate notion that this might make me sound well-adjusted and normal.

"You mean you paint as a hobby?"

"No. I'm a very serious painter," I said. And then rather foolishly I added, "It's about the only really serious thing about me, Mrs. Geiger. I mean—I know how to enjoy life—"

"Yes, I'm sure you do," she said, with the faintest possible coldness in her voice.

"Well, I didn't mean that exactly," I said. "What I'm trying to say is that I've—well, I've found life awfully good myself, and I know I could make it good for a child."

She looked at me then quite keenly, and more warmth came into her face. She nodded slowly, and I could see she had come to a conclusion about me which it would be impossible for me to change. I blundered on, trying to explain myself somehow.

"You see, we expected to have a large family. We both counted on it so much. And for a year now, it seemed to me I'd lost everything in the world, and then—" I felt my mouth becoming so dry that I could scarcely go on. I was pleading with this woman, and I knew I should not plead. I knew I was making my chances, if I had any, even slimmer by begging. I was making the whole thing sound as if I needed a child for my own recovery. I knew that was not the truth at all. If I *needed* a child, it was only to share some of the goodness I had found in living. For, by this impossible-seeming route of sadness and loss, I had become one of those very people Mark had talked about long ago, who ought to be able to work with children just because they themselves are glad to be alive. But how could I ever explain that in words?

"Mrs. Seville, I don't want you to distress yourself," Mrs. Geiger was saying. "I think I might as well tell you right out, in all frankness, that we never place a child with either a woman or a man alone."

(To be concluded next week)

A new murder story by

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Neil Anson had known that his interview with Frank Crenshaw was going to be unpleasant. But he never would have entered the banker's soundproof office if he had suspected that before evening he'd be wanted for murder—or that his desperate attempts to clear himself would involve him with a strangely uncooperative blonde, a "psychoanalyst" who used hypnotism for a sinister purpose, and a mysterious intruder in a hideous plastic mask.

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Adventures Abroad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Chang's authorization, Mr. Moreing cabled me at the Gwalia offering me the job at about $20,000 per annum and expenses.

With the prospect of a new and romantic world, never was a message more enthusiastically received. What was more important, I could now cable Miss Lou Henry at Monterey, California, asking if she would agree that the time had come to be married. She thought that was possible.

I reached California on February 10, 1899. We were married the next day at Dr. Henry's home in Monterey. Miss Henry, having determined to join my Quaker faith, had wanted a Quaker wedding, but there was no Quaker meeting in that part of California and the meeting is an essential part of the ceremony. There was at the moment no Protestant minister in town. We compromised on one of her old family friends, a Catholic priest. He secured a special dispensation from his bishop to marry Protestants, and we were able to catch the steamer from San Francisco the next morning for China. We sailed with a full batch of books on Chinese life and customs.

Homemaking in a Strange Land

After about a 20-day voyage, we arrived in Peking in March. It was decided that we should live in Tientsin. We rented a house in the International Settlement and Mrs. Hoover had the excitement of trying to furnish it from Chinese availabilities and equipping it with the necessary multitude of Chinese servants.

As most of my journeys into the interior were impossible for any woman, she determined to fill her time learning to speak Chinese and engaged a Chinese teacher. With a natural gift for languages, she made great progress in the most difficult tongue in the world. I never absorbed more than a hundred words. But all our life afterward she kept that hundred words in use between us by speaking Chinese to me on *sotto voce* occasions.

During our time in China, Mrs. Hoover also became interested in exquisite ancient Chinese porcelains. Soon she narrowed that interest to Ming (A.D. 1368-1644) and K'ang Hsi (A.D. 1662-1722) blue and white. After 40 years she had one of the outstanding of these collections.

Once, while she was in Japan, my Chinese boy produced an itinerant dealer who had 12 plates to sell. The boy urged that I buy them "for madame" at once for about $10 Mexican each. (The Mexican dollar was the chief silver circulation medium in China at this time and was valued at about 50 cents American.) Not trusting my judgment, I bought one plate and sent it to her at Tokyo. Her instant cable was to buy the other 11 at most any price. But we could not find the vendor again. A plate similar to her one specimen sold at auction in London years later for over $1,000 American. Our plate remained for years the sign of my judgment of porcelains. However, in time, under instruction, I improved somewhat.

Shortly after our arrival in Peking I sent to Australia for John Agnew, Wilfred Newberry and Daniel Francis of the Gwalia staff; to the United States for geologists George Wilson and John Means, and to England for a harbor engineer, John Hughes. It was 10° below zero, but we at once got the company's new harbor works started.

Building a new port and opening an additional coal mine with more modern equipment constituted something concrete I could get a hold on. But the Bureau of Mines, my major job, was something else. Already, by palace intrigue, the Empress Dowager had wiped Emperor Kwang Hsu and his reforms away. Western ideas were no longer so popular.

Chang Yen mao thought the Empress Dowager's regime could yet be brought to realize China's interest in developing its natural resources. Chang was not wholly a pure spirit. He had been an agent of one of the Manchu princes and had ridden into profitable places. He still hoped there was progress and power ahead.

The reform period had bred a horde of foreign concession hunters demanding great mining areas, and, with large sums for corruption, sometimes securing results. There was no mining law and no concept of developing and producing minerals or employing people as a public interest. The whole process consisted in grabbing something that could be promoted upon the European stock exchanges.

In the freshness of youth it seemed to me that the beginning must be a systematic mining law requiring development and production with equal rights to all nationalities but under full control of the government.

I therefore drafted a decree providing for government lease of mining areas, with royalties to the government, and requiring conditions as to employment of workers,

"Darling, do you remember that bet we made last March 15th? Well, I *win!*"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

provision of adequate capital and other safeguards. A compound of American and Australian principles of mining law, it was one of the first attempts to guard China from foreign exploitation.

Chang knew that the political situation did not favor action on the decree. Busy molding himself into the new political form, he concluded that it would be very helpful if we could discover some great gold mine and show an example of making a profit. I argued that China's primary need was iron, steel, coal, lead, zinc, copper and the other industrial metals. However, Chang said that he had heard of some rich gold mines in Jehol, and asked that I look at them with a view to putting up American machinery to take out large amounts of gold.

It was obvious that the reform regime had crumbled and that until there was a change we might as well look at the new Golconda.

The place was about 150 miles from the railway. I suggested that saddle ponies for George Wilson and myself and an interpreter, with two or three pack mules, a Chinese boy and a cook would be enough equipment. My official guardian protested violently that our proposed outfit did not comport with the dignity of our position. After days of argument I gave up. Wilson and I took the train at Tientsin.

The great quantity of our servants' baggage, even when combined with our meager luggage, proved but a molehill to the mountain we met at our station of departure from the railway. Here in the compound of an inn were 100 mules, 10 riding ponies, half a dozen carts, and a company of 100 Chinese cavalry with 20 officers milling around in mounds of bags, boxes, packages and rolls of rice matting. We got started in a day or two amid vast noises and with banners flying.

The cavalry general rode first with two staff officers, mounted orderlies and grooms; then came our official guardian with staff and grooms; then Wilson and I also with mounted servants and grooms; then the interpreter and his staff; then a multitude of carts. The interpreter's knowledge of American terms of dismay was inadequate; when things went wrong he solemnly assured us that conditions were "really damn." Wilson and I dubbed him "Really Damn."

In about a week we arrived at the mine, to be met with a mob of seeming thousands. The interpreter admitted that word had been sent ahead that a great foreign mandarin was coming who could see through the ground and find gold. My Chinese boy assured all and sundry that it was because our eyes were green. The Chinese were anxious to check this up and the intimacy of their investigations was somewhat embarrassing.

With this valuable special-eye equipment we surveyed the scene from the top of a low knoll. Next day we went to the mine. Underground there proved to be a small vein a foot wide and some 600 feet long. Our guardian demanded that we look hard and tell him where there were more profitable veins of less depth. We told him we must report our observations only to our superior at Peking. This, at least, served to get us away without being mobbed or losing face. We reported with confidence that there were no other veins.

I went on more expeditions of this sort, following Chang's collection of rumors about gold mines, in Shantung, the Gobi Desert, Manchuria, Shansi and Shensi Provinces; always a case of chasing rainbows. However, we made many side excursions in the study of geology, hoping for some evidence of the industrial metals—iron, copper and lead.

One of these horseback journeys reached as far as Urga, the Mongol capital in the Gobi Desert. That trip was enlivened by a call on the Dalai Lama—a living Buddha—through the introduction of a Swedish engineer who was building a telegraph line connecting Peking with Russia, and through the influence of his friend the Russian consul. The living Buddha, when we arrived, was riding a bicycle madly around an inner court in the great Tibetan lamasery. He entertained us with a phonograph supplied with Russian records. All of which modern mitigations of the lot of divinity had been provided by the Russian consul.

A Big Glass of Benedictine

On one occasion on a return journey from Shensi I came into Kalgan, a gate to the Great Wall of China, on Christmas Eve, with snow and temperatures below zero. The next morning I called on the taotai, the local governor, to thank him for our cavalry escort. He was a distinguished-looking old man with considerable knowledge of the outside world. He called a servant and gave an elaborate order. My interpreter, Really Damn, informed me that the taotai had called for a bottle of most precious foreign wine made from honey which a Catholic priest had given him years ago. In came a beer-sized glass—of benedictine.

The taotai told me that he had served as a young officer under General Gordon during the Tai Ping rebellion. He said he had corresponded with Gordon for some time but that many years ago Gordon had ceased to reply. I gave him the ill tidings of Gordon's death, and asked him if he had kept any of Gordon's letters. He went into the adjoining room to search for them.

I had been wondering what I could do about that tank of benedictine so as not to evidence a lack of appreciation. I seized

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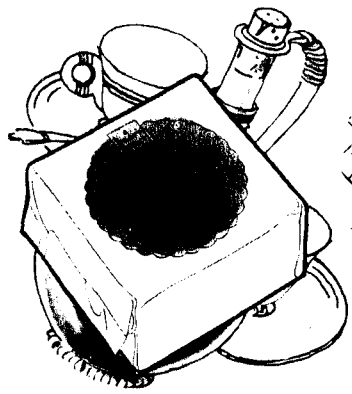
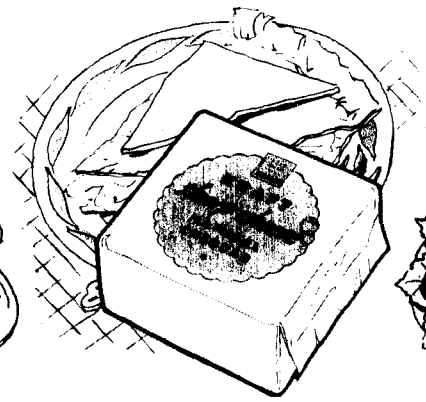
Rhapsody in Blue! **Casino Brand Blue** is zestful, natural cheese, richly veined with marble-like markings. **Blue Chips**—a tangy blend of blue cheeses in a roll for easy slicing.

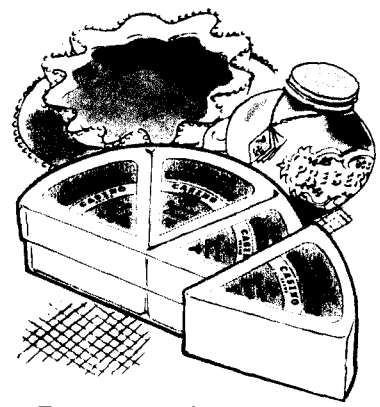


Sharp Cheddar. From the dairy section of New York State comes this aged Yankee-type cheddar. It is called **New York State Sharp** except west of the Rockies where it is known as **Martin's Rabbit Brand.**



Hearty Cheddar. **Kraft Sharp Cheddar** is the choicest of natural American cheddar, long-aged to a deep-mellow goodness. Packaged without rind, it combines convenience with old-time ripe goodness.

Brilliant Scarlet. **Dan-Dee Gouda** is a traditional Dutch-type Gouda made in the U.S.A.—bright red outside, marigold in color and mildly rich within. A dramatic touch for your cheese tray.



Temperamental—and tantalizing. French Camembert has always been too temperamental to be a good traveller. So Kraft makes velvety-crusted **Kraft Camembert —Casino Brand** here. Soft, ripe.

It's downright eating fun to discover

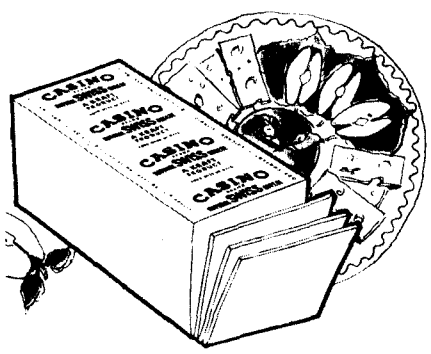
natural cheeses from Kraft

THEY'RE SPECIAL DESSERT CHEESES . . . SNACK CHEESES . . . EACH ONE AN ADVENTURE IN ELEGANT EATING

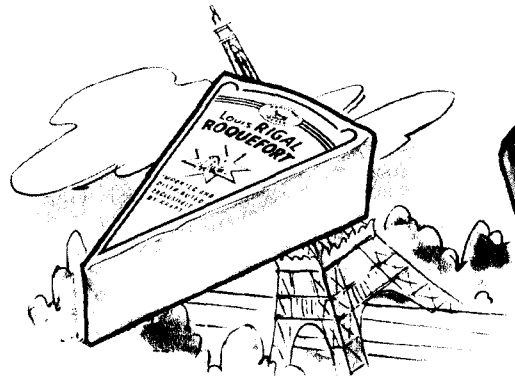
There comes a day when you really want to surprise the family—or impress a certain guest—or just downright pamper your own palate. That's the day to seek out one—or several—of these glorious natural cheeses from Kraft.

Here are fancy foreign-tasting cheeses for elegant desserts or snacks, and real old-time American "eatin' "cheeses—such a joy to discover, such a special pleasure to eat. Of course, for cookery and for day-in-day-out sandwiches Kraft's popular *process* cheeses are always tops. But also get acquainted with these natural cheeses from Kraft and find out what fun it is to be a "cheese connoisseur." Look for them in the dairy case at better food stores.

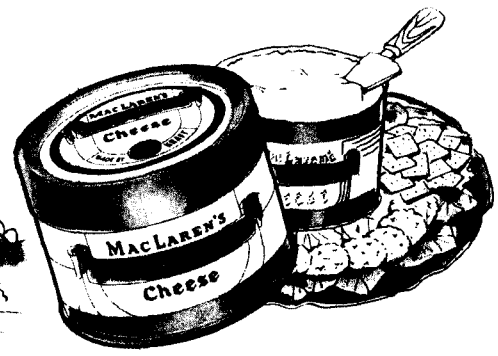
THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT



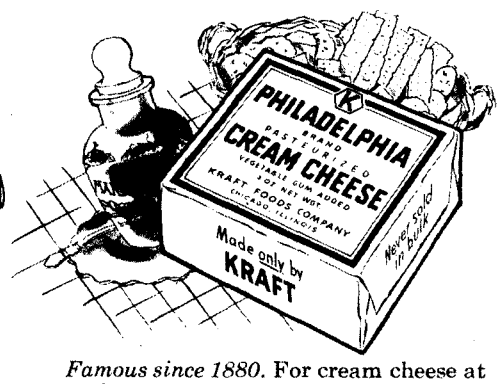
'Heart-of-the-Swiss" Goodness! Every lice of **Casino Brand Swiss** brings you the oodness you'd expect in a premium-rice cut from the center of a huge Swiss wheel: nut-sweet flavor, no rind!



French Delight! From France, Kraft imports the very finest Roquefort—beautifully balanced in richness and pungency. The name to look for on the Kraft-wrapped wedges is **Louis Rigal.**



Famed Club Cheese. For many years **MacLaren's Imperial** was made only in Canada. Now Kraft makes this "aristocrat of sharp cheddars" in this country. Wonderfully sharp blend, spreadable.



Famous since 1880. For cream cheese at its finest, get genuine **Philadelphia Brand** —so creamy-rich and guaranteed fresh by Kraft. Look for the name Philadelphia Brand on the package.

Enjoy the KRAFT TV THEATRE • Brilliant drama every Wednesday evening, NBC-TV.

Old-time Tasting! Kay Brand has the flavor and texture of old-fashioned "store cheese" you used to buy from the big round wheel. But Kay Natural American is made from *pasteurized* milk, cured without rind, sold in sanitary (and *so* handy!) half-pound packages. Wonderful with pie, in sandwiches, for snacks.

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Before you scold me, Mom...
maybe you'd better light up a
Marlboro
Yes, you need never feel over-smoked — that's the Miracle of Marlboro!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
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the opportunity to recommend it to Really Damn. He went as far as he could and I got more of it down a crack in the brick-paved floor.

The taotai was not able to find the letters and soon I began to note flaws in Really Damn. I withdrew as fast as the thousand polite expressions would permit.

Having put the interpreter to bed, I called at the American mission. Here I found some 12 Americans—men, women and children—under the direction of a distinguished old gentleman, Dr. Williamson. The whole place was alive with Christmas preparations. The good doctor invited me to dinner next day and promised turkey.

Footballs for Three Hundred

It was good, but the American faces were better fare. Among the Christmas gifts from the States for the mission Chinese children were four secondhand regulation footballs. Dr. Williamson's daughter seemed stumped with them. I suggested that she produce the players. She produced 300 alert youngsters in usual Chinese dress with loose Chinese shoes. I divided them into two equal squads, instructed them to get the balls to the opposite fences and put all four balls into play at once. In a minute 300 pairs of shoes were flying in the air, but not even stocking feet in the snow slowed up the vitality of those kids.

Another expedition during this period had a special interest. Li Hung-chang, among whose other duties was that of minister of the Yellow River Conservancy, told me that the behavior of the river was giving him anxiety. He wished me to visit the flood-control works and advise him. I protested that I was not that kind of engineer. But he would have no refusal.

The Yellow River—the "Sorrow of China"—comes down from the *loess* hills into the great plain of China on a gently sloping fan. When this gigantic river shifted its course down the fan some 50 years before and as a result changed its mouth some hundreds of miles into the Gulf of Chihli, millions of people were drowned. Often mere breaks resulted in fearful loss of life.

Chinese engineers had for a thousand years built dikes and more dikes. They had also planted forests of willows along either bank for many miles. When the river was in flood its sediment was deposited among the willows. Thus the forest automatically built itself up as a dike.

After examining the works I was convinced that the Chinese engineers had been capable enough and that the essential thing was to keep their works in repair. I further concluded that the whole system of conservancy required an engineering study in the hope that something could be done to increase the gradient by shortening the course of the river. That would relieve the pressure on the dikes.

Also I concluded that the Chinese superstition connecting the river's change-of-mouth with the fall of a dynasty had a sound foundation. A new dynasty meant virility in government, renewed planting of willows and constant work on the dikes. As the dynasty became old and corrupt, the appropriations for works were grafted and the Chinese cut the willows for fuel. The dynasty fell a few years later, according to portent.

All these journeyings gave me not only a unique opportunity to observe Chinese life and government, but much time for general reading: Chinese history, Confucius, economics, sociology, fiction, Plato, Shakespeare, Schiller, Goethe—and I do not now remember what all.

But such travels were suddenly interrupted. The constant encroachment by the European empires—Britain, Russia, Germany, France—on the independence and sovereignty of China had at last touched off hidden mines in the Chinese soul. There swept over North China one of those blind emotional movements not unusual among Asiatic masses.

In the winter and spring of 1900 we began to hear of the new secret society named the I Ho Tuan—the mailed fist. The foreigners called it "The Boxers." The avowed purpose was to expel all foreigners from China, to root out every foreign thing—houses, railways, telegraphs, mines—and all Christian Chinese and all Chinese associated with foreign things. The Boxers believed they had supernatural protection from foreign bullets and other great powers.

Some 25,000 foreign-drilled and foreign-equipped Chinese troops were brought up to protect the foreign settlement. On Sunday morning, June 13th, we were rudely awakened by shells over the settlement from modern artillery—the foreign-drilled army. At first we thought it was poor firing. Soon, however, foreign officers who had drilled the army came running and reported that the troops had turned on their European comrades.

The alarm bell on the town hall was rung and we expected the worst. Tientsin had no consequential defense works, but there were about 1,100 sailors and marines of various nationalities in the settlement who had been sent up from the port at Taku on their way to Peking to protect the foreign legations. They had two small cannons and only a dozen machine guns.

Quickly the settlement at Tientsin pulled itself together. A Russian, Colonel Wogack, outranked the other foreign officers. All the troops—American, Japanese, German, Russian, French and Italian—accepted Wogack's command except the British, under command of a naval bully named Captain Bailey.

Learning of my engineering staff, Wogack sent word to us to set the Christian Chinese who had fled to the settlement to building barricades. The settlement was about a quarter mile wide and a mile long, protected by the river on one side. Hitting upon the great godowns (warehouses) filled with sacked sugar, peanuts, rice and other grain, we soon had a thousand terrified Christian Chinese piling up sacked grain and sugar along the exposed sides of the town and at cross streets. The big attack came the second day, but the marines and sailors repulsed it from behind our bags.

Some 60,000 shells were fired into the settlement from first to last. My staff and I were preoccupied with strengthening the barricades and boiling water in the boilers of the municipal water plant for distribution to the soldiers and civilians. The water works was outside the barricades. With an outpost we operated it at night and in the morning brought the boiled water back in the municipal street-sprinkling carts.

Club Is Used as a Hospital

An increasing number of soldiers and civilians were wounded. We had only one Army doctor and our settlement physician. There was only one professional nurse. Colonel Wogack turned the settlement club into a hospital and soon all the floors were covered with wounded. Mrs. Hoover volunteered at once and I saw little of her during the first period of the siege, except when she came home occasionally to eat or catch a little sleep. She became expert in riding her bicycle close to the walls of buildings to avoid stray bullets and shells, although one day she had a tire punctured by a bullet.

The stray bullets came near developing a major tragedy. A number of foreign civilians, already in near hysteria, concluded they were being fired upon from within the settlement. They quickly picked on the 600 Chinese who had fled to the settlement because of their previous connection with things foreign. As these Chinese included such men as Chang Yen mao and my friend Tong Shao yi, later to be twice Prime Minister of China, I had to look after them. A messenger came in to say that Chang Yen mao, Tong Shao yi and others had been arrested and were being given a drumhead trial by Captain Bailey. I rushed to the place to find a so-called trial going on under torchlights, with Bailey a pompous judge and various wharf rats testifying to

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things that could never have taken place. I attempted to explain who these Chinese were but Bailey ordered me to get out.

I made for the Russian headquarters a few blocks away on my bicycle. Colonel Wogack returned with me, accompanied by a Russian platoon. He stopped the trial instantly and the Chinese were turned over to me for return to their compound.

Late one evening a shell banged through a back window of our house and then, exploding, blew out the front door and surroundings. Mrs. Hoover was sitting in a side room playing solitaire. She never stopped the game.

Beset by Grim Forebodings

The siege lasted about a month. Civilian men and women and children were fighting against a horde of fanatics with modern arms, and fighting with their eyes open to a form of death that everyone knew but did not say.

Most of us made it a business not to discuss the possibilities. We did have one dreadful person who periodically wanted to know if I intended to shoot my wife first if they closed in on us. Most of the people lifted such lumps from their minds with whatever gleam of humor was possible.

On the night of about the fifteenth day a Chinese messenger got through with word that relief armies were on their way from Taku. The next morning someone said he heard cannonading in the distance. Then it came plainer and plainer. We climbed on the roof of the highest warehouse to get a glimpse and saw them coming over the plain—American Marines and Welsh Fusiliers. I do not remember a more satisfying musical performance than the bugles of the Marines entering the settlement playing There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.

They proved to be only a few hundred soldiers added to our force—but they had machine guns and some artillery and we felt better for a while. Then the Chinese closed the ring again with even more violent and more dangerous assaults. Late in July sufficient forces came in to drive the Chinese back far enough for calm if not peace.

It was decided to attack the Chinese army itself. As I was familiar with topographic details from horseback riding about the settlement with Mrs. Hoover, I was requested by Colonel Waller, in command of the American Marines, to accompany them as a sort of guide in their part of the attack.

Out in the open plains, with little cover except graves, I was completely scared, especially when some of the Marines next to me were hit. I was unarmed, and could scarcely make my feet move forward. I asked the officer I was accompanying if I could have a rifle. He produced one from a wounded Marine, and at once I experienced a curious psychological change, for I was no longer scared, although I never fired a shot. I can recommend that men carry weapons when they go into battle—it is a great comfort.

Peking being relieved, the Empress Dowager and her government fled into the interior. It seemed to me that I had been delivered a strong hint, by way of artillery fire, that my engineering engagement with that government was over. We prepared to return to America.

But in the meantime things happened to the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company. The Russian army seized the coal mines and the extensive shops at Tongshan. The British navy seized the harbor works and coal stocks at Chinwangtao. The German army seized the coalyards at Taku and Tientsin. The Japanese army seized the company's offices at Tientsin. The American Army seized the 12 coal steamers. It was universally believed that China would be dismembered. Everybody was entering upon a grand grab.

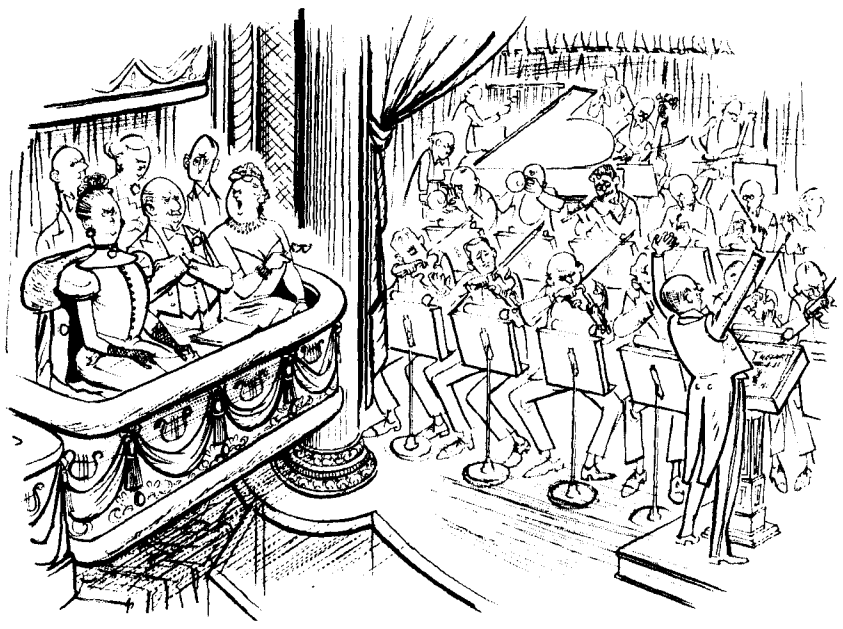
Early in August, when we were about ready to leave for home, Chang Yen mao and his adviser, Gustav Detring, suggested that the bondholders of the company intervene to save the property. They had a plan for Mr. Moreing to accept a deed for the property and reorganize it into a British corporation for the benefit of all concerned. I telegraphed Mr. Moreing and he authorized me to sign on his behalf, subject to his subsequent approval of the terms. I had no experience in high finance and Chang and Detring made the terms.

Terms Approved in London

I left with Mrs. Hoover at once, taking along the contract. Arriving in London, I urged the great possibilities of the property if it were placed under foreign management. The bondholders and Moreing accepted Chang's and Detring's terms which, among other things, called for additional capital of some millions to clear up a multitude of creditors and restore the property.

All that end of the transaction was carried out with the co-operation of the British, Belgian, German and other bondholders. I was appointed general manager of the company at an increased salary and was carried by Moreing for a small interest in the reorganization.

As the transfer implied recovering the seized properties from five different governments and negotiations with the Chinese government for approval of the contract, Chevalier Edmund de Wouters, a member



COLLIER'S

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yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

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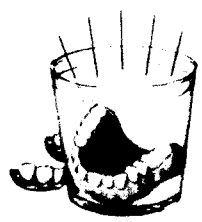
When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



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Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

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of the Belgian Foreign Office already in China, was appointed a special agent to take charge of these affairs.

We sailed again from England for China.

One of my first acts as general manager was to survey the depredations of the foreign armies on the company's property and demand reparations. The British replied that they could not entertain our claims unless they were filed in the proper forms in triplicate. After a maze of red tape they ultimately paid the full amount. The Japanese ignored all communications and refused to vacate our offices. The Germans replied that they had occupied the property as an act of war and would entertain no claims. Pressure from the bondholders in Berlin obtained payment a year later.

The Russians had loaded several trains with machinery and supplies from the mines and run them off on the railway into Manchuria. We sent them a bill for $700,000 Mexican (about $350,000 American). I heard nothing from them for some weeks, but finally an agent appeared who offered to settle, subject to a commission for himself of about $150,000 Mexican. I refused, but later he came back with the full amount in silver and considerable extra. He carried away the extra. Some months afterward the commander of the Russian forces in Manchuria offered to sell us all the machinery and stores back for about $200,000 Mexican. We bought them.

The American Quartermaster General stormed at me in great outrage over the bill he had received for the use and repair of our ships. He opined that the American Army was our savior and it was a wicked proposal. His profane emphasis held up to the highest standard of the Army. I argued that the American government was demanding the cost of the expedition from the Chinese government, so why should a private company give our government the whole sum as a profit? In the end he offered 75 per cent of the bill ($300,000 Mexican) in cash. We compromised on that.

How Chinese "Squeeze" Works

In reorganizing the company we quickly ran afoul of Chinese "squeeze" in huge dimensions. It was not exactly graft. According to Chinese concepts all officials were supposed to make something beyond very nominal salaries. It was typified by the plaint of the Chinese paymaster. Discovering that about 6,000 of the theoretical 25,000 names on our list of employees were fictitious, we had installed the simple device of issuing to each employee a numbered brass check which he had to deposit upon coming to work.

The paymaster came to my office in manifest grief. He explained that his salary of $50 Mexican a month was nothing—that he had paid a superior official $50,000 Mexican for the job and that it was to last for three years. He had occupied the position for only one year. Worse still, he had organized a syndicate among his friends to raise the original $50,000. With recognition both of Chinese customs and human justice at large, we settled with his creditors so as to save at least part of his face.

For the humane and good economic reasons that our workers' pay would not buy enough to eat, I had raised wages to about 40 per cent above the levels in the surrounding towns. At once the brass check came to have a value in itself. A job seeker only had to buy one to get a job. On top of this, competent artists started making counterfeit checks. We solved the problem by more effective identification, requiring two brass checks, one of which we retained.

"Squeeze" in China does not have exactly the same moral implications as "graft" among foreigners. It is hallowed by ages of custom, has certain recognized limitations, and is, in fact, a sort of appendage of the profit system. It is difficult for a foreigner to decipher its moral permutations. When a Chinese makes a contract, he performs it to the letter. He will often commit suicide if he fails. But to take "squeeze" or adulterate a product not specifically prohibited in the contract is legitimate. There were bad persons in China—just as there are in all races. The relative proportions of good and bad depend a great deal on how much they have to eat. I doubt if Americans would average any better than the Chinese if they had so little.

In 90 days we turned a losing business into a profit of $150,000 Mexican a month by reducing the "squeeze" alone. These surgical operations had wide aftereffects. Chang Yen mao found himself with only his nominal salary of $500 Mexican a month as director-general, and began to raise trouble for De Wouters over transfer details of various pieces of property to the British company.

De Wouters finally settled (or thought he had settled) with Chang by securing him and his advisers an allotment of stock in the company for their "squeeze" rights, and by signing with me a separate memorandum providing for Chang's face as head of a local board to represent the Chinese interest in the company at an increase of his salary. I relate all this because this memorandum was to make subsequent trouble.

Several years later Chang brought suit in the British courts to establish his "rights" under the memorandum. The trial excited great interest, both because Chang was in full mandarin costume and because he paraded as an innocent Asiatic injured by important British, French and Belgian firms. My firm was dismissed as defendant in this action. I was but a witness, and as a result of my testimony the memorandum was found binding, and none of Chang's charges of fraud was substantiated. But the trial was used for smearing purposes in my Presidential campaign of 1928.

However, until the fall of 1901, we all got along amicably for some months. We had completed the ice-free port of Chinwangtao far enough to begin loading coal during the ice season. The original Chinese shares in the company, as represented by the new stock issued, showed a 500 per cent increase in market value.

In the fall of 1901, I was advised from London that the Belgians had purchased majority control of the business from other European and Chinese interests and were sending Emil Francqui, a director of the company, with a Belgian technical staff, to replace the Americans at the mines. Francqui assured me I was to remain as general manager. One of his early acts, however, was to announce that the memorandum was not binding. He declared that the Chinese were still grafting.

There was much reason for Francqui's complaint, as Chang had sold a port property at Hong Kong, asserting that it was his own. The books showed that the company owned it years before Chang became connected with the enterprise. However, both De Wouters and I contended that the memorandum was not only legally but morally binding and that it was the job of the management to head off graft.

In the end De Wouters and I resigned. I notified Moreing that I was returning to America. Within a few days I received a cable from him, asking if I would accept a junior partnership in Bewick, Moreing and Company.

I was then twenty-seven years old and delighted to get out of China into a larger engineering world. Mrs. Hoover and I took a tramp steamer to Nagasaki and thence proceeded to London via California.

A Patient, Tolerant People

No one man can appraise or make arbitrary judgments on a race of 400,000,000 people who have 4,000 years of written history. The impression I have held of the Chinese people is one of abiding admiration. Ninety per cent live so close to the starvation line that someone falls below it in nearly every village every year. Yet they live with patience, with tolerance. They have the deepest fidelities to family ties, and the fullest affection for their children. They work harder and more hours than any other race in the world.

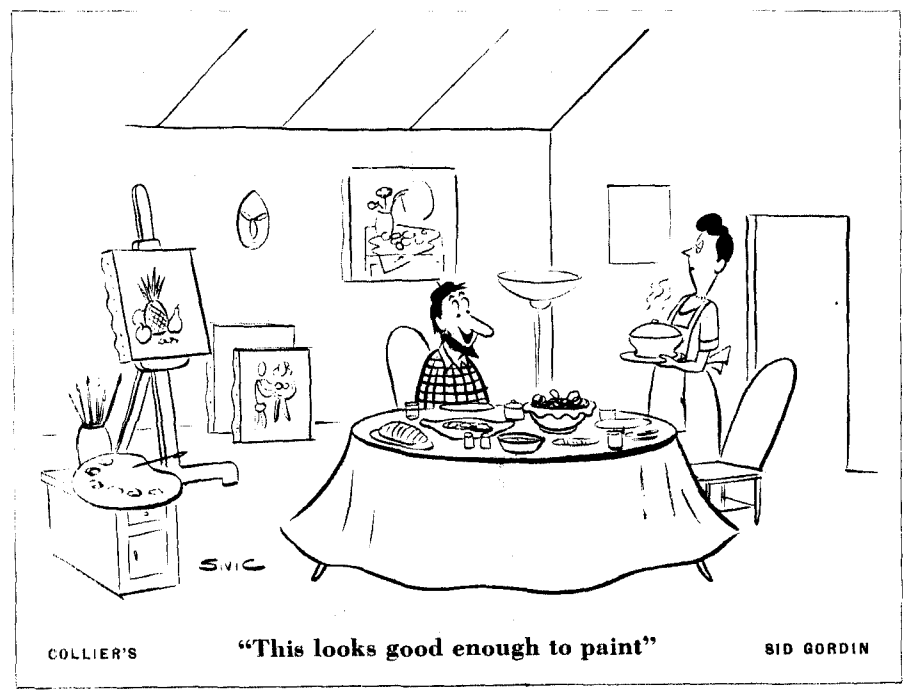
One of the illusions of the Western World concerns democracy and China. There never has been in China truly representative government whereby the common people by universal ballot determine their own fate. That is impossible in the face of 90 per cent illiteracy and the low standard of living among the masses.

Moreover, democracy is a Western concept which requires the same form of administrative machinery as we have developed for production and distribution. My fear is that any real democracy in China would fail on its administrative side, for the Chinese are not good administrators. They can at times be successful dictators—but usually not even that.

The educated classes, with their philosophic and emotional minds, often follow will-o'-the-wisps with great facility. The top 10 per cent are easily moved by new "isms," for they are naturally speculative-minded and theoretic.

None of this is intended to disparage a great race. It is given simply as a caution to Western minds that China is not going to be made Occidental.

When he was only twenty-seven, Hoover was made a partner in the famed London mining engineering concern for which he was working in the Far East. His job was to operate the mines both as engineer and administrator. Next week's issue carries his account of this phase of his rich career. Order your copy now



COLLIER'S "This looks good enough to paint" SID GORDIN

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TO FAMOUS BONDED OLD FORESTER...
The Old Forester Orchid!

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original finesse developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Orchid developed and grown by H. Patterson and Sons, Orchidhaven, Bergenfield, N. J.

It is fitting that an orchid has been named for Old Forester. For as the orchid symbolizes the ultimate in flowers, this outstanding bourbon has, since 1870, represented the finest in Kentucky whisky. And both have taken infinite skill, time and patience to attain perfection.

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:

"There is nothing better in the market"

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PORTRAIT

A touching tribute to an extraordinary companion

By MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

ANYONE who has watched animals must know that there are, among them, occasional individuals which possess a distinct spiritual quality. I have seen it myself.

This is the story of Bill, my Irish setter, who died two weeks ago.

Bill was a year old when I got him. He belonged to an inn where I was staying in a village on the Atlantic shore, and he signified that he would like to be my dog. Heaven alone knows why.

He was honorable and did not simply break off with his mistress, the owner of the inn. He explained his wish to her in nuances which I shall not try to describe. He was so careful about procedure, indeed, that she and I felt that a certain formal ceremony was needed when we presently came to agree with him. We made one. She put his leash in my hand and said, "Now, Bill, you be good," and I said. "Well, Bill, you're my dog now." So it was done.

He was thoroughly happy, I know, but he did not bark and bounce and fawn, as some dogs do.

He got into some terrible fights in which he was one against many

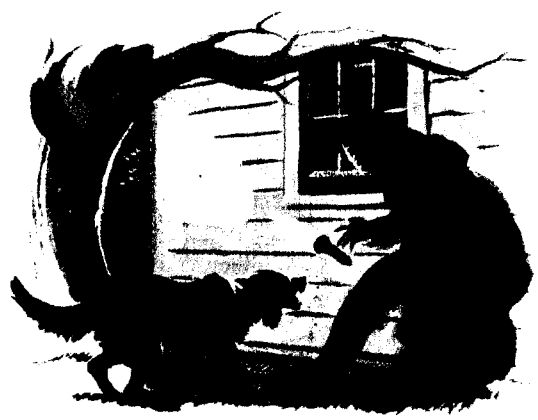
A certain pride that was always in him made him prefer to communicate with us on the terms of our species rather than on those of his own. He bowed with slow dignity; he bestowed some little caresses on us impartially, without in any way lowering himself. I should have known then what he was, but it is a lasting shame in my memory that I did not.

For, when I had had Bill only a short time, I undertook to give him back. It was a disgraceful thing and I cringe to write about it. But that is the truth.

I had gone, by then, to a house of my own on the other side of the village from the inn. I had never had a dog before and, after a few days, I casually decided that Bill was too much trouble. So I took my setter back. The innkeeper received him without demur; I left him on her porch, got in my car, and started to drive home. Bill was on my doorstep when I arrived.

Though he knew what I had meant to do, he was too courteous to admit the knowledge. I had made a hideous *gaffe;* kindness indicated that it be ignored. He ignored it.

I took him back again and this time my friend at the inn said that she would tie him up until he



He did many things for me. One night he drove a burglar from our home

realized that he was living with her again. Accordingly, she kept Bill on a chain for several days. When she released him, he immediately returned to me. My sin was pretty flagrant by that time, but he still refused to see it. He announced himself with a gay and reassuring bark, much as the traditionally perfect hostess comforts the guest who has broken a valuable vase.

His courtesy in this matter was the more wonderful in that it came from a feigned composure. Actually, Bill was in terror. But to explain that statement I shall have to tell his unhappy history up to the time I met him.

In his single year of life, he had already had two homes. Or, rather, he had had two dwellings. He had not had any home. That was his trouble.

He had been born at the inn. In his litter, he was *the tiny pup, the frail one which often, as an act of* mercy, is destroyed. That fate had threatened him. The innkeeper's family had argued that he would not be able to meet life on its own terms and that it would be well to save him misery by killing him. Such had been his reception in the world.

The innkeeper herself, however, had rejected the idea. She was a strong-spoken old lady of great practicality and, as she told me, she saw at once that Bill was the smartest puppy of the lot. She saved him. She took him from the crowded litter and fed him with a bottle.

"How did you know he was the smartest?" I had asked when I heard the story. The idea of judging the relative intelligence of such young dogs surprised me.

Sniffing at the notion that I might think her sentimental, she pointed at Bill's head. "Look at that," she said.

Between his ears, my setter had a delicately beautiful arch which was also rarely high. In the language of an old Eastern-Shore-of-Maryland hunter, who subsequently saw him, he looked to be a *knowledgeable* dog.

In this manner he had been saved from death, but still he was not wanted. From the beginning, it was his mistress' intention to find a home for him. Duly she found one. When he was about six months old, she gave him to a farmer of her acquaintance who wanted a dog. There are, I know, millions of dogs which would fit the loose requirement, but Bill was not such a one.

I had to reconstruct the happenings of this period of his life from the little that the innkeeper told me. She said, "He wouldn't stay in the barn where they put him. He roamed around and the neighbors claimed he chased their sheep." After I got to know Bill, I translated this into its plausibilities.

First, the matter of the barn. There was one condition, and only one, under which Bill would have stayed in that building. That was: if his master also lived there. I know from my own experience of him that it was bred in him that his master's home and his were one.

Then, the matter of the sheep. The setter is a wide-ranging breed. If the farmer did not take Bill for walks (and he certainly didn't) Bill would have gone alone. There were sheep fields everywhere; inevitably he would have met some flocks. Sheep are famous idiots. Seeing the strange dog, they evidently ran, blatting, for all the world to hear, that they were being menaced by a wolf, or packs of wolves. The grievous thing is that the world believed them. I knew Bill for twelve years, and I never saw him menace any living thing. But the slander was put on him, and the farmer, instead of defending him, took him back. His place at the inn could not have been the same to him after that. He knew then that he was not wanted. You could say that he had had his adolescent crisis.

He did not meet it mopingly. He assumed responsibility for himself. Since the finding of a home for him had turned out so, he undertook to do his own finding thenceforward. He would choose his next human being for himself. As I have said, out of all the inn guests who came and went, he presently chose me.

If I had chosen him, I expect that he would have *resigned himself when I, like the farmer, treacherously* took him back. But he had chosen me, and his attitude toward his choice was unwavering. He would not relinquish his human being, even though human beings did relinquish their dogs. That was what he was telling me when he pretended not to know that I was trying to relinquish him.

Nonetheless, my shameful record is that I took

No matter what the weather, he went to the shore every day for a dip

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him back, or tried to take him back, a third time. We set out afoot. It was early evening. Instead of crossing the village, I went to the shore and turned onto the boardwalk. It was spring, and cool. I was wearing a long coat. Bill trotted along behind me all the way. I suppose, now, that I forgot him. And I know that he thought of me at every step. I know it because what he did, acting on that thought, determined our lives for the dozen years to come.

We were about halfway to the inn when I felt a tug at my coat. I looked around and saw that Bill was carrying the edge of it in his mouth. His eyes, briefly meeting mine, were full of an unutterable happiness in which there was also a look of conscious secrecy: it was as if he were treating himself to some exquisite, private pleasure. As I said, I had had no acquaintance with dogs up to then, and I was astonished by the expressiveness of his face, by his unmistakable meaning. I can see it still. And he—why, he dropped my coat at once and did what he always did when he was embarrassed—yawned and elaborately stretched himself. There was no more question of taking him back. I knew then that I had a dog.

Or that is what I thought. It was not, of course, the truth. I did not have a dog—I had Bill. If he had been merely a dog, or merely a *good* dog, I would not now need to write his portrait; he would be adequately commemorated in the book ends and paintings which celebrate the physical graces of his breed.

I proceeded, at first, to train him by cut-and-dried rules. There was the approved dictum, for instance, that one must discipline one's dog. I heard it from everybody. I was instructed in how to carry it out, too. "Punish him when he disobeys," my friends said. "Make him understand that he must do as you tell him."

Merely to write this prescription out now seems to me absurd. There was no reason on earth why Bill should have obeyed me. He always knew what he was doing and he always had excellent grounds for his acts. And since, judged by humanity's own standards, he was without evil quality—was devoid of malice, cruelty, destructiveness, or quarrelsome temper—why, by all that's sensible should he have been expected to submit, as an inferior, to human discipline? But there the convention was, and I tried to conform to it.

It is to my credit, I think, that I did so only under urging. Left to ourselves, I believe, Bill and I would have understood one another on a fitting plane at once. But my friends kept asking me questions: "Have you taught him any tricks?" "Does he shake hands?" "Will he retrieve?"

I set out to shape him to their requirements. I took him to the shore and threw sticks, saying ardently after each toss, "Go and get it!" I felt like a fool, but I really meant for my setter to do that senseless thing. He understood at once. He trotted after the bit of driftwood, looked at it, looked at me, picked it up and gently *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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"Fur Coats for Five Dollars"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

long hours for still others, huddled against store fronts. In particularly raw weather the Mode, birthplace of the sale, serves steaming coffee to its waiting customers.

Long before daylight, the scores of hardy all-nighters are joined by hundreds more, as streetcars, taxis and private cars disgorge a never-ending stream. By the time dawn's early light finally breaks, F and G streets and the intersecting arteries are choked with queues of shoppers.

The jostling for prime positions outside the store doors constitutes only the preliminary skirmishing. It is within the stores themselves that the battle for bargains is really joined. The smaller establishments have learned through sad experience that to admit more persons than can be handled by their sales staffs, however enlarged, is to invite shoplifting, precipitate customer clashes, and generally discourage buying.

As a result, all but the largest department stores admit only a limited number of people at a time, then slam and bolt the door. Their purchases complete, the customers are shunted out the side or rear, as a fresh supply of buyers comes sluicing through the front.

Many stores remove much of their better merchandise from sight on February 22d because bargain hunters sweeping through an establishment have been known to resemble a swarm of locusts stripping a wheat field. Sale merchandise is stacked high; speed is the keynote; as a rule sales are final and for spot cash; and there are no C.O.D.s. Try-ons are discouraged. A woman who takes off her coat to try on another risks having her own garment snatched by other eager beavers.

Watching for Shoplifters

Roped-off entrance and exit aisles help funnel customers in and out. As an added precaution against shoplifting, some stores station checkers at exits to compare purchases with sales slips. Clerks and floor walkers are cautioned to keep eyes peeled for thieves, and some stores temporarily augment their detective forces.

The split instant before the doors are opened for the first time has been described by one store manager as "terrifying." "You see all those people jammed around the entrance," he shuddered, "and you know that in a matter of seconds they'll be swarming all over you." This same official told of two extra salesgirls hired one year who became so unnerved at the zero hour that they fled to the ladies' rest room and hid throughout the sale.

Many of the items sold on Washington's Birthday are genuine bargains; others are junk, pure and simple. Asked to explain why customers happily fork over perfectly good money for goods in this latter category, one shopkeeper replied interestingly, if not definitively: "Now you take the guy who buys a faded necktie. If he's getting a bargain he doesn't worry about the fade any more than the soup stain on his suit."

This psychological factor is one which no wide-awake merchant overlooks. On one sale day, for example, a rack of coat sweaters just wasn't moving. The price was right, the merchandise good, still there were few buyers. The alert manager grabbed all the sweaters from the rack, tossed them onto a table and ran his hands through the pile a few times to give them, as he put it, "that bargain-day look."

"You should have seen the women gobble them up," he recalls cheerfully.

Although the sale is an unorganized event without official sponsors or co-ordinated promotion, merchants devote weeks of planning to it, beginning right after the end of the Christmas rush.

Howard Koen, manager of Philipsborn, a women's store, sums it up this way:

"For two months before the sale you start laying your plans. The tension and tempo build up to a climax at 9:00 A.M. February 22d. We have only 240 minutes to take advantage of the biggest crowds of the year. It's absolutely imperative, therefore, that everything go off like clockwork."

Koen, an Air Force veteran, likens his store's planning for Washington's Birthday to a carefully worked-out military plan, timed to split-second precision.

This parallel can be carried even further, for it isn't only the stores which must plan for the occasion. The Capital Transit Company, which operates Washington's streetcars and busses, keeps scores of extra cars in reserve, ready for hasty dispatch to the embattled shopping area as the need for additional equipment is flashed by strategically posted inspectors.

Rugged Day for Traffic Cops

Police officials begin briefing patrolmen days in advance. To prevent the vehicular snarls of past years, the traffic division assigns at least 70 foot and motorcycle men to the downtown area—some of them probationary cops from the police rookie school. Parking is eliminated on many downtown streets, and turns are limited to keep the autos rolling.

The unprecedented traffic jams aren't the only reason Washington cops reach for aspirin every February 22d. Theirs is also the unenviable assignment of preserving order in a crowd little motivated by a desire for decorum.

"Trying to check the Notre Dame football team would be no worse," declares Captain Howard V. Covell of the No. 1 police precinct, where most of the sale activity centers. "Every policeman has to be a Solomon. All that pushing and shoving . . ."

In what seems like a shabby reward for virtue, Covell assigns his most patient men downtown every February 22d. "They have to extend more than ordinary courtesy and keep their own tempers," he explains.

One of the hottest spots in town each February 22d is the corner of 12th and G Streets, where great throngs converge on Zlotnick the Furrier's in response to ads for $5 fur coats. Last year the company offered 11 such coats, ranging from a black pony-dyed heifer to a mink-dyed cony. When the doors were thrown open at 7:00 A.M. the $5 coats were snapped up quicker than you could say "old, worn or discontinued models," which is what the garments were.

There are other places, too, which get more than their share of crowds. Each sale day for the past 10 years, the United Typewriter Company has sold five reconditioned machines for just 99 cents each, or approximately $34.01 less than their actual value. (Arthur Schreiber, manager of the company, says the publicity derived from this stunt more than offsets the cost.) Naturally, the line begins to form early on February 21st.

Along about 3:30 A.M. on one recent sale day, Harry P. Williams, a Maryland resident, was lined up with many others outside United's salesroom, waiting patiently for a crack at one of the bargain typewriters. But the only crack Williams got was one on the nose. He told police he had been breaking the monotony of waiting by asking occasional pedestrians if they'd like to buy his "hold on the doorknob." One passer-by, not amused, swung at Williams before continuing down Fourteenth Street. Williams gave up his hold on the knob and went off to the hospital with a broken nose. But his story is not without its happy ending. Manager Schreiber got in touch with Williams a few days later and gave him a reconditioned typewriter for his pains.

Probably the biggest bargain ever offered in all sale history was the one inadvertently furnished in 1948 by Philipsborn. The store marked down some 25 women's spring suits—valued at $45 to $65—to $27 and prepared for a moderate rush. When the rush came it was far from moderate; an unidentified newspaper printer had set the Philipsborn ad to read 27 cents instead of $27. The misprint was corrected in the later editions, but by then the damage was done. Hundreds of women mobbed the store demanding "one of those 27-cent suits." The Philipsborn people gritted their teeth—and sold the suits at the advertised price.

This incident illustrates how accustomed Washingtonians have become to unheard-of bargains on Washington's Birthday. Any other day the 27-cent ad would have been recognized and accepted as a mistake.

Not all citizens, however, are bitten by the bargain virus, and some, forced to go downtown on February 22d, make no bones about their annoyance at the inconvenience this entails. It is at this group that Bernie Carroll, owner of the Uptown Music Center, will beam a newspaper ad this year which will serve notice that the Uptown is *not* having a sale of its phonograph records.

"We probably will have very little business on George Washington's Birthday," the ad will read philosophically, "because why should a customer pay full retail price for anything they can have at the bargain prices being offered?"

Carroll ran a similar ad last year, and the store did 10 times the normal day's business—at regular prices.

The Washington Better Business Bureau also takes a dim view of the tie-up of a patently commercial enterprise with Washington's Birthday. Early this January the bureau reminded local merchants to stick to the facts in Birthday Sale advertising, and urged them to eliminate from their copy any allusion to George Washington.

Exploiting a National Hero

Many of the merchants see eye-to-eye with the bureau in its efforts to divorce our national hero from an annual rummage event. But some pull out all the stops. References in ads range all the way from a neat profile of Washington heralding a "traditional disposal of odds and ends," to a picture of George hacking away at a cherry tree and an accompanying message: "We cannot tell a lie. Our bargains can't be beat."

Many observers of the Washington's Birthday Sale are indignant at this commercialization of an event of major patriotic significance, and they think the offense is compounded because it occurs almost in the shadow of the Washington Monument. Dewey Short, veteran Republican congressman from Missouri and a former college professor, has said of the Birthday Sale:

"I think in an age of growing materialism we're inclined to commercialize our most valuable assets. I have in mind the growing tendency to link our spiritual and patriotic heritage to the earning of dollars. But it's characteristic of Americans today to make a smart buck whenever they can."

On the other hand, there are those who are unconcerned over the moral issue of the commercialization of Washington's Birthday but who interpret the spectacle of thousands of citizens scrabbling madly for bargains as evidence of an alarming mass psychosis.

On this score, Dr. Winfred Overholser, nationally known psychiatrist and superintendent of St. Elizabeths mental hospital in Washington, has reassuring words.

"It's a perfectly legitimate desire to want something at a bargain price," he says. "And standing in line is just part of the price these people are willing to pay for an item they want."

Overholser cocks an eye toward New York City and observes:

"After all, it's no worse than people standing in line all night in order to see a World Series baseball game." THE END

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Be another woman in his life!

with *NEW* step-saving, time-saving MURRAY

GAS RANGES

So easy to clean!

You'll love these new beauties . . . with their gleaming chromium trim, lustrous porcelain enamel that is acid and stain resistant! And best of all you'll marvel at how easy they are to clean. No burner bowl seams to catch grease . . . no crevice along entire front of range—thanks to Murray's wonderful one-piece top with beautiful "waterfall" styling!

So convenient!

The *really smokeless* broiler is up high, where it's most natural to reach. And right next door is the giant oven, big enough for 4 pies! Fully porcelain enameled, with rounded, easily-cleaned corners. No wonder you'll feel like "another woman" at the end of the day!

ELECTRIC RANGES

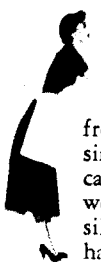
Completely automatic!

You'll be delighted with the new, easy, color-guide heat-tuning system! Now, just a glance at the fluorescent lighted backguard will tell you the heat intensity you desire! For each 7-heat surface unit there is a series of push-buttons colored from deep red (hot) to light pink (simmer). One look will tell you—*before* you press any buttons—exactly the heat you want!

Cook a whole meal at once!

If you prefer a Murray Electric Range with a deep well cooker, select one with special compartments that allow cooking a complete meal at once! Yes, these new ranges were designed with *you* in mind—and every Murray feature adds to your kitchen-pleasure!

MATCHED STEEL KITCHENS!



So useful!

Careful planning by Murray of every part of your new kitchen... from the luxurious cabinet sinks to the smallest wall cabinet...saves you hours of work. Every important utensil, every kitchen essential, has its place—ready to serve you at a moment's notice! And there's a Murray cabinet arrangement to suit most any kitchen size.

So beautiful!

Everything rounded, smooth to the touch. No sharp corners to snag clothes or fingers. Concealed hand grips on wall cabinets leave one smooth surface to clean! Recesses for toe and knee space add to your comfort! Every unit style-matched to make a beautiful "picture-kitchen."

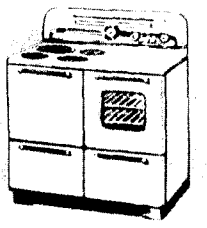
NO ONE MAKES KITCHENS LIKE

MURRAY

THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Home Appliance Division, SCRANTON, PA.

MURRAY

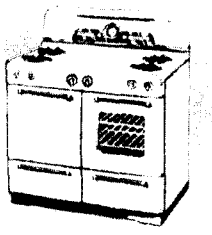
Electric Ranges



High-Speed Electric Ranges with color-guide heat-tuning, giant ovens, 7-heat-intensity surface units, deep-well cookers, Robertshaw automatic thermostats. Steel frames are *completely welded* for extra strength, long life! Drawers in each Murray range are extra solid, glide on *silent nylon rollers!*

MURRAY

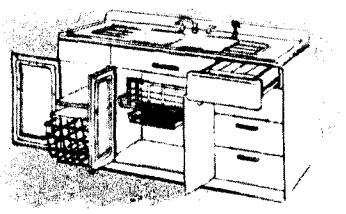
Gas Ranges



Streamlined Gas Ranges, some with divided tops, others with grouped burners. All four burners will accommodate big pans without crowding. Precision Hi-Lo controls can use *any* type gas economically! Automatic oven (pilot-lighted) available. Fully Fiberglas insulated!

MURRAY

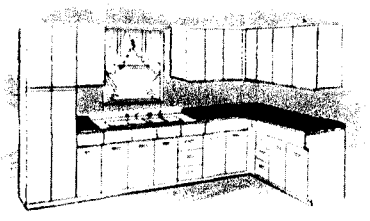
Cabinet Sinks



When you have this center of attraction in your new all-steel kitchen, you'll love every moment you spend there! It's the 66" long model with double drainboards and basins. Five full drawers, cutlery tray, racks, breadboard, vegetable basket. Other models in 54" and 42" sizes, depending on your kitchen space. Acid and stain resistant porcelain enamel on sinks, hi-baked enamel on cabinets!

MURRAY

Modern Cabinets



Wall and Base Cabinets have welded construction, too. Drawers slide silently on brass runners. Doors are sound-insulated, have that solid feel! Wall cabinets have provision for fluorescent lighting. Base cabinets topped with wear and stain resistant Vinyl plastic. Adjustable shelves!

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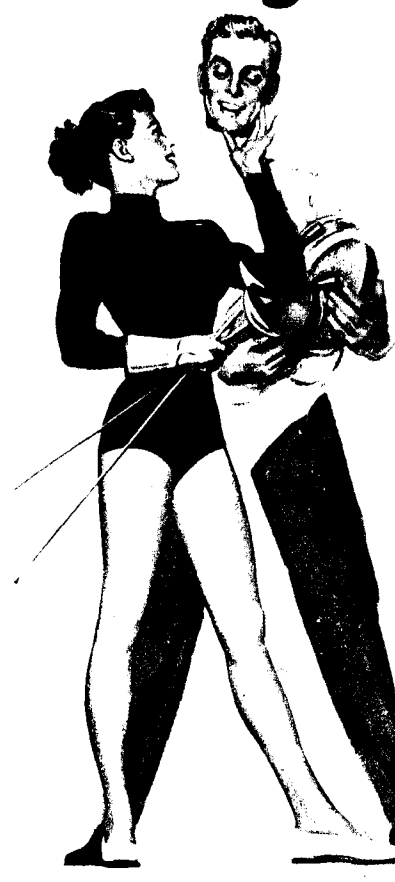

TRY IT!

Avoid Athletic Aroma
use **BARZ**
Lotion Deodorant

A Better Breakfast, Please

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

brine in which they were cooked. On the side are scads of toast and strong coffee. Invitees to this feast of the fish always say yes before Sidney Corbett can change his mind.

Years ago, when the Heart's Content Club was a going institution in western Pennsylvania, our chef, Particular Parsons, used to do something special about breakfast, especially those he called the Ladies' Breakfasts, held early in June and in late October. These affairs gave members' wives and sweethearts a glimpse of the culinary world of the hunting and fishing club.

Grilled Trout à la Parsons

The June breakfast was served from nine thirty to eleven. It started with a small dish of wild strawberries, tiny, scarlet little fellows, endowed with tremendous flavor. "And don't forget the iced orange juice, spiked with our best brandy," a former member, Frank Flanders, reminds me. "Or the platters of grilled trout, medium-sized ones caught the day before or that very morning—broiled over charcoal, sprinkled with melted butter and lemon juice! You picked them up in your fingers and ate and thanked Heaven for fishermen and cooks like Particular Parsons." I didn't forget—you can't forget some things.

There would be platters of thin, fried slices of home-cured pig shoulder, better than ham. For those who wanted them, there were piping-hot broiled baby lamb chops—doubles! Marinated briefly in a good, garlicky French dressing before they went to the grill, they had a distinctive flavor, a special tenderness. Flanders remembers nostalgically the hashed brown potatoes, dry, crisp, completely free of fat, the relays of golden johnnycake, straight from the oven, freshly made toast, red raspberry jam, plenty of strong coffee. "On this day," he recalls, "the girls forgot their diets and ate with unashamed vigor."

I asked Pete Grayson to refresh my memory on the October gathering. He wrote: "The October session was held in the big dining room, and Parsons would launch it with the most perfect melons of the year. They had been tapped the previous night, their juices drained away and the crannies filled with a dry white wine. When they came from the icebox, graced with a sprinkle of salt, they had a flavor that made your appetite urgent and critical.

"The main course was a breast of woodcock for every guest. The dark meat was broiled to a turn, basted with butter and lime juice, seasoned lightly. The woodcock was out of this world, delicate, distinctly flavored, perched on wedges of hot buttered rye toast. Parsons also served broiled pork chops, produced by Vail, the Tionesta butcher, who personally selected small hogs that were cured for the occasion in a special brine, smoked with hickory. And there would be country sausage, spicy and seductively herbed, biscuits, black buckwheat honey, wild plum preserves."

The ladies, bless their hearts, loved it. They applauded and always made Parsons appear. They would present him with some cognac; his face would split into a wide grin, and he would tell them politely he hoped they would come back next year. Parsons was past eighty when he died, and he had the grandest funeral we could supply. The governor of Pennsylvania sent flowers, and a senator sent a telegraphic eulogy. The club burned to the ground during the depression and ceased to function. The members remember it with triple-A nostalgia.

The idea of a sandwich for breakfast may not, at first mention, appeal to you, but J. T. Robey, a Philadelphia wool merchant, used to produce one he called his Club Breakfast. His daughter recently wrote me about it.

"It started," she said, "with a dry slice of thin toast. A piece of beef tenderloin half an inch thick was whammed with a cleaver until it became the size of the toast. It was then quickly and lightly browned in hot butter, seasoned and placed on the toast and covered by another slice of toast. Next came a thickish layer of scrambled eggs. 'Keep 'em loose!' he would instruct the cook. Over the sandwich went a liberal dollop of pan gravy, made by pouring a little hot coffee into the pan in which the steak had browned: one minute over a hot fire, with some vigorous stirring, and thence to the sandwich. It was a morning meal I still find more than middlin' good."

High atop Watchung Mountain in New Jersey, not too far from Plainfield, is a home I always enjoy visiting. It is a place where good food is held in high esteem by the owners, Mary and Leo Epstein.

"I've found some prime country bacon," Leo will say. "Look, it's in the slab, and fat. Smell that sassafras smoke! With that smell in the air, it will seem a long time between tomato juice and bacon." He scrambles eggs—no cream, just country-scrambled. He toasts the bread or rolls over the coals. The bacon is not crisp; it is cut thick and comes to the table a little limp, but each bite is a delight. The coffee is strong, the orange marmalade is made from Seville oranges, bittersweet. Naturally, the conversation is elevating.

On special occasions, the Special Breakfast is marked by small broiled steaks, about the size of your hand, buttered and seasoned just as they are served. With the steak is a platter of raw-fried potatoes, crunchy and brown, and properly seasoned. Leo's grandfather, a very wise man and a sterling trencherman, always claimed that the finest breakfast food he ever tasted was a small steak, judiciously broiled. It was his standard morning meal, and he lived to be ninety. Leo does not quarrel with this thesis. Nor do I.

The Colonel Had a Fine Cook

Toward the end of World War II, I found myself on a writing assignment at Moffett Field, in the Santa Clara Valley about 30 miles from San Francisco. A colonel in the Air Force was my host. I had complained bitterly about the frugality of the meals I had eaten since I had left New York. He was a nice guy, and he invited me to stay at his small and tidy ranch house a few miles from the field. He was a widower, and his housekeeper and cook was an elderly Mexican woman who served us a breakfast that happily combined California, Scotland and the Pennsylvania Dutch in a single package of great merit.

We breakfasted in a sunny patio, starting with a big dish of pitted red cherries, sprinkled with lime juice, lightly sugared. Then came a noble dish of fried rabbit. The rabbits are cleaned, quartered and placed in a crock of marinade composed of equal parts of water and wine vinegar, flavored with sliced onions, a clove of garlic, a bunch of basil and tarragon, a pinch of rosemary, and some crushed peppercorns.

This mixture is heated, then permitted to cool before the rabbit is placed in it for a bath of 24-hour duration. The rabbit is drained, fried to a deep brown in butter, then partially covered with the marinade. The cover is placed on the frying pan, the fire is turned down to a whisper for 30 minutes, or until the rabbit is meltingly tender. The meat is placed on a hot platter. A cup of thick cream goes into the frying pan and the contents stirred over a high heat for a few minutes, then the thick, entrancing gravy is poured over the meat.

Each bite was an adventure. The scones might have been baked in Scotland; they were crusty, slightly sweet, especially good with orange-blossom honey. That day I

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approached my job of writing with a fine feeling of contentment.

To this day, I can't remember the name of my benefactor, but I hope he is living in peaceful retirement, eating a Special Breakfast every day.

We forget a succession of fine luncheons, a parade of notable dinners, but the good breakfast—the Special Breakfast, if you please—is a memory always to be cherished. Hostesses, take note!

I remember a trip from Brownsville, Texas, to Corpus Christi Bay in a boat belonging to Ray Dudley. Ray is one of the biggest publishers in the Southwest; in his Houston plant he issues several oil trade publications, catalogues, hotel and telephone directories. In the night, we ran into a terrific storm and when we reached the sanctuary of Corpus Christi Bay we were so tired that we went to sleep on deck as soon as we had anchored.

Engineer Doubles as Chef

I wakened to a view I'll never forget: an orange and gold sunrise, rippling water, the air filled with a host of noisy and colorful birds. Nicest sight of all was our engineer wading in the shallow water and gigging a mess of breakfast flounder. The aroma of boiling coffee didn't detract from a personal belief that this was a grand world. We breakfasted on deck, on a card table. We started off with ripe figs in a heavy sirup, figs from the private trees of Spencer Robinson, one of Ray's crack editors and our fishing companion.

Meantime, the engineer, a man of talent, had filleted the flounder and they were being broiled over a charcoal grill, while in the reflector oven some notable biscuits attained a deep tan. The main course—accompanied by a jug of hot lime juice—was brown and tender, with that enormously fine flavor that comes only from freshly caught fish. The coffee was authentically strong and very hot. It was a long and an enjoyable meal —one of the best breakfasts I have ever eaten.

A good breakfast is never an accident. Most of us know they happen on purpose. A Special Breakfast does not necessarily mean a lot of work over a hot stove. I am an amateur chef of sorts, and I like to cook —especially breakfast.

There is so much that can be done to make a breakfast interesting and distinctive. A dash of sauterne and lemon juice over melon balls gives the fruit a new and exciting taste. Fried corn-meal mush, broiled smoked sausage and poached eggs add up to a terrific breakfast that can be prepared in fifteen minutes.

Ever try ripe strawberries, sprinkled lightly with kirsch and dusted with sugar, as a starter? Inspiring! Follow up with broiled finnan haddie, bran muffins, orange marmalade—and let the coffee be extra-strong. Time-taking? Not if you use a commercial mix for the muffins—20 minutes to bake. The finnan haddie can be under the broiler at the same time.

Tomato juice, enlivened with a little Worcestershire sauce, a pinch of thyme, salt and a few drops of Tabasco sauce, should be refrigerated overnight; it makes a morning drink that will awaken the most lethargic of appetites. Follow this with potato pancakes. To make them, you grate raw potatoes, add a whisper of grated onion, squeeze out the water, season and form into small flat cakes, then fry in hot bacon fat until deeply brown on both sides and very crisp. Put on a hot platter, surround them with grilled bacon or country ham. Have plenty of toast, done in the broiler if you want mass production. Some wild plum preserves and a comb of clover honey lend the finishing touches for a Special Breakfast that won't take more than 25 minutes to prepare.

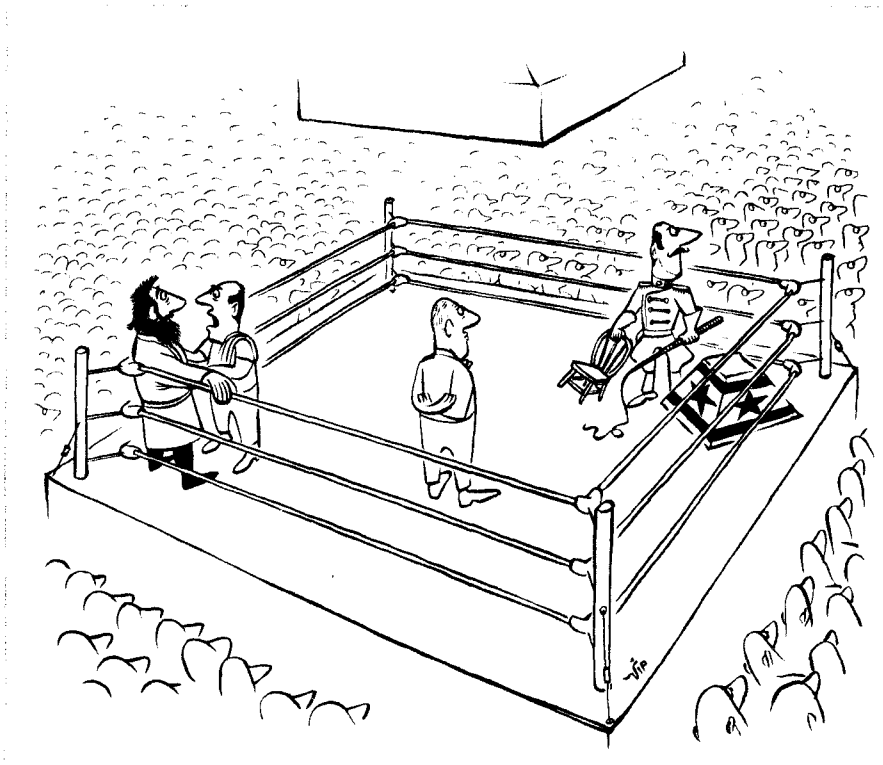
A Special Breakfast can be one of the major delights of this civilized world. It's not especially difficult to compound, nor does the basic cost compare with that of the viands and potables needed for a formal dinner. It is always informal, and it can be consumed in leisure. Try giving a Special Breakfast and you will find that my statements are relatively conservative.

If you are gullible, you may nourish the quaint idea that women never eat a big breakfast. Put the proper eatables before them and you will find that they do very nicely.

The average husband usually has a sketchy breakfast, reaches for his hat and brief case, scuttles for the office. "George doesn't really care for a big breakfast," the wife will simper. Oh, no? Watch what he orders when he is away from home, in a diner, or at a hotel. The works, that's what George orders—and eats.

Special Breakfasts can't come too often to suit me. I want to start the day with a full stomach, with a rousing song in my heart, eager and willing to face the stern realities of the day. I want to feel like singing.

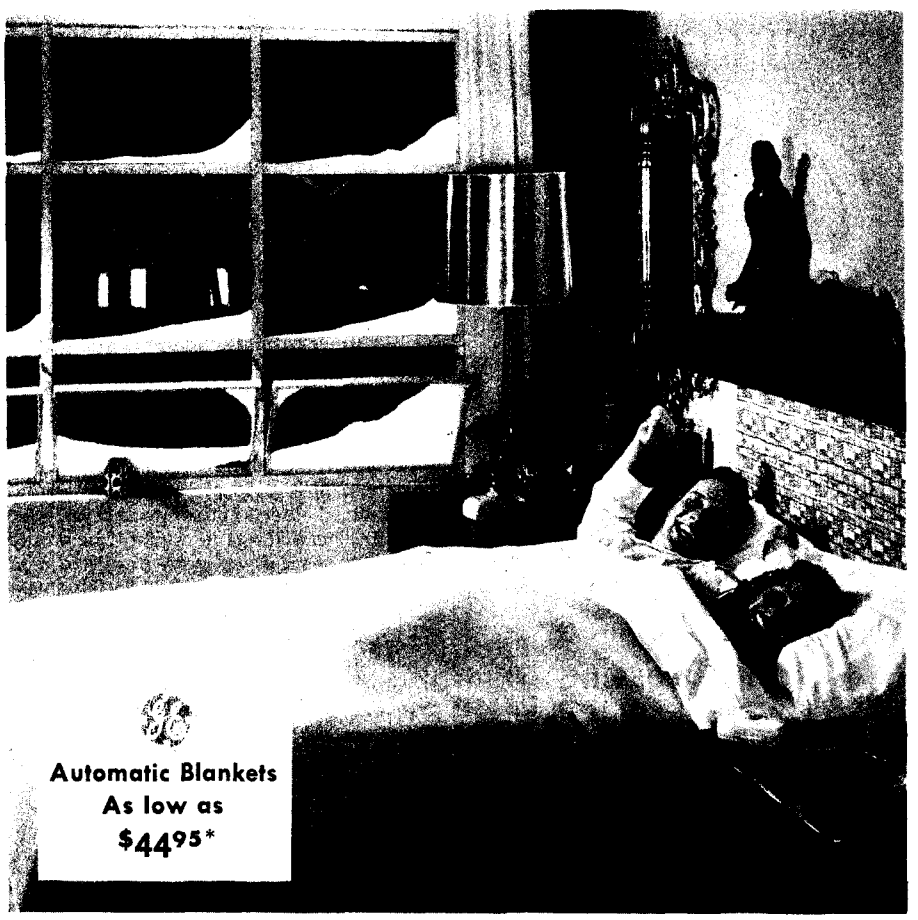
Ever try to sing on an empty stomach?
It can't be done. THE END



COLLIER'S

"How do *I* know what kind of a style he has, Joe? Let's just wait and see"

VIRGIL PARTCH



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Portrait

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

but pointedly laid it down again. He did that several times and then would do it no more. Evidently he felt that he had explained himself.

I persisted, and he turned and ran away, went down the shore some hundred feet and lay down, putting his nose on his paw. I called and he would not come. I could see him quiver at the sound of my voice, but he would not move voluntarily.

Then I was overwhelmed by the folly of the whole performance. Why should I throw sticks which I did not want to throw, in order that a creature who did not want to pick them up should pick them up? I did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Bill!" I called again, and still he would not come. I sat down, quite dispirited, and buried my face in my hands. The next thing I knew, Bill was beside me, performing his warm, lovely pantomime of happiness. We never again took up the subject of retrieving.

It was the same when I undertook to make him shake hands. He refused. I presently learned why. He had a way of his own of going to anyone whom he liked and *offering* his paw. He had not been taught to do it; it was his personal gesture of acceptance. He did not want it corrupted.

I realized presently that most of the approved "discipline" came under the same head and, instead of giving commands, I sat back and observed. Thus, gradually, we worked toward a state in which we had order, together with mutual respect. He was steadfast in refusing to do things which he thought silly or—worse than silly—degrading to sense, but he was scrupulous in observing rules for which there was a reason. There was, for instance, my decree about the armchairs.

I had two armchairs in my living room. On cold nights he was permitted to sleep on one, which I covered with an old rug. The other chair, however, was closer to the radiator. There came a very bitter night and Bill changed his bed; he got up on the forbidden seat. I scolded him when I saw what he had done.

COLLIER'S "Say when"

THE next night, after I had gone to bed, he came upstairs to my room and went through his usual maneuver for waking me up—put his paw against the side of my mattress and gently pushed, so that he made the bed sway on its springs. Supposing that he wanted to go out, I got up, went downstairs and opened the front door. He, however, trotted straight to the armchair by the radiator and, with an exaggerated, a positively flagrant wistfulness, laid his head on the seat cushion. I laughed. He immediately dropped the pose and, while I was changing the rug, stood by, looking somewhat sheepish.

When he was curled up where he wanted to be, I said, "Listen, Bill. You don't *have* to be so damned doglike." And he, without lifting his head from the cozy half-circle into which he had shaped himself, gave me a bright understanding look.

He led a hearty, doggy life as long as he had his health and strength. He went to the shore every day, no matter what the weather, and took a dip. He raided what garbage cans he could. He buried and guarded a large hoard of bones. He scratched with energy and concentration. He had friends all over town whom he visited more or less regularly. He would go to their doors; they would open to him; he would enter, stay for a polite time, and then leave. I only heard of this; many of the people were strangers to me, but they knew my dog.

He also had a love life which I can describe only as heroic. He could catch the scent of a bitch in season over miles. And, if she were located at such a distance, he would simply disappear from our home until the crisis was past; sometimes he was away for three days and nights at a stretch.

When, however, the scene of his courtship was nearer, he would make occasional brief return visits to me. He would be gone for perhaps ten hours; then he would dash into our yard and bark. When I came to the door he would rush up to me and engage in a feverish pantomime of propitiatory explanation. Then he would tear off for another ten hours, going at full gallop. I would have offered him food and drink, but at most he would gulp a few swallows of water. He was above eating at such times, though he certainly was no languishing lover.

Far from that. I heard accounts of his conduct from many people, and I witnessed it once myself. He would charge into the yard like a tornado; he would ignore the other males as if they were not there, or rush through the pack of them if they were in his path, and pay his addresses without false hesitation to the female. As a result, he was engaged in some terrible fights in which he was one against many. Twice he came home with long bloody rents in his beautiful coat; one of these times he had to stay in the hospital for two weeks.

These seizures were, of course, intermittent. Lacking the intoxication, he was a different creature. I have dwelt on this side of him because I do not want anyone to think that my setter was a canine neurotic, a dog that was less than a dog. He was a dog that was all dog, and still was more than a dog.

It gets back to the spiritual quality I spoke of which derived, I think, from the combination of a beautiful kind of goodness and a clear-eyed perception. I stress the beauty. There are many good dogs; their virtues are faithfulness and courage. Bill had these, but he had them as he had four feet. His great personal quality was courtesy, which is the practical means by which goodness finds expression.

There was a charming delicacy about his body. He was small for his breed but perfectly proportioned. Though he was strong, he was lightly boned; he was not of the massive setter strain. His coat was dark and abundant.

To be more than the species to which one belongs, as I see it, means to go beyond that species out into—what? Well, people say of superior animals that the creatures are "downright human." Bill was not human. I am human and I know. To meet him, I too had to go beyond my kind. I had to be better than I am—more sensitive, more generous, more tolerant. More courteous, in short. Courtesy was his genius.

It is a quality which can exist only in relationships. Courtesy made a solitary of my dog. He found no creature with whom he could enter into the required balance. He trotted on through life alone.

I spoke of his way of offering his paw. That belonged to his youth, and nothing could have been more beautiful. It was not a gesture which he made toward old acquaintances; he kept it for strangers with whom, in his young expectation, he believed he could make friends. It was the result of an impulse from that realm beyond—that between-species world—where every creature stands simply on what he is. But the offering was always received on human terms.

People would exclaim, in loud patronizing voices, "Oh, look! He wants to shake hands! Isn't that cute? Good doggie, good dog!" And they would grab his paw and pump it up and down. He stopped trying after a while.

For a long interval during his latter years I did not see him offer to shake hands, and I would have supposed that he had forgotten the gesture except that, shortly before he died, he revived it—a single time. He made the acquaintance of a man who, like himself, was very old but, unlike him, was frightened and sick of heart. Bill offered that man his paw.

BILL trotted on through life alone. He did many things of the kind dog owners boast about. He drove a burglar from our home one night. He (who would not retrieve) found a slip of mine which a departing laundress had dropped several blocks from our house, and carried it back to me. Bill awakened me at the proper hour in the morning. He wakened me too if I had a bad dream or suffered in my sleep. He would not let me go to sleep in a chair before a fire. There were many services, helpful and intelligent, which he rendered me. I do not count those things as important now. They were the mere domestic minutiae of our life together.

He trotted on alone and the fact that he was getting old became always more perceptible. He never admitted the sorrow. He was serene and full of spirit. I remember a time when we were on a walk and came out to the edge of a wide ditch. Once he would have jumped it like a bird in flight. But he could no longer leap so handsomely, and he knew it. He looked at the ditch, and looked at me. Then he turned away, his movement a miracle of expressive grace, and gazed into his private universe. I do not see my own species accepting age thus perfectly.

Again, there came the time when he could not go with me on long walks. As long as he lived, I never took another walk. I used the car for the shortest distances, and took him with me. It was not necessary. He would not have been hurt by being left behind. He was by that time complete within himself and dependent on nobody.

He trotted on alone and at last he came to the place where he had to die. He knew it before I did. I went desperately to doctors; he acquiesced in the treatments, but he knew. And he had no fear at all. But that does not describe his end.

He faced death positively. His strength had waned until he was a little shadow, but his alertness had not lessened at all. He was calmly attentive as he watched death coming toward him and, when it reached him, the look in his eyes became a profound acceptance and confirmation. And my setter died. THE END

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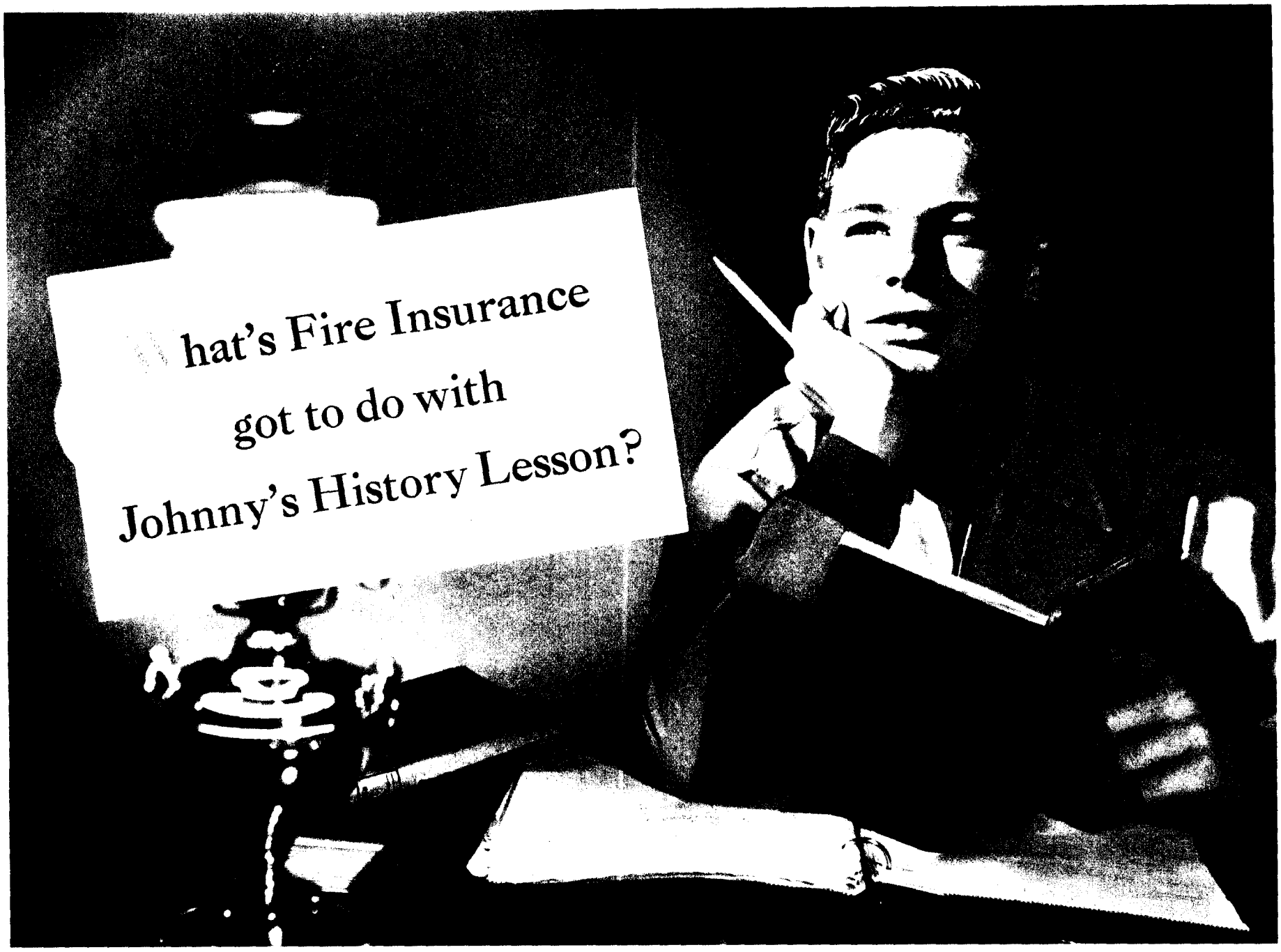

What fire insurance has to do with Johnny's history lesson is a lesson in itself to many grown-ups.

Fire insurance protected every step necessary to putting the book in Johnny's hands. It protected the mills where the paper was made... the plant where the book was printed and bound... even its storage. It helped make possible, too, the financing of his schoolhouse. And it guards the lives of Johnny and his schoolmates through safety education and fire drills.

But here's something that today is even *more* important. Fire insurance is necessary to the way of life that free men have built and fought to protect. It is a basic part of a system that rewards individual effort and encourages independent thinking.

These are the forces, made so clear in Johnny's history lesson, that have helped develop the resources and produced the glorious history of America that is Johnny's birthright and inspiration.

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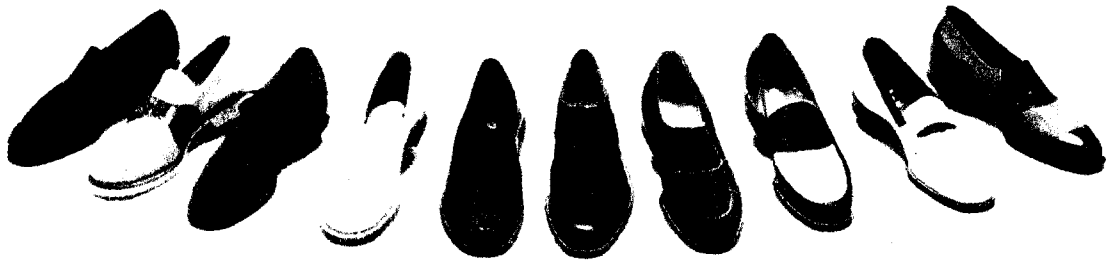

Head Lines and Foot Notes

By BERT BACHARACH

Color, comfort and casualness in men's hats and shoes are spring fashion news

AMERICAN manufacturers of men's hats and shoes have once again taken big forward strides by bringing out near-revolutionary developments in headwear and footwear.

But you needn't fear that anyone is trying to convert you into a gaudy clotheshorse, or that you will not be able to obtain the old reliables you've been wearing for years and years. In fact, the wonderful thing about the new models is that they look very much as they always have—except for the introduction of lots of color. The big improvements are the lightness in weight and the new and more practical construction details.

The slip-on shoe, with flexible goring in place of the conventional lacing, promises to become one of the most popular foot-coverings ever introduced. These laceless shoes have front, side or concealed gores which give a trimmer appearance over the instep. Originally shown in sport models only, they are now found in business and dress types as well. They're thoroughly practical—and wonderfully comfortable.

The widespread use of nylon mesh inserts is a trend of only slightly less importance. This porous fabric is found in matching or contrasting tones with almost every type of leather. It's cool, comfortable and will hold up.

Suèdes, and suèdes combined with leather, are being shown in a wide variety of colors. There are models with tartan inserts, with simulated reptile-skin trimmings, and a wide variety of woven, ventilated and mesh leathers.

In hats, aside from the introduction of new colors in body and trim, the big story is the lightweight felts. Like feathers to heft, headpieces of the new material nevertheless hold their shape and appearance indefinitely. Furthermore, unlike earlier lightweights, these can be crushed—rolled up to fit into a pocket—and they'll still snap back to their original shape. It's good news to the many men who have always liked zephyrweight hats but found justifiable fault with their appearance and durability.

Color in hat material and trim fills a long-felt need. And the new models include styles that are specifically suited for sportswear. Except for Tyroleans, no selection for casual outfits existed before. As for shape, there's a movement toward the greater acceptance of narrow-brimmed models.

The popularity of caps goes on at an ever-increasing tempo. They're being shown in a wide variety of fabrics, in small and large checks, plaids, tweed effects and plain colors. They're smart in appearance and ideal for all active sports.

That's the fashion story this spring—color and comfort at the top and bottom of your wardrobe.

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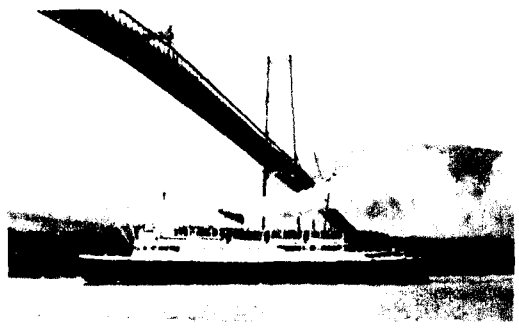

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How Truman Writes Those Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

you are doing a good job and when I grow up I am going to be a Democrat." That rated a swift, warm reply from the man in the White House: "I was happy to receive your letter and you should be complimented on your decision . . ."

Harry Truman still means to write a lot of letters. He feels strongly that the good will which comes from such spontaneous expressions is in high ratio to the bad newspaper play which is another by-product. Nothing is so clear about Truman as his natural friendliness. He likes people—whether it's a George Marshall, a politician, or a policeman on the White House grounds whose wife's illness may be impoverishing him. Also he can dislike, and he has little gift for hiding it.

In a hatchet-burying conference once, a labor leader whom he had sharply denounced told him, "Mr. President, I'm a third generation Irishman who's part Scotch and you know they are kind of hotheaded sometimes."

"I'm made up on the same plan," Truman told him.

Certainly when he wrote the early-morning letter to the Washington music critic, Harry Truman jumped straight into the character of his own small but combative father, John A. Truman. "If anybody jumped on his kids," the President told me once, "they were in for it."

When Margaret Wilson Sang

Also, in writing the Hume letter, Truman put on paper an attitude which Woodrow Wilson sometimes felt in an almost identical situation, when his Margaret also hoped to make a career as a singer. Wilson wrote many of his own letters, using for the purpose a special small-type typewriter with which as professor and historian he had composed his speeches and his books. And if Wilson did not display his hurt feelings to any critic, as Truman did, he did answer in eager appreciation those who wrote him about his Margaret's successes: "I know how hard she has worked in developing her voice, and know how thoroughly, therefore, she has earned what is now coming to her."

Actually, however, "those Truman letters" sound more like Theodore Roosevelt than like any other President. In public expression and in personal outburst Truman and the first Roosevelt were much alike. And their likeness stems from similar causes.

T.R. had to be a Rough Rider verbally as well as in fact because he had been a weak child, lapped in luxury. Truman was the bespectacled boy who had to captain a rambunctious field-artillery battery and work with some of the toughest politicians in America. In reality, gentleness was a basic component of the 26th President as it is of the 33d. T.R., who kept the country in a dither with his epithets and his vocabulary, at the same time wrote letters to his children which have become charming classics in the archives of Presidential correspondence.

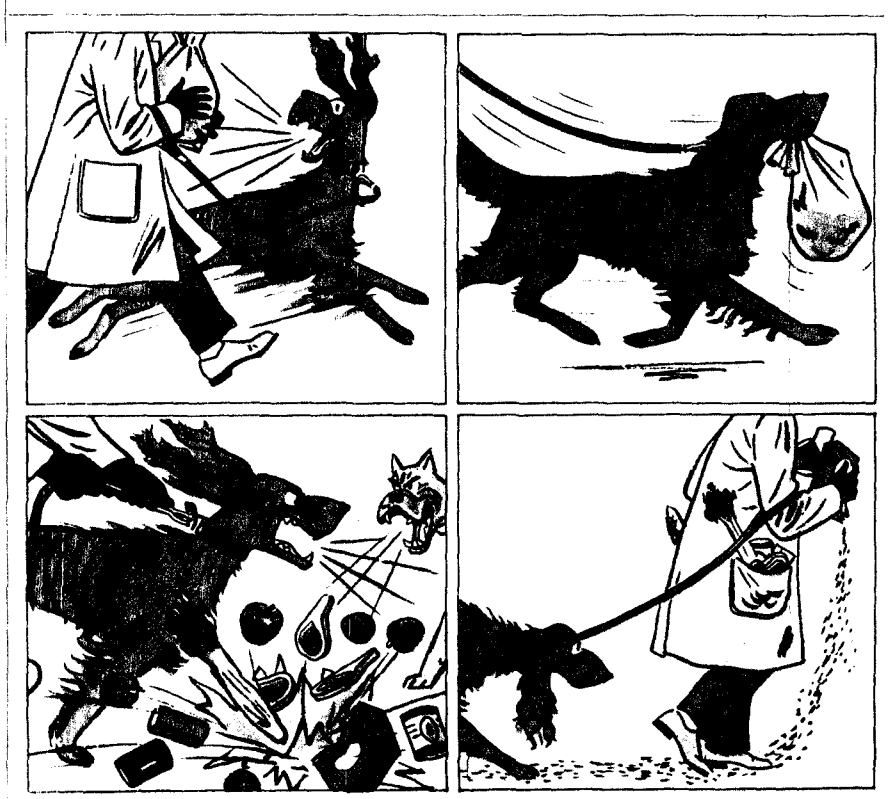
"Those Truman letters" are more current than the noises T.R. made, but no louder.

The first Roosevelt's rough epithets are too numerous to mention. He called a celebrated American naturalist a "nature-faker" and nominated for the Ananias Club all those who defended the man. Indeed, Gerald Johnson, one of our best contemporary historians, has said of T.R. that he was ready to throw firecrackers "into any place where a hushed and somnolent atmosphere prevailed, and while he did little material damage, he provoked such a bedlam of shrieks and curses as has rarely been heard in this land—and the country loved it."

It remains to be seen whether the country will like the Truman revival of occasional Presidential head crackings by mail. As in T.R.'s case, the solemn, the shocked and those who do not like him anyhow have made the first report on it. There are, however, greater and undoubted dangers than that, in any candid correspondence by Presidents.

Woodrow Wilson almost lost the Presidency when, just before the convention which nominated him, an old letter was made public in which he had expressed the hope that "we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan (William Jennings Bryan, perennial Demo-

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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cratic Presidential candidate), once and for all, into a cocked hat."

At least one reason Grover Cleveland was defeated when he first ran for a second term was a letter—not his, but a precise British ambassador's—saying that the best way to help England was to vote for the Democrats.

Even the most carefully prepared and beautifully written letters may turn out to be blunders.

As a matter of fact, Lincoln's beautiful and famous letter to Mrs. Bixby about her five sons who had "died gloriously on the field of battle" was a "beautiful blunder." The letter remains beautiful but later investigation proved that the war record of the Bixby boys didn't deserve it. Two of the boys did die in the course of the war. One was a sutler. Another was accused of desertion. Three lived long after the letter was written.

The clear fact is that Harry Truman would not be Harry Truman if he stopped speaking his mind, writing his letters, penning his postscripts, reaching for the telephone, taking his chances with his countrymen in the native—although not always the Presidential—language. It may be true that the Presidential institution is always most comfortable when no President seeks to pierce the protections, protocol, dignity and preciseness which surround the man and separate him from the people. But democracy may be safer when there is an occasional Presidential blowoff as continuing evidence of the existence of the man—alive, breathing and feeling—in the guarded and guided, growing and glorified Presidential institution.

As long as Harry Truman is President it's certain that there will be such evidences. It is a safe bet now, although White House secretaries may wince at the suggestion, that there will be other letters, most of them reaching out in warmth for warmth, but some of them exchanging fire for fire. They will make headlines; whether they will do any harm is open to question.

"Give 'em hell, Harry!" was one certain mandate Truman got from the people. No scandalized press, no hemming and hawing staff, no powers of protocol will ever cheat them—or him—out of that. THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

changed now. The squires are required to listen for free. They don't like the ruling much and, for better or worse, we're advised that it's much harder today to find a J.P. in Wisconsin Rapids than it used to be.

★ ★ ★

A veterinarian in Spokane, Washington, reports he is "unalterably opposed to obedience courses for dogs." He will not permit us to use his name, saying "there's enough trouble in the world as it is." To sum up his reasons neatly, this vet believes that "99 per cent of the people submitting their dogs to obedience trainers do so because they are the kind of people who cannot command attention from another human being and therefore seek to take it out on the dog."

★ ★ ★

There's a man in New York who makes a nice living mending leaky memories. We haven't got the space to go into his methods, but assure you that his own ability to remember is not only pretty astonishing but might scare you. For example, the fellow can riffle a pack of cards—what he calls a "thumb-through glance"—and give you the correct sequence of the whole 52. Furthermore, when asked to give the 94th power of 2, he rattled off 19,807,040,628,566,084,398,385,987,584. Even if that isn't right—and we're prominent amongst those who wouldn't know—it's a lot of numbers to rattle off. Which reminds us that while having a solemn little drink in a nearby saloon, a fellow next to us asked the bartender, Dick Andrew: "Dick, what's Jim's last name?" Glad to be of service, Mr. Andrew asked: "Jim who?"

★ ★ ★

If we were of a frivolous nature, like some people we know, we'd accept an invitation to learn what's probably the newest dance. Anyway it's new since the days we used to fling an agile barnyard heel square-dancing. It's called the Elephant Rock and our would-be instructor says it's danced like it sounds. But there are preliminaries. The girl says to the man, "How'd you like to ride my trunk?" The man replies, "How-dah do." There's a footnote to this. A how-dah is the little house or pavilion you sit in on an elephant's back. Now some people would think this sounds silly, don't you?

★ ★ ★

And we know you'll be glad to know that Ridotto, Iowa, has just been incorporated. That makes it Iowa's newest municipal corporation. If you're interested, as you should be, you have only to write to the Hon. Darlowe Oleson, Ridotto's mayor and most important realtor. Ridotto has a population of 18 according to the Chamber of Commerce (Darlowe Oleson). Getting crowded. It also has a dance hall, a beer license, a garage, a filling station, a grocery, a restaurant and—hold on to your hat—an air-strip. It still lacks a school, but one will be built next year according to the Board of Education (Darlowe Oleson). Also, there'll be a church, the Rotary Club (Darlowe Oleson) says. We're assured by one of the leading citizens, whose name we seem to have forgotten, that Ridotto is a quiet place.

★ ★ ★

Met a gentleman from Portland, Connecticut. We asked him what he did for a living. He said that he pickled alewives. We thought we became quite humorous about it, saying it was our opinion that an alewife could get pickled all by herself and without his assistance. He didn't join in our hearty laughter and then we learned that an alewife is a fish—sort of a cross between a shad and a herring and about 10 inches long. Not very good eating unless pickled.

★ ★ ★

We aren't excited about the news that Russia has just commissioned a group of tame professors to write a brand-new history of China, to be used in the schools of that country—when they're built. The children don't know it now, but they're going to learn that Russia invented Chinese.

★ ★ ★

What Pravda will say when its editors hear this we don't know. But they're going to have quite a bit of trouble finding the warmonger angle. Anyway, the government derived $7,000,000 in taxes on snuff in 1950. Probably be more this year. The Department of Agriculture estimates that we Americans will sniff and dip 42,000,000 pounds of snuff in 1951, a million more than last year. Oh, yes, Pravda, we've got it. Why not run a story to the effect that Wall Street is going to throw the stuff into the eyes of the workers?

★ ★ ★

The inclination of Texans to boast occasionally about the superiority of that state has long been deprecated by Mr. J. W. Hassell, Dallas lawyer. And yet there are times when even Mr. Hassell is amazed by what goes on, as you may say, right under his nose. Thus he found it impossible to restrain himself when he read (and sent posthaste to us) the following advertisement: "For Sale: 2-year-old registered milking shorthorn bull. $250. W. K. Mullican, Crisp, Texas." THE END

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The Professionals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

On a practice tee, right now, he saw a sight to gladden any hustler's heart: he saw Mr. Andrew W. Loring, of Invincible Motors, Inc. He told himself it was not his fault that Mr. Loring, a bore and a fool, was both rich and convinced in spite of impressive evidence to the contrary that he was a champion golfer. A man like Mr. Loring was simply asking to be hustled. It would really be doing him a good turn, Willy reasoned, to take him for a few bucks. It would rebuke Mr. Loring's conceit about his golf and teach him to be more careful of his money in the future.

Willy's assistant, Mike Donato, was in the pro shop. It was a pleasant oasis where you could have a soft drink for nothing or a pair of twenty-dollar shoes for as little as fifty dollars.

"Mr. Loring was looking for you, Willy."

"I know. I saw him outside."

"He's eager, Willy. He had a big night at the casino."

"The hell with him."

"Look, Willy—the man is ripe."

"Let him drool," Willy said, "and tomorrow he'll be riper. He's hitting the ball very well. What else you know, Mike?"

"Demaret," Mike said; "he had a sixty-seven at San Diego. Snead is second, Mangrum third. Demaret is two-o-three for the first fifty-four."

"Jimmy's my boy," said Willy. "Good for Jimmy."

He was fond of Demaret. He liked the sunset pants and rainbow shirts and wild berets the gay man wore. At least he liked them on Jimmy Demaret. He liked the peerless form of Sammy Snead and the deadly precision of Mangrum. The boys were at San Diego? That seemed now very far away, but the pros, of course, toured wide. It could be tough, too, on the tournament route. It could be very tough when you were not a Snead, a Demaret or a Hogan; when you were just a nobody and no dollars rolled in from endorsements or from ghosted books to feed you while your chip shots failed to find the greens and your putts shied from the cup.

It was better to be at East Plantation, here, with a melon like Mr. Loring impatient to be sliced. It saved wear and tear and perhaps long years of chawing at your nails, even if it buried old dreams and aspirations.

"How much for the special golf balls, Willy?" Mike said. "The superdupers."

WILLY walked over. There was a display of well-known balls at their equally well-known regulation price of twelve dollars per dozen. And next to them was a shiny supply of identical balls that bore, however, a more promising label: The Willy Malone Special. They were made by the same manufacturer to the same specifications, and the labeling cost Willy something less than sixty cents a gross.

"Last year we got two bucks apiece for them," Mike said. "A lot of jerks swore they got extra yardage. You remember?"

"I remember most that we never got arrested," Willy said.

"How much this year?"

Because of some sudden compulsion that surprised him, Willy said, "Twelve dollars a dozen, the same as the others." In some odd way his decision called up a memory of Jessica's lovely—and slightly contemptuous—face.

"You crazy, Willy?"

"I think so; yeah. Twelve dollars a dozen," he repeated firmly.

It was this day's concession to his soul. Let Jessica make something out of *that*.

Outside, still on the practice tee, Mr. Andrew W. Loring, of Invincible Motors, Inc., was slapping the ball with beautiful form and undeniable crispness. Mr. Loring, using a seven iron, lofted his shots in identical arcs. A bed sheet would have covered the area where twenty of them lay.

"You're sharp today," said Willy.

"Sharp?" said Mr. Loring. "Sharp? Why, I'm gonna shave with this damned club soon as I get through!"

Mr. Loring, who with one remark had squandered his fund of humor, collapsed at the joke. Mr. Loring was an automotive genius and satisfied with himself in all ways. He had a custard-pie sense of comedy, bushels of money, and, in his middle age, more muscles than a two-man wrestling team. He did knee-bends faithfully each morning, and his arms, when tensed, resembled bags of clams. He was a competent golfer, but no professional. Willy dumped a bag of balls on an adjacent tee. He hoisted four-iron shots, not too impressively, in the general direction of a caddy whose task it was to retrieve them.

"How'd you like to lose some money this afternoon, son?" Mr. Loring said.

"The way I'm hitting them?"

"You call yourself a professional, don't you?"

"Labels come cheap around here," Willy said, and in this, at least, spoke truly. Now, rather artfully, he hooked his next shot wide of its supposed mark. He scruffed the ground with his spikes. He looked convincingly dismayed. "I've got caddies working for me that wouldn't flub a shot like that all day."

"You're letting your body slip into the swing," Mr. Loring said. "You're pushing."

"What?" Willy dropped the club. He put his hands on his hips. "You're serious? For Pete's sake—*me?"*

"I'm not blind," said Mr. Loring. "I see what I see and act upon it." The automotive genius rose in Mr. Loring, and, more fatally, his golfer's pride rose, too. "The body's like a machine, you understand? Now, here."

Willy listened, with apparently grateful attention. Mr. Loring talked for fifteen minutes.

Willy said eventually to Mr. Loring, "I see what you mean." He contrived to look sheepish and seriously embarrassed. "Off the record, Mr. Loring, I wouldn't like it known that the pro at East Plantation has to take instructions from one of the guests. You can understand my position?"

"Forget it, son. We all slip into careless habits. Try what I told you now."

Willy tried what Mr. Loring had told him. The ball took off in faultless flight. "Well, I'm a—" Ceremoniously, Willy shook hands with his tutor. He gave formal thanks until Mr. Loring's muscles jumped with his joyous breathing.

"You spot me seven strokes tomorrow, young man—professional or no professional, and I'll skin your hide."

"Seven strokes? Not me, sir." Willy knew that he could comfortably give ten. "Not the way you're playing this year, Mr. Loring."

"Where's your pride, boy?"

"Well—"

"Six strokes, then. Tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock."

Willy shrugged. He looked uncertain. "I suppose I was always a sucker," he said dismally. "Have it your way. Tomorrow afternoon."

Mr. Loring strolled contentedly away. Well, it's a living, Willy thought.

IT WAS called the Jasmine Room, and that was a nice name, Willy had decided. He could even concede it to be on the level, for the jasmine crept up the old white walls outside, and the vine, in flower, sweetened the evening with perfume. It made Willy feel sad and in need of lots of whisky. "About three fingers," Willy told Jessica though it was not his custom, as a working athlete, to dip this deep in spirits. He sat at the piano, fooling around, and watched her while she poured.

"That enough?" Jessica said.

"Thank you, angel; it's perfect."

Another nice thing about the Jasmine Room was that very few people came into it. It was the kind of room where people could deposit aged mothers and wives who would not enjoy the crap game at the casino. At present three elderly ladies slept upright in their chairs. They were no trouble. A waiter named Otto came in now and then, bringing fresh ice and setups.

The whisky was working its sweet will of Willy, encouraging him to be bold in telling Jessica he loved her. Jessica wore a long gown she had most likely designed herself. The gown was black and lacy. She leaned toward him, her elbows on the hard wood of the piano.

"Well?" she said.

"Shut up," he said. "Don't look at me like that."

It had been a fine day. He hadn't worked in the afternoon. He had pleasantly forgotten the practice tee and pro shop and the rich old ladies seeking lessons, paying platinum prices to swat the air with implements they would never understand. He had tried to forget his conscience for the length of an afternoon. He had gone to the beach with Jessica, down by the dunes, away from any clients who might want their homes in New York, Chicago, or wherever, to be redecorated by Jessica Dale.

"You got one aluminum leg, or two?" he said suddenly, because she was filling her glass again.

"Just a night off, Willy." And that was all right, he supposed. She carried it like a lady. "Play something pretty, Willy. Something very pretty," she requested.

Willy was good at this kind of thing. He played one sugary song after another and she sang along with him. Between choruses she had another drink; she was enjoying herself, Willy saw, in a way that had little to do with drinking, though doubtless it helped. Along with the enjoyment went a kind of defiance, as though she dared anybody to stop her from having a good time.

Otto the waiter came in and said, "Miss Dale, Mrs. Creedon would like to know if you have a minute."

"Tell Mrs. Creedon to go polish her emeralds," Jessica said. "I'm having myself an evening. I can't get away."

"Mrs. Creedon, ma'am, doesn't mean you should come to see her. She means could she interrupt for a moment here. About some designs you were doing."

Jessica whistled. "I forgot the damned things. Willy," she said, "sit on the bottle. Otto, tell Mrs. Creedon I'd be delighted to spare her a moment. Bring the old crock in."

WILLY watched with amazement as Mrs. Creedon entered. Jessica held Mrs. Creedon's fat hands and gave the lady the works, as only an expensive designer could give a rich client the works. Willy realized that every word Jessica spoke would cost Mrs. Creedon hundreds of dollars. She recommended a New York *couturier*, a Park Avenue dermatologist, a place that sold boudoir lamps, a dentist, and a kennel which educated pedigreed dogs in niceties of etiquette and refined their barking.

"Your sketches, Mrs. Creedon?" Here Jessica raised a hand to her lovely brow. "I scourged myself the whole afternoon," she said, "trying to get them as I want them."

She's a lying witch, thought Willy; she was at the beach with me. She's a silken pirate taking commissions from any wealthy sap who comes her way. It hurt very much to know this, and there was an extra turn of the knife in observing how her cheap sins paralleled his own.

"I'll need more time with the sketches, dear. They can be slavishly difficult. I want them not only to be for you, Mrs. Creedon; I want them to be *of* you."

Heaven help us, he thought. He watched Mrs. Creedon, who was built like a wheelbarrow, trundle contentedly from the Jasmine Room.

"We were singing, darling," Jessica said. "Forgive the interruption."

"You were singing," he said. "Get away from me. Get your poison out of me. You're a phony, darling. You stink with deceit."

She threw an ice cube at his head. She looked malevolent and magnificent, and he wanted her as fiercely as ever.

"You're a fraud," he said. "You're a front. You probably never in your life designed as much as a bottle opener."

"Do you think so, Willy?" The voice was defiant but feebly so. She looked pale, and a little sick. It was only partly the liquor; it was also, Willy told himself bitterly, an act. She knew he had seen through her,

COLLIER'S "He's very possessive—owns two cars, a yacht, country estate . . ." KIRK

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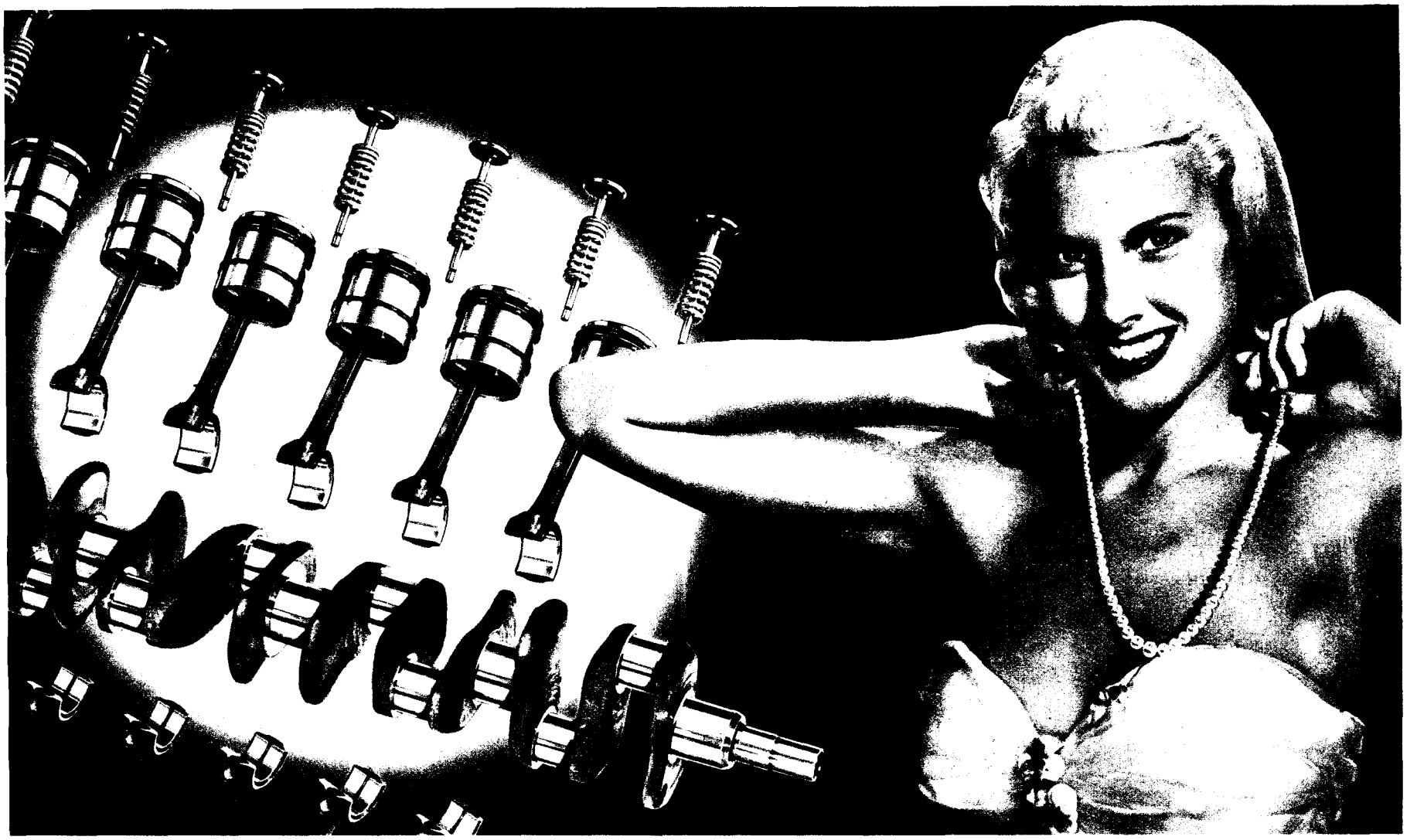

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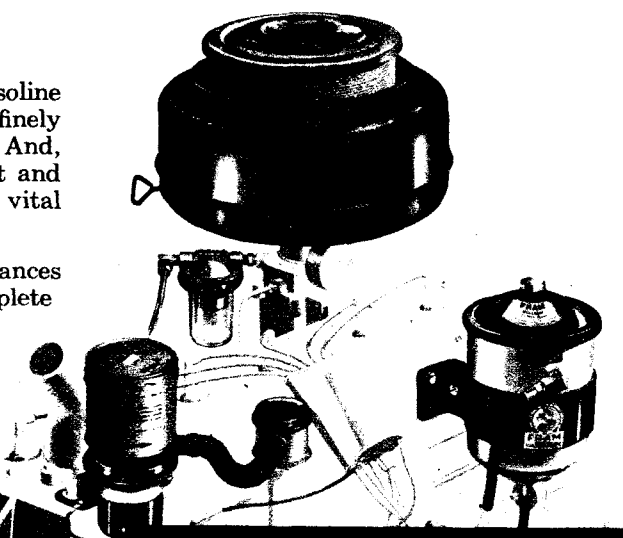

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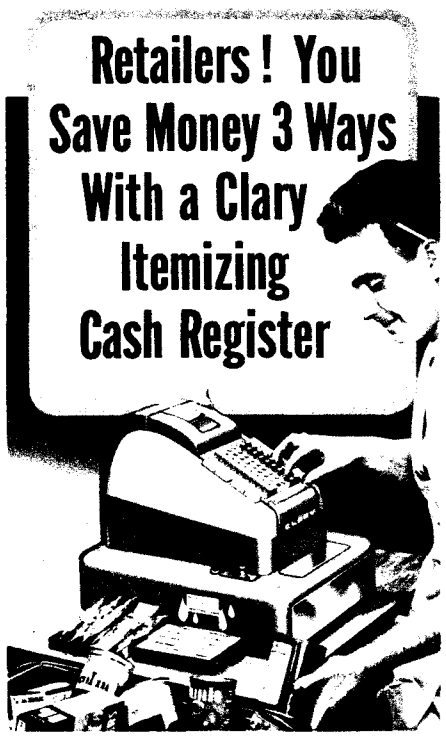

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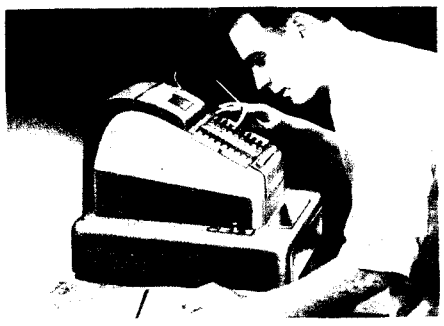

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but she was still out to charm him. What's more, she'd do it too, if he let her.

"Miss Lormley's Seminar for Design, my eye!"

"All right," she said. "All right—so I was learning. Not in Miss Lormley's, but in Gottlieb's Department Store. I was third assistant, at forty bucks a week. Willy, I'm a phony—just like you. I couldn't do it the hard way. You left the tournaments and I left Gottlieb's, though I almost got a job in Macy's—almost. Jessica Dale is a mousy dame in New York. She has the personality of a wilted carrot. I'm a front, Willy; I'm a con artist, just like you."

"And you're drunk," he said.

"And I'm drunk too, pal, and the hell with it."

She turned away, not in time to hide the tears in her eyes, and then she left.

MANNY GREGG said he hadn't traveled more than a mile on his own feet since the cops stopped chasing him fifteen years before. A reformed man now, he could look on larceny with a connoisseur's detachment.

"I might even bet myself two dollars," Manny said piously at the afternoon's beginning.

It was later now. There was a pleasant breeze and the sun was down behind the trees at the quiet end of the day. Willy walked the sixteenth fairway. It was a par-four hole, straight as a string from tee to green, with a couple of bunkers to clear. Both balls lay well beyond this danger, with Mr. Loring's ball a little closer to the green. Mr. Loring had been whipping his muscles through the ball and was doing fine. With the aid of handicap strokes already consumed, he was one up on Willy at this point. He had, by this stage of their contest, wagered no more than the price of a small yacht on his ability to stay in the lead. He was neither a timid man nor one likely to cower under stress. He was merely obnoxious.

Willy, having hit the shorter drive, would be the first to approach the green. There was no wind of any consequence, and what there was pressed lightly in his favor. He chose a seven iron and whipped it easily a few times before addressing the ball. His control, he was sure, had never been better, and he was confident that today, if obliged to, he could drop the ball into an egg-cup. His few deliberate misses, in favor of Mr. Loring's eventual doom, had been artfully concealed.

He'd found a depraved artistic satisfaction in his ability to keep Andrew W. Loring so contentedly on the hook. His conscience kept kicking back at him, but that was something a smart fellow ought in time to be able to suppress. He'd ask Jessica about it one of these days—sometime when they were speaking. All this dough, he told himself—but the thought failed to comfort him. He believed, and with no assist from vanity, that instead of picking a rich man's pockets with his clubs he could be holding his own today with Demaret, Snead or Middlecoff—or, for that matter, anyone. He swung effortlessly through the ball. It lofted and seemed to hold, suspended in the air, then it dropped, with backspin, and held to the tight turf of the green, about a yard away from the pin.

Mr. Loring did not drop dead; he merely aged. And they were even going to the seventeenth. Willy postponed the kill, the *coup de grâce*, which was the kind of high-class phrase, he told himself, that Miss Jessica Dale might use when she wasn't drinking too much. The witch. And how he loved her. He halved the seventeenth with Andrew W. Loring. He made it a long walk to the gallows.

Mike Donato said softly behind him, "Look, wise guy—you could flub one. You could be borrowin' dimes tomorrow."

The eighteenth hole was a dog-leg to the right. You hit into a twisting valley, then punched away at an elevated green. It was scenic and lush and inviting and as familiar to him as George Washington's face on a dollar.

Well, you'll do a lot of things for a buck, thought Willy. He wondered what she would do. He wondered where she was going next, when all the fruit was picked at East Plantation. He whipped into the ball. He gave it a torrid ride, but there was a tail on the thing. He thought unkindly of the dame who had invaded his thoughts and distracted him from his task. Mike Donato moaned behind him. The ball sliced into the rough, too far to the right, and he would have to belt one over the high, fat trees to get his ball on the green.

It wasn't good this way. It wasn't good at all. Manny Gregg just pursed his lips. Mr. Loring found new life. Mr. Loring hit a pretty good one down the middle. Willy followed his caddie into the rough.

He lay perhaps one hundred and seventy-five yards from the green. A three iron, certainly, or even a straining four, would carry the distance but neither would give him sufficient loft to carry the intervening trees. He could, of course, pitch out to an unobstructed lie, and then, with his third shot, try to crowd the pin. It was surely the choice he would have made if the whole match didn't ride on this last hole.

"I am dead," Mike said. "I bet this match myself."

Willy looked again at the lie of the ball. Tufted grass formed a practical tee, and it sat there, pretty and inviting. Willy rubbed his hands and took the number-four wood out of his bag. He looked at the cleft face of the club and rubbed it once for luck. He swung smoothly, strongly, hitting under the ball for extra loft. He could feel the contact through his hands and hear the sweet sound of its flight. He heard no crash of twigs. He saw no falling leaves when at last he raised his head.

"Like a bluebird, Willy," Mike said. "It went like a bluebird all the way."

He lay about five feet from the cup, which was good enough. Mr. Loring walked heavily, wearily. He also was on the green in two strokes, but he was seven or eight yards from the pin. Neither muscles nor money could restore his joy. Pity, which had recently been a stranger, knocked at Willy. Mr. Loring rather gamely tried for the cup. He rolled two feet past it and did not, as was anticipated, scream with his dismay.

It was quiet, of course. You could hear the silence. Why, you could almost hear the cool cash, rolling like Niagara out of Mr. Loring's pockets. A five-foot putt. No more than that, with the fish already strangled by the bait. Yet his sense of achievement was small.

"Willy, I'm a phony—just like you," Jessica had said. "I couldn't do it the hard way."

But, dammit, he didn't want to be like her. What, after all, was all his screaming and shouting about the night before? He addressed the ball. The line was true. He made his choice, the choice of a jerk, he told himself. He nudged the ball on its way to the cup, but made certain he did not nudge it enough. They halved the eighteenth and Willy walked away. There was no play-off, because he declined one, and no money had changed hands. Manny Gregg walked with him.

"A nice, refreshing day in the open air," said Manny.

Willy looked at him. "Did you mind too much?"

"For a lousy two dollars? Of course not," Manny said. "As a matter of fact I turned honest myself once, but nobody ever believes me. The only thing I ever do is hire a crook once in a while, for sentiment."

"Well, then, Manny," Willy said, "Mike should be happy with my job."

THERE was a nine-o'clock train to New York that he was able to catch. He carried only a topcoat and a small bag. The rest of his things would be sent. He went into the club car; he needed a drink and deserved one. In the vestibule of the club car he collided with a girl who looked pale, uncertain, yet pretty.

"Well, Galahad," said Jessica, "how is everything tonight?"

He stood looking at her, and the train kept rocking them. He stood looking at the impudent, punished wonderful face, and the soft eyes back of the mask.

"Who sent you?" he said.

"Manny sent me, Willy. I'm really not so proud."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to Gottlieb's," the lady said. "Or to Macy's, if they'll have me. The hard way, Willy. The old do-or-die."

"How do I know you're not lying?"

"You don't, of course. But you might buy me dinner—well mightn't you?"

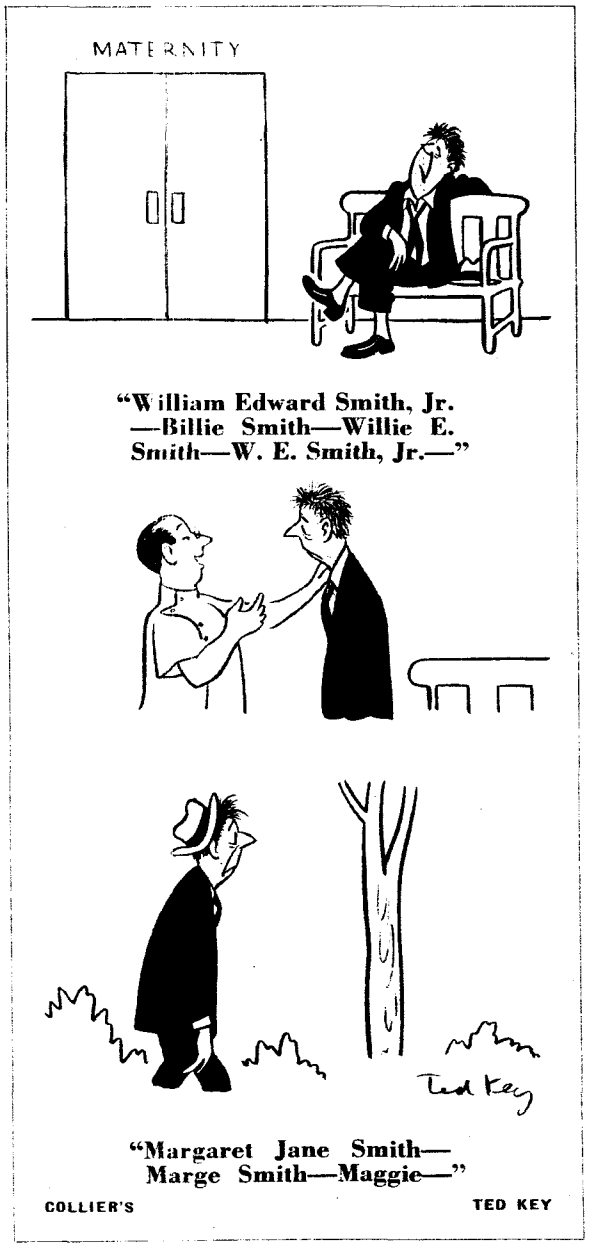
"I wanted a drink."

"Dinner," she said, "would be better. I became very ill last night I don't really have an aluminum leg, you know."

So they sat in the diner and the train moved on. It rolled along the shore and there was a moon above the sea. The waiter came with his pad and pencil. Willy fumbled in a pocket. He said, "I'm not so sure I've got the price of two meals."

"I'll toss you for it," the lady said.

And the coin spun bright above them. THE END


MATERNITY
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COLLIER'S
TED KEY

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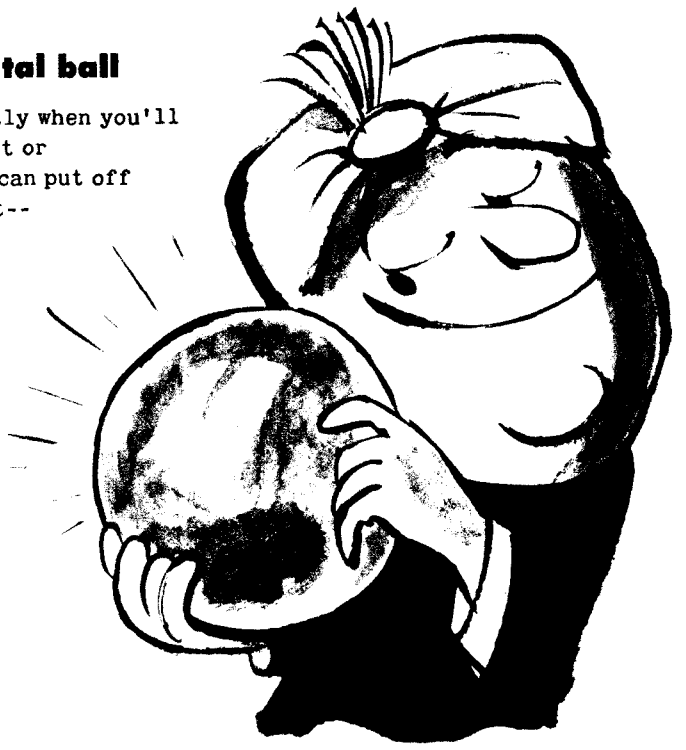

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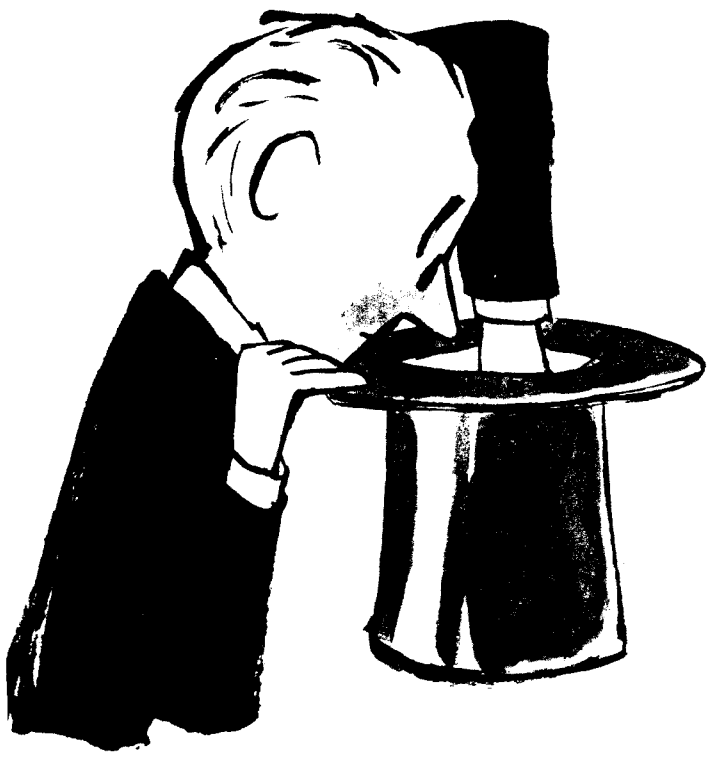

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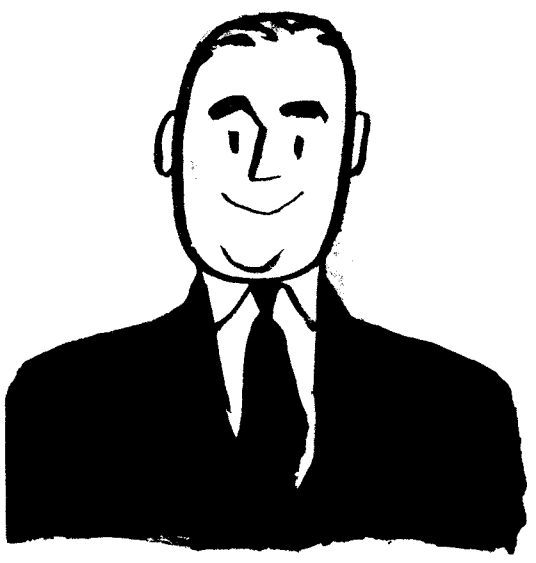

Make sure he is a good listener

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Never Let Him Down

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

sick of it. He did not want to go over to Don's smelling of garlic.

"Come on, you eat," his father said. "Big boy, basketball player, got to have lotsa food."

Bud took up his fork and twirled the spaghetti around it. He had not looked at his father since he had come into the kitchen, but he could feel Pop's eyes on him.

"It tastes good, Pop," he said.

"Sure. Been cooking since four o'clock. Gotta cook real slow for long time."

When they finished, Pop washed the dishes and Bud dried them. "You got homework tonight? G'ometry?" Pop asked him.

He was always stewing about geometry, ever since Bud had almost flunked it last term. He didn't know the difference between a triangle and a rectangle, but he was always after Bud about it.

"I'm going over to Don's tonight."

Pop nodded. "Sure. But first you do g'ometry."

Bud threw the dish towel down. "You don't need to tell me when to do my homework. I know what I've got to do. I know a lot better than you do." He choked and ran out of the kitchen, out of the apartment, flinging back words in a cracking voice. "Leave me alone! Leave me alone, that's all!"

He ran, thinking Pop might come after him. He ran almost all the way to Don's before he was sure he was safe. Then he went on slowly, recovering his breath. As he reached the gravel driveway of Don's house, his spirits began to lift. Something would be doing now. Don wasn't satisfied with just after-school sports and movies and kidding girls and all that tame stuff Bud had thought was so great last year, before he and Don had started palling around together. Don was always thinking up something new.

BUD rang the bell, and after a minute Don came and opened the door. His blue eyes shone with excitement.

"Everybody's out," he said. "Come on!" He led the way to the garage. He opened the rear door of the car, felt around on the floor for a moment, and then straightened up, triumphantly dangling a key in front of Bud's eyes. "The extra ignition key. We're all set."

Bud stared at the long, gleaming car in the lighted garage. "It looks brand-new," he said.

"It is. Just came yesterday."

"You know how to drive it?"

Don shrugged. "You drive one, you can drive 'em all. Say, what's the matter, you turning chicken?"

"Hell, no! Only—"

"Well okay, then, come on." He slid into the driver's seat and Bud got in next to him. "The guys who live around here are all a bunch of sissies," Don said. "I figured you'd be different."

Bud slammed the car door with sudden, unexplained anger. "What are we waiting for? If you can really drive this thing, like you say, let's see you drive it."

"Okay!" Don turned the key and instantly the motor began to throb with quiet power. Don looked startled. He peered at the dashboard. "It's not exactly like the old one. I've got to figure it out."

As he finished speaking they heard the sound of footsteps, and the next instant a gnarled, square little man appeared in the garage and ran toward the car.

"Hell," Don whispered. "I forgot about the gardener."

"What'sa go on here?" the little man screamed. "Who you, taka car?" He squinted in the window. "Mister Don? That you, Mister Don? You no drive car."

"Get back, Tony!" Don shouted. He stepped on the gas and the car shot out of the garage.

They had got almost to the end of the long, narrow driveway when there was a sickening, scraping jolt. Don stepped on the brake so hard that Bud almost went through the windshield.

"That damn' tree!" Don said. "Dad's been telling that dumb wop to cut it—Oh." He glanced sidelong at Bud. "Sorry."

What for? Bud thought, the strange anger beating at his chest again. He was an American, born right here in this town. Even if he did have to eat spaghetti sometimes, so maybe he smelled of garlic. Even if his old man—

"Let's get out of here," Don said. He slid from behind the wheel and Bud followed. "We'll take the bikes."

AS THEY passed the car, they saw that all along the rear right side of its sleek burnished body was a ragged dent.

"Gosh, Don, what will your dad say?"

Don shrugged. "Oh, he'll get over it. He's so souped up about *her* he don't care what happens. Come on." He grabbed Bud's arm, his voice harsh. "Let's see what's doing around this town."

Bud marveled at the other boy's coolness. He himself was still shaken and frightened, he would just as soon have called it a night.

But Don was already in the shed, wheeling out a bicycle with chromium horns and headlights. Bud took the bike, and Don wheeled out another one, even shinier, and then stood a minute, holding the handle bars. "Listen," he said, his voice low. "You game for anything?"

His voice was tense, pitched a little too high. It made Bud uncomfortable. He had not heard Don sound like that before.

"Sure," Bud answered quickly, loudly. "What do you think I am?"

He wasn't chicken. He was no sissy, to be scared by a dented fender or anything else. He was better than any of the other guys Don knew; even if they did live around here and their fathers didn't have to work in factories or do the cooking. He was ready for whatever Don had in mind. "Let's go!" he said.

Don got on his bike and pedaled off into the darkness, with Bud following close behind. They pumped up a steep hill and then coasted down the other side, fast. The wind bit through Bud's jacket, but he scarcely noticed. He felt as if he were sailing, or flying, and the cold wind and the swishing wheels and the kaleidoscope of houses and trees blurred together into a single sensation of joy. When he saw Don stop ahead of him, at the bottom of the hill, he drew alongside him. He stood shivering, feeling the wind now, staring down the dark, empty road. As far as he could see there was only one house, a big one off to their right on a rise of ground.

"That's the Mitchells' house," Don said, following Bud's glance. "They're in Florida. Want to go in and look around?"

"What for?"

"I don't know. Just for kicks."

Don spoke casually, but the tenseness was in his voice again. Bud didn't get it. He didn't see what kicks there would be in looking around somebody's empty house.

"We couldn't get in," he said. "They wouldn't go away without locking it up."

Don smiled. "We'll get in. Unless, of course, you want to chicken out on me."

Bud's hands tightened on the handle bars of the bike. "Cut saying that, willya? I haven't chickened yet, have I? Cut always—"

"Okay, okay," Don broke in. He grinned and clapped Bud on the shoulder. "I just wanted to make sure. Some guys woulda quit when I smacked up the car."

Bud stopped shivering. He laughed. "Tough guys, huh?"

They hid their bicycles in the bushes and ran along the lawn at the side of the house, crouching low in the darkness. Bud felt a high excitement begin to rise in him. This was how it would be, rushing an enemy position on a black night, moving without a sound. He clutched an imaginary tommy gun in his sweating hands and tried to make his big feet light and quiet on the grass. Hell, he wasn't afraid of anything either!

Don's voice, close to his ear, startled him. "There's nobody around here, not in five miles," Don whispered, "but we've got to watch out for the prowl car."

THEY had reached the house by now. Don found a rock on the ground and picked it up. Carefully, he broke a pane of a cellar window, reached in and unlatched the window and slid it open. In another moment, they were both inside the house.

"See, there's nothing to it," Don whispered. "You've just got to know how."

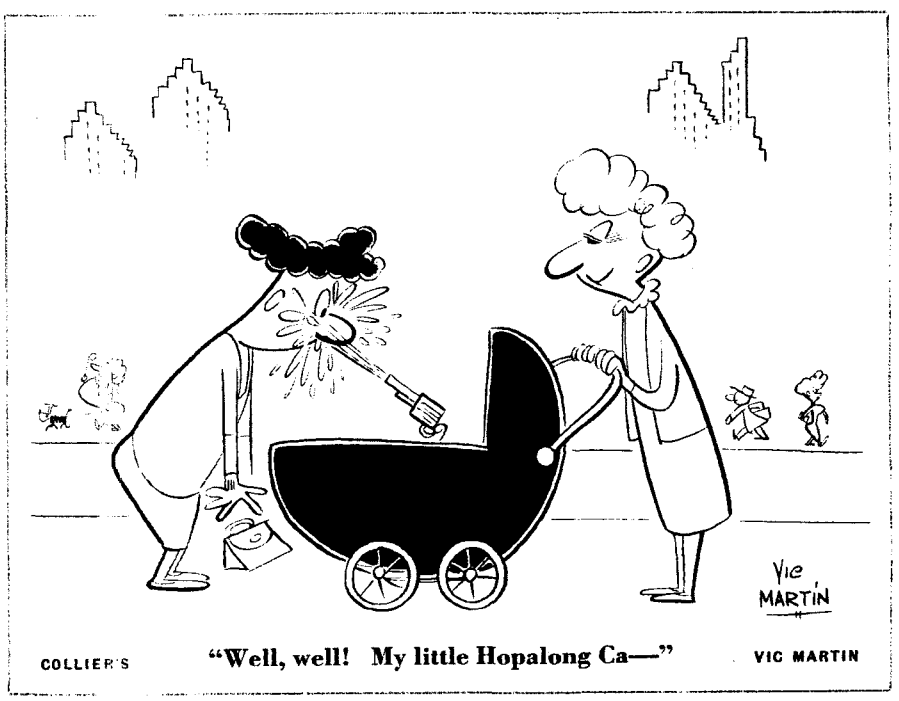
"You act like you've done this before."

Don shook his head. "No, but I've planned it. I could rob this place as easy as anything, and who would suspect me, with all my dad's money and everything? It would be the perfect crime."

Bud leaned against the concrete wall of the cellar and wiped his palms on his dungarees. "Is that what you came for?" he asked. "To rob the house?"

Don laughed. "Hell, no! What for? What would I need with any of the Mitchells' junk? I'm just saying how I could do it if I wanted to. Come on."

Bud followed Don up the cellar steps, his



COLLIER'S "Well, well! My little Hopalong Ca—" VIC MARTIN

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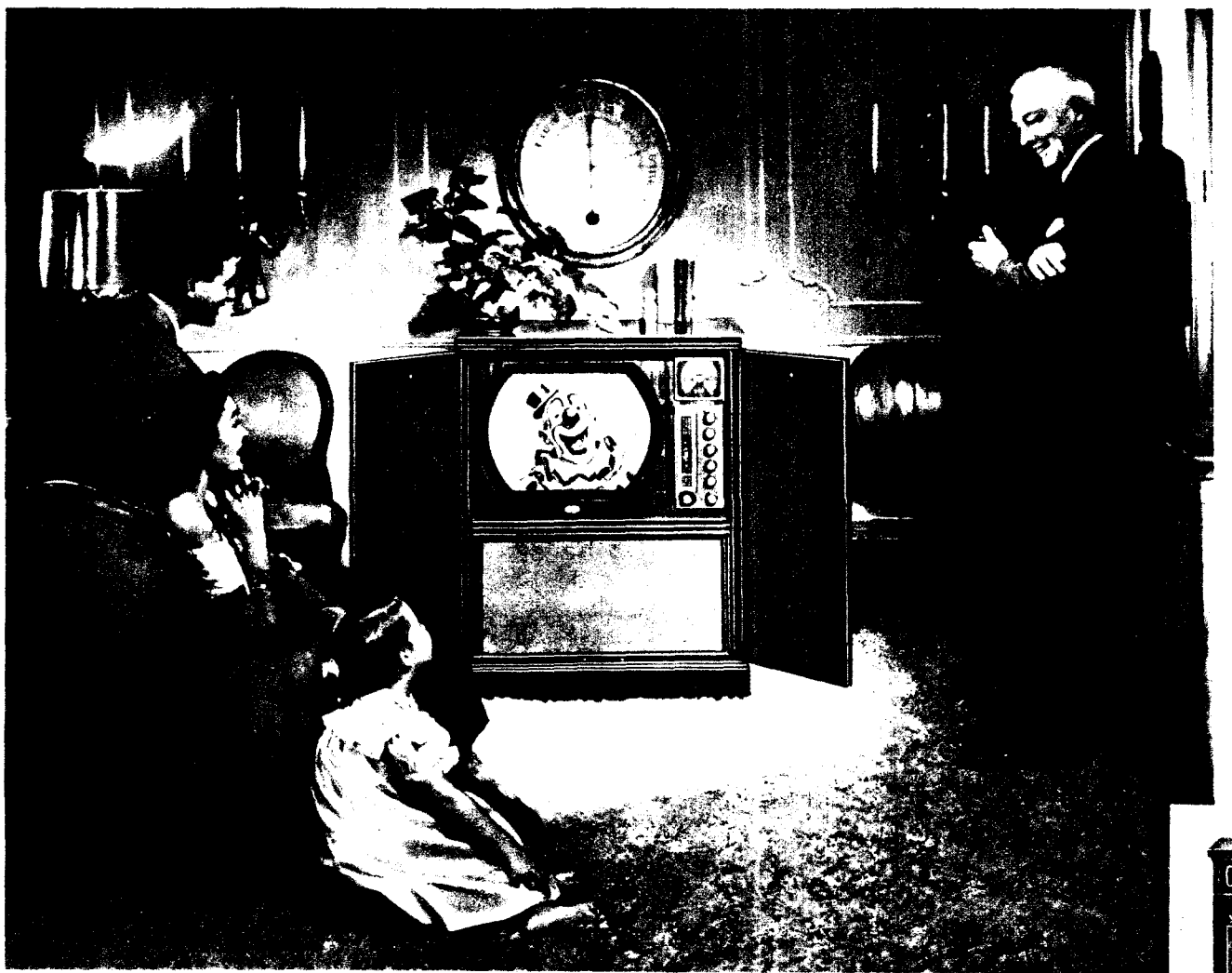

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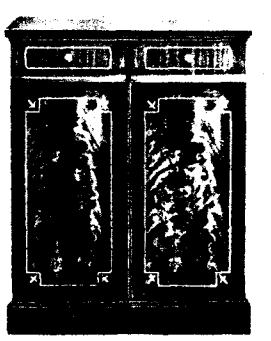

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eyes accustomed to the darkness now, assisted by a pale light from the moon outside. When they reached the living room, it struck him at first that the furniture was peculiarly shapeless, but then he saw that everything was covered with sheets. Dimly he remembered this from some long-ago time, this careful covering of valued pieces against dust and dirt. His mother must have done it, he thought—his mother, whose face in his memory was a blur, softly surrounded by smooth black hair. She must have covered their furniture so once. The chair with the spring that protruded from the bottom—the faded sofa, stained and frayed—they must have been new once, and cherished.

DON whipped a sheet from one of the chairs and wrapped himself in it, muffling his laughter in the folds, and Bud pulled a sheet from the sofa. They chased each other around the shadowy room, the slim, agile, fair-haired ghost and the dark, lumbering one, dodging tables, sliding on the bare floor. All at once Don stopped short, and Bud, coming up behind him, tried to skid to a halt, lost his balance, and went crashing into a slender-legged end table.

"Gosh!" Bud whispered, looking down at it. "Do you think I busted it?"

"Who cares?" Don unwound himself from his sheet and picked up the little table. He held it poised over his foot and kicked it across the room. There was a splintering sound as it hit the wall. "Who cares?" he repeated, laughing.

He took a penknife out of his pocket and ran to the sofa on the other side of the room, his breath coming fast and loud enough for Bud to hear. With one long, deliberate motion he slashed through the fabric, pulled out some handfuls of down and scattered them around the room. He did the same thing to one of the chairs.

"Get some water!" he called to Bud. "Hurry up!"

Bud had been standing in the middle of the room watching, still clutching the sheet around himself. Now he let it drop to the floor and took a step toward Don.

"Why are you sore at them?" he whispered. "What did they do to you?"

Don looked around. "Who?"

"The people own this house."

"The Mitchells? I don't even know 'em."

"Then why—?"

"What's the matter? What're you worrying about?" Don walked up to Bud and thrust his face forward, his breath still coming fast. "Scared they'll catch us?"

"I'm not scared. I just can't figure why you want to bust up the place, that's all."

Don's voice shook. "For kicks, you dope," he said. "For kicks." He shoved Bud aside. "Aw, I'll get the water myself. I shoulda known better than to bring a guy like you along."

Bud could feel himself beginning to tremble. He wasn't "a guy like you." He was just the same as Don, just as good. He could keep up with Don any time, do anything he did. He'd show him. He lunged after Don and pulled him away from the door. "I'll get the water," he said.

He ran into the kitchen, stumbling in the dark, and filled the biggest pot he could find. It was so heavy that he staggered a little as he ran back with it. He carried it over to the gutted sofa and emptied the water all over the cushions. They couldn't fix it now, he thought. It was worse now than the old, faded, stained sofa that his mother had once covered carefully with a sheet to protect it from dust.

He went back again and again with the pot, and poured water over everything. His hands shook and he gasped as though he had been running in a race.

He would do more than Don—he would do worse. He'd fix this place good, and if they arrested him he'd just smile—he'd smile when they took his picture for the paper—and Don would see if he was chicken.

Suddenly he heard Don's voice, clear and startling in his ear, perfectly calm.

"We better get out now, Bud. The prowl car might be coming around."

BUD stood holding the empty pot for a moment. The dark seemed almost light to his accustomed eyes. He could see the gashed and sodden furniture, the pools of water on the floor. He breathed heavily. They would come home, the people who lived here, and see it like this. The woman would cry . . .

For a minute he thought he was going to cry himself. He swallowed. What was the matter with him? "Who's afraid of the prowl car?" he muttered, but Don grabbed his arm and rushed him out.

They were halfway down the lawn when they saw the lights of a car swing up the driveway and stop. They flattened themselves on the grass and watched a policeman get out with a flashlight.

"Stay still!" Don whispered. "He's just looking around. When he gets to the other side, we'll run for it."

They reached the bicycles all right, but

COLLIER'S "He tried candy, flowers, jewels, moonlight cruises—and they all worked" REAMER KELLER

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they were scarcely on them when they heard the wheels of the prowl car crunching on the driveway behind them, coming fast. Don swerved out of the road and into a grove of trees. He leaped off his bike and signaled Bud to do the same, and the two of them ran through the grove. By the time they heard the car screech to a stop, they were through the stand of trees and running across a dark field on the other side.

BUD could see the light in the fourth-floor window as he walked down the block toward home. Pop always waited up for him, as if he was a little kid. It made him mad. Only tonight he did not feel mad. He felt heavy and sick, the way he had felt before he got scarlet fever. His throat hurt, too.

Pop was sitting on the sofa, playing solitaire. He had the cards lined up across one of the cushions, hiding the worst worn spot. The sofa didn't look so bad with that spot hidden. It wasn't cut up, anyway. It wasn't soaked with water.

"I'm home," Bud said.

Pop looked up. "I see you home," he said, and went back to his game.

Bud stood rubbing his hands along the sides of his dungarees. "I'll stay home tomorrow night and study my geometry. I'll stay home every night this week."

Before his father could answer, the superintendent knocked on the door to say that Bud was wanted on the telephone in the hall downstairs. Bud ran down, taking the steps three at a time. Maybe it was the cops. Maybe—

It was Don. "I gotta make this quick," he said. "There's a guy on his way to your place, an investigator or something. They found the bikes with my license, so this guy came here, asking about tonight. I said I was home all night and that the bikes must have been stolen, because they've been missing since yesterday, so when he asks you—"

"How does he know about me?"

"He found out we're pals—those guys find out everything—so he's checking up. But we got nothing to worry about. My dad backed me up on the bikes and being home all night, and they wouldn't dare not believe my dad, so all you've got to do is say you were home too."

Bud hung up and went slowly upstairs. Pop was putting the cards away. He did not ask who had telephoned.

"There's a man on his way here," Bud said. "He's going to ask if I was out tonight. You say no, Pop, hear? You say I was home all night."

His father turned around. "What you do, Bud? You do something bad?"

Bud began to tremble. "Just say I was home, that's all!" he shouted. "Just stick by me, the way Don's father did, and say I was home!"

He rushed out and went into the bedroom and stood there in the dark, just stood there, his legs heavy and his throat aching, until the doorbell rang. He waited until his father called him, and then he went back, trying to look casual, trying to look like a boy who had been home all night.

The investigator was a stocky man with a red, pleasant face. "Hello, son," he said. "You're Don Willard's pal, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

"Have you seen him tonight?"

Bud shook his head. "I been home all night. I had a lot of schoolwork."

"What happen, please?" his father asked. "What you think my boy do?"

The investigator turned to Pop. "Two boys broke into the Mitchells' house over on Soundview Drive and wrecked the place. A policeman saw them get away on bicycles, but he lost them. They abandoned the bikes and ran into the woods. The bikes were traced to Don Willard."

"I was home all night," Bud said. "I don't know anything about it."

"Is that true?" the investigator asked his father. "Has he been here all night?"

Bud stared at his father. The little man looked back at him, looked for a long instant, and then turned away.

"He was out," Bud's father said. "He been home only little while."

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

Bud's father shook his head. "This you gotta ask Bud. This not my job to say."

The investigator touched Bud's arm. "Well, son?"

Bud sprang away as though he had been burned. Deep sobs tore up through his chest and he could not stop them. "All right," he cried. "All right—okay—I did it—and now you can put me in jail—I don't care."

No one spoke. In a little while the sobbing stopped. "Why?" Pop asked quietly then. "Why you do this, Bud?"

Bud wished Pop would get tough. He wished he would sock him. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know."

"What about Don?" the investigator asked. "He was with you, wasn't he?"

Bud shook his head. "Nobody was with me. I did it alone."

"What about the two bikes?"

"I don't know anything about any two bikes. I borrowed Don's bike a couple days ago and I used that tonight."

The investigator shrugged. "We're pretty sure Don was with him," he said to Pop, "but we can't prove it. His father swears the kid was home all night, and that his bikes were both stolen a few days ago. The old guy was scared silly that there might be a smear on the family name. But now maybe if Bud told you he was going to see Don tonight, and you'd tell me—"

"I got nothing to do with Don," Pop said. "His father take care him. I take care my boy." He looked up at the investigator. "Listen, mister, what you do with Bud? He no bad boy. A little fresh, maybe, a little mix' up. Crazy age—you know? But he never in trouble before."

The investigator smiled a little. "We know that, sir. And if the damage is paid for, I think there's a chance no charges will be pressed." He looked around the room, and his smile faded. "There's a good bit of damage, of course. It's going to be pretty expensive."

Sir, Bud thought. The investigator had talked contemptuously of Don's father as "the old guy," but he called Pop "sir."

"My boy pay," Pop said.

WHEN they were alone, Bud leaned against the door, not looking at his father. "I can't pay for it, Pop," he said. "All that stuff. You don't know. Where would I get the money?"

"You pay," Pop said, in the soft, not-soft voice. "They let you off like this, you pay. You work after school every day. No more basketball. No more nothing until all paid up." He paused, and then went on in a gentler way: "I help. I work overtime and pay too. Is part my fault, maybe. Different pop, better pop, maybe keep son from doing this bad thing, so I pay too."

Pop worked hard all day. He was an old man and he worked hard, and now he was going to work overtime too. Don's father wasn't going to work overtime. While Pop was at the factory at night to help pay for what Don and Bud had done, Don's father would go out somewhere with his pretty young wife, and laugh, and not care.

The superintendent knocked on the door again to call Bud to the telephone. The boy went slowly down the stairs, his loafers slapping loosely against each step.

"Hello," he said into the telephone. "Hello, Don."

"Well, what happened? How'd it go?"

"All right."

"Say, you don't sound good," Don said. "What's the score? That dumb old man of yours didn't let you down, did he?"

Bud cupped his hand hard around the mouthpiece. "Let me down?" he said. "My pop? No, he didn't let me down." He paused a minute, and then said, "I got to go now. I got work to do. I'll see you around."

He hung up and went back upstairs, taking the steps two at a time. THE END

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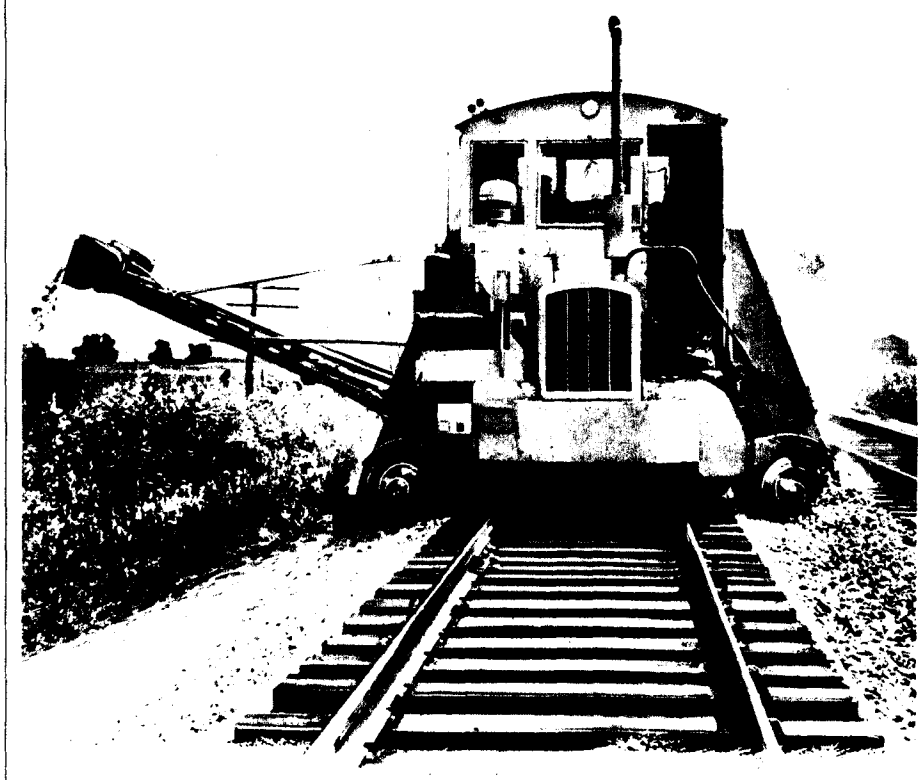

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Russia Oils Up in the Arctic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Soviet planes have been flying across and around the pole in all kinds of weather; and the Soviet army which began arctic training at least twenty years ago—long before oil was brought in at Nordvik—today has a force of robust men, trained to live in the arctic with but minimum aid from machines.

In the development of its oil fields outside the arctic, the Soviet government is beholden to the United States for much of its machinery, obtained through Lend-Lease, and many of the methods followed in producing and in refining oil.

But this arctic development was not copied from the United States, or from any other nation. Russians always have been intimate with cold, and to them the arctic was not so forbidding as it is to other peoples. Arctic weather penetrated hundreds of miles southward every winter into the heart of Siberia, and even of European Russia. Cold-weather lines are not straight lines following degree of latitude. They curve and dip south of the arctic according to sea currents, air currents and other factors. So perhaps it was natural for Russia to be first in discovering the military and economic potentialities of the arctic.

Soviet Purpose Is Military

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the great explorer, wrote long ago: "By 1930 leadership in arctic exploration had passed from the Western Europeans and North Americans to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. No one was any longer concerned about merely getting to the pole . . . The program of the arctic pacemakers was now economic, scientific, political . . ." And in Soviet circles, that means military.

The Moscow publication Industriya reported several years ago that in one year 50 geological and other exploring parties had gone to Siberia to seek oil and other mineral and metal deposits.

This high-speed activity by the Soviets in the arctic has, I fear, been taken too casually in the United States. There have been reports—even from official American sources—that Siberian oil is not likely to be developed in large quantities because transportation facilities are lacking. That means little to the Soviets. They are not intending at the moment to transport arctic oil for commercial purposes. What they are after is using it on the spot to fuel planes and ships. Their first interest is war, not commerce.

The Red Fleet is active in the arctic today. Only one place—Vilkitski Strait—is ever completely icebound on the Northern Route along the Siberian coast. Using modern high-horsepower, Diesel-electric icebreakers (which are fueled like other units of the Red Fleet from oil installations along the shores), the Soviets may now be able to sail along the Siberian coast line virtually every day in the year. By following canals that start at the Gulf of Finland and go by Lake Ladoga, up the Svir River to Lake Onega, and thence to the White Sea, it is possible for Russian submarines and destroyers to move freely from the Baltic to the Pacific during summer and autumn, though it is not easy in winter and spring.

In the years succeeding the first discovery of oil in the Siberian Arctic, I saw this development with my own eyes. Except for short trips back to Leningrad or Moscow, I was in the arctic until the outbreak of World War II. Our temporary camp grew to be a sizable settlement with machine shops, garages, tractors, a hospital and many other structures. We were sent labor from concentration camps. Technicians came up for two-year tours of duty, at two or three times the wages paid in other parts of the Soviet Union.

Life was not bad up there. My wife came up for two years, and we suffered no real hardships. One soon learns how to build on the permafrost, to make allowances for melting caused by the house itself, especially the settling on the warm side. This factor is of even more importance in constructing derricks and the foundations for steam boilers, both vital to oil-drilling operations.

The arctic is not at all the impossible place represented in the romantic stories. Stefansson frequently has called attention to temperatures in some of the middle Northern states of the United States that are lower than any he has experienced in the arctic. Today, with oil wells and refineries at hand, it is easy to have electricity, and plenty of warmth.

Oil from the Nordvik and Ust'-Port fields alone now amounts to about a million barrels a year. I have heard from recent escapees from the Soviets that there now is much activity in such remote regions as Franz Josef Land, which indicates that the Soviets' plans for arctic development and strength are far from satisfied. The Iron Curtain may appear impenetrable, but from refugees and otherwise, we who once lived in the land of Soviet tyranny can stay abreast of big events there. Actually, much information about Russia and Russian oil is published openly in Russian journals, which I see from time to time.

There is more than a political relationship between the Alaskan and Canadian Arctic. There is a geological connection, too. Looking at both regions from the North Pole, one can see this relationship. And one would have to admit from such a vantage point that the Russians have so far done more with northern possessions than the Western World has. But the Soviet Communists cannot be given credit for the production of arctic oil. That oil must be regarded as evidence of what Russian oilmen can do in spite of the Communist system that has strangled them for so long.

The Soviets claim they are currently producing 37,600,000 tons of petroleum annually. (Production in the United States runs at the rate of about 300,000,000 tons per year.) Actually, the Soviet claim is deliberately low. In 1942, I helped assemble the correct figures for the year's production, which then added up to more than 42,000,000 tons.

Today, I would estimate that the Soviet Union is producing between 42,000,000 and 45,000,000 tons of petroleum every year. (In comparison, the Nazis produced only about 10,000,000 tons per year from all sources—synthetics and captured fields included—at their wartime production peak.) Much of Russia's oil comes from fields well known to Western geologists. But there is an ever-increasing amount flowing from new fields, many of which my colleagues and I helped discover.

The Soviet Union falsifies its oil-production figures in an effort to lull the minds of the Western World. Such tactics are part of its scheme of expansion and conquest. The Soviets are adding to their oil supply by stripping the wells of satellites Rumania and Hungary. And remember this: Every drop of Soviet oil goes for the war machine directly or indirectly—but mainly directly. There are no pleasure drivers or nonessential users in the U.S.S.R. In straight tonnage figures it is more than likely that today the Soviets have more oil for war than we have here in the United States.

In addition to using its oil output only for essential—or war—purposes, the Soviet Union has been storing petroleum from past years' production. Therefore it is unwise to

COLLIER'S

"He's tall, dark, and handsome, with blue eyes and green money!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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HARRY GOFF

NOW HEAR THIS!

Dying Fire. LAP—LAPLAPLAP—KUSSSH—hsssh. LIPLAP—LIP—LIP—LIP—SSSHIPP! lap.

Large Dog Drinking. GOLLOP—GALLUP—GOLLUP—GALLUP—GOLLUP—GALLUP—GLUP. slupl.

Cat Lapping Milk. Slip—slip—slip—sliple. Slip—slip—slip—sliple—slip.

Cooking Cereal. hmmmm. hmmmm. Bibble-babble-bibble. BIBBLE. HMMM. BOBBLE—BIBBLE—BUP—BUP—BUP—SAMACK! (Done.)

—PAULINE GALE

judge her amount on hand from the current annual production of 42,000,000 to 45,000,000 tons.

In my opinion, however, there is one often-mentioned source of oil for Russia that can be discounted. Many believe that in any war Russia would seize and use the oil of the Middle East. The most recent statement along this line that I have seen was made in November, 1950, at the annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Los Angeles. I agree with the theory that says the Communists would seize this oil. But I do not see how they could use it, unless at the places where it is produced and refined.

To get oil from Middle Eastern spots such as Kuwait, Abadan, or Saudi Arabia into the nearest Russian areas would require construction of pipe lines for distances of from a thousand to 1,500 miles over some of the worst mountains in the world. The job would take years. It would call for enormous amounts of scarce materials.

Consider that it took American oil companies, with plenty of steel, three years to build a thousand-mile pipe line across the flat deserts of Arabia. If the Communists chose to send Middle East oil around by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, this would demand a huge tanker fleet which they do not now possess. It also presupposes absolute control of Turkey and the eastern Mediterranean, with no attempt being made to attack vulnerable petroleum cargoes in transit.

Certainly the Soviet armies could use the oil of the Middle East in the Middle East, if they could protect it from air attacks, which probably they could not do. So, it does not seem likely that the oil would be any good to them. Their main reason in seizing it, if seize it they do, will be to deny its use to the West.

Anyone who worked in the Soviet oil industry for as many years as I did could have foreseen clearly the possibility of seizure of the Middle East. It was suggested to me by a deputy oil commissar who was the second or third most important oilman in Russia. Just before the German invasion in 1941, he came to inspect the district for which I was chief geologist. We drove for many days in his big car (loaded down with tins of gasoline, for Russia has no filling stations like America's) and camped out at night, preferring our own food to that of the collective farms. Warmed by a campfire and a few drinks of vodka, the deputy minister forgot his reserve. We would sing and tell stories, or just talk like friends—a rare experience in Russia today.

"Someday, soon," he told me one night, "we will make all the Caspian *our* sea. Then we will take the British and American fields in Iraq, Iran and Arabia."

Sixty per cent or more of the Soviet Union's processed oil comes from Baku and the rest of the Caucasus. But in 1946 (the last year for which I have figures that I personally know to be accurate), 31 per cent of Soviet production was coming from fields in the Urals—a region which began to be an important producer in 1937. This section, called "Second Baku" in Russia, lies east of the Volga River and contains its own refining and transportation systems. In the future, much more oil probably will come from the triangle in northwestern Russia that lies between Moscow, Lake Peipus and Leningrad; from big fields in Siberia and western China; from the area just above the border of Afghanistan, and I repeat—of particular concern to the United States—from the fields and refineries north of the Arctic Circle.

The Second Baku fields offer an excellent example of the occupational hazards of Soviet geology. Shortly after the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, the Communist government under Lenin thought that since oil seepages had long been known in the area, there might be oil fields in the southern and central Urals.

At a conference of geologists, the majority of scientists decided that there were no sizable basins in these regions and so regretfully informed the government. In the early thirties, however, geological findings were reinterpreted to indicate the probable presence of large fields in the Urals. Geologists notified the Soviet government that probably oil could be found there. The party was not greatly interested. It was promoting the development of petroleum deposits in the Caucasus at that time. But in a few years, the party saw the wisdom of having producing regions in the more remote and protected east, and gave the go-ahead signal for drilling in the Urals. Large fields were located there in the middle thirties.

Persecuted for Being Right

When oil came in throughout Second Baku, the geologists who had at first predicted that there was no oil in the Urals were disowned by the party. Those who had later indicated where oil was to be found were treated similarly. A few of them protested that they had done nothing but be correct, but for answer were told that they should have insisted that wells be drilled in the early thirties. Yacov Vassiliv Lavrentiev and many other directors of Trusts and geologists—among them very good friends of mine—were persecuted. They were tried in secret courts and were shot, or died in concentration camps.

Another friend of mine had the misfortune to drill in southern Russia in 1929 to a depth of 1,200 meters and stop. Ten years later, a well was brought in at the same spot, but a few hundred meters deeper. Though my friend had good geological reasons for doing what he did, they were not accepted—and he disappeared.

Each oil-producing section of the Soviet Union is placed under a Trust. These Trusts do not operate under the incentives of competition and personal reward. The Trust is assigned a program each year—how many oil-bearing structures it must prove, how many wells it must drill, how much tonnage it must produce. The most important achievement for a Trust is to fulfill these requirements—even if it has to falsify its records so that it appears to be doing so. For that reason, bookkeepers are sometimes more important to the Soviet Oil Trusts than geologists, drillers or experts in refining.

This system leads to more and more red tape and inefficiency. Every man is afraid of his fellow worker. The higher one goes in the industry, the farther he has to fall. Oil is neither conserved nor produced in the most efficient manner. The most deadening kind of dogmatism settles more heavily on the Soviet oil system every day.

A Geologist's False Theory

I recall the influence of an important geologist in the Caucasus who stood high in party favor. He was a very good geologist, but he had a preconceived notion that he had the political power to impose on the rest of us. His theory was that oil in the Maikop region of the Caucasus could be found only in strata of ancient river beds. No other geologist or engineer believed his theory. But because of it and his party affiliation, every well drilled for many years in the Maikop region went down in an old river bed. In the year after his death, when his restrictions were no longer in force, oil production in that region increased by three times over what it had been when he was alive.

The most striking figures I have ever seen to point up the difference between the Soviet and the American systems were printed in the recent annual report of an American oil company. There I learned that the 125,000 employees of this company alone produced 70,000,000 tons of oil in one year—a production almost twice the admitted total of the U.S.S.R., with a fifth of the manpower! Natural gas is wasted in enormous amounts in the Soviet Union, in contrast to the way it is husbanded in this country, because the Soviets do not have the equipment to keep and use it.

What equipment the Soviet Union does have is copied from that made in the United States. Rigs, refineries and methods have been bought or borrowed from the American oil industry. Such later improvements as geophones and seismographs, which are used in modern geological surveys, are also well known to the Russians. These instruments were obtained from France and Germany before World War II. During the war, enormous amounts of oil-producing equipment were acquired from the United States under Lend-Lease.

Technical inadequacy is commonplace in the Soviet Union. Even when the Soviet productive system does work, it operates in mysterious ways. On a field trip in the deserts of the Kazakh Republic, I once saw a camel caravan approaching us in the distance. Strapped to the sides of the camels were a number of round, shining objects which were impossible to identify at a distance. When the caravan met us, I discovered they were a set of chamber pots, sent to the nomads as their quota from what must have been one of the few surplus productive factories in the U.S.S.R. The natives regarded the vessels as their finest treasures, using them to hold camel's milk.

One of my first jobs was in the territory of the Emba Trust—a desolate, uninhabited region in the southern part of Russia that had proved to be rich in oil. The geological structures there are much like those of the United States Gulf Coast—with big salt domes rising up toward the surface, trapping oil all around them. In the late forties, there were about 1,500 proven oil structures in the Emba Trust territory,

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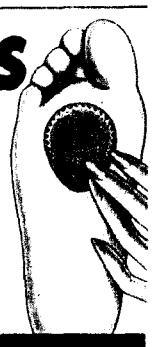

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though full production was being obtained from only 25 or 30 of them. When I started there, however, we were still doing active exploration work. I used to go around the countryside in a wagon, pulled by a horse or a camel.

In the Emba Trust, I learned many lessons. One was that all sorts of people in that part of Russia—just as in my native region—hated the Communist system. My wagon driver (when he had got to have confidence in me) was fond of remarking that when the overthrow came he would spend the first three days in church, the next three getting drunk and then, for the rest of his life, would work every day for *himself*.

Too Many Inept Bookkeepers

Moscow assigned me *forty* bookkeepers on one arctic trip. There was nothing unusual about this; half the time in any Russian industry is spent keeping records to satisfy the Communist fetish for order. Nor was there anything unusual about the fact that none of the bookkeepers had kept records for the oil industry before. That trip was one headache after another, climaxed by a sudden wireless from Moscow to explain why our expedition had lost its only rig. The question was ridiculous. We were drilling deeper every day with the rig. But the records sent to Moscow showed it to be missing.

I finally traced the trouble down to a bookkeeper who, because he didn't know what a drilling rig was, and because we were allowed to write off expendable items such as work gloves, concluded that the rig had also been used up and wrote it off the books one day.

I have heard a good deal in America about how well Soviet scientists are treated, but I can assure you that they are fortunate only by comparison with the rest of their fellow countrymen. A Russian devoted to his work, justly famed for important discoveries, can wake up today to find his work ruined and his freedom gone because the truth he has demonstrated does not suit the Communist party's current doctrine.

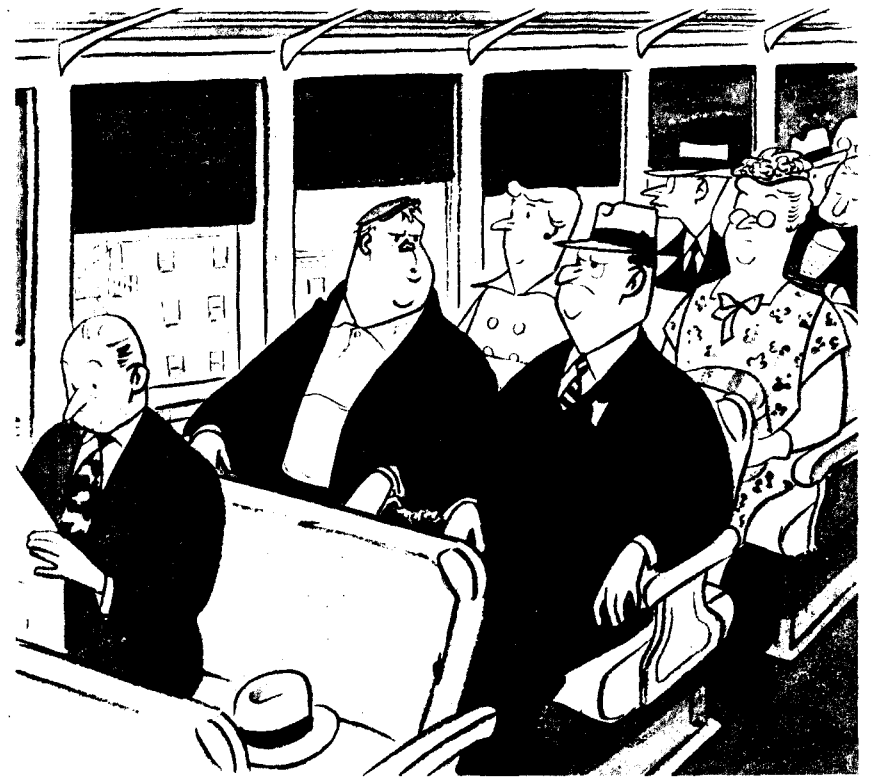
As I write this, many Russian physiologists and leading medical authorities are being persecuted because their work does not support the flimsy, environmental theory of genetics propounded by Lysenko. The same is true in the fields of mathematics and physics, where findings cannot be conveniently used to demonstrate the supremacy of materialism. Life in Russia is drab for the Soviet worker and frustrating for the scientist.

The art of copying has reached a high state under the Communists. Not only did we import books, equipment and experts to learn to imitate American oil methods, but many important Soviet oilmen visited the United States to see for themselves.

From the autumn of 1936 to the spring of 1937, Barinov, chief of the Oil Department in the People's Commissariat of Industry, was in the United States accompanied by experts in geology, pipe lines, drilling and refining. Although Barinov was shot during the great purges of 1937 and his experts were persecuted, many volumes of facts about American oil fields and wells collected by his commission are still being used by the Soviet oil industry. These books are restricted to the top men in the industry. And, though I cannot swear to it as a fact, it was assumed by all of us who had any position in the industry that the Soviet Union also had agents at work in many important United States oil installations.

The Soviets keep their eyes on oil developments all around the world. You will always find a large staff of oil experts attached to legations and embassies in oil-producing countries. I have even heard that the woman who passes as the wife of the Soviet ambassador to an oil-producing Latin American country is not his wife—though she is a first-rate geologist.

BUTCH



"You mind showin' more of your badge? I don't want people thinkin' I'm th' detective"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

But the Soviet oil industry has neither the incentive nor the efficiency to stand up to the American oil industry in any critical test. For that matter—and although I cannot speak here from personal knowledge, I do so from deep conviction—no Soviet industry can hope to match its American rival.

I had always looked forward to seeing America for professional reasons, and also to find out what it was that this country offered its people. I had, like most Russians, seen at firsthand the evils of Communism. But in the democracy of the United States I have seen what Socialism seeks and can never find. Here people really have what is only promised under Communistic and Socialistic governments. No system built on fear, no system that wars on moral beliefs and openly encourages such practices as slavery and anti-Semitism, can long stand in any test with the free world. Free Americans should not be afraid of a system that Russians themselves ridicule whenever they can, and escape from, as I have done.

In Russia, science is poisoned by politics. A story will illustrate what I mean: A meeting of the Oil Department was called in Moscow in November, 1935. I was a geological delegate to the meeting, and I overheard a significant conversation. Ivan Mikhailovich Gubkin was speaking to Lavrentiev, who later disappeared, as I have told you.

Mikhailovich Gubkin—old, honored and perhaps the best geologist in Russia—was putting embarrassing questions to Lavrentiev.

"What is the matter in your Emba region?" he asked. "The quotas assigned to you have not been met." Gubkin's words had a sharp edge, though he was speaking to a friend.

"We do not have enough equipment," Lavrentiev replied. "One American drilling rig has better equipment than I have in my whole Trust."

"That is not an excuse. A Soviet oilman must show that a party directive in Russia can get more done than the finest equipment in the United States."

Why Freedom Will Triumph

All of you fortunate people over here—and may I include myself as one of you now?—should realize firmly that, in a test of strength, freedom will win. And if there is no violent test of strength, freedom will win over a stretch of time because of the comparative and competitive worth of its results, spiritually and materially.

Stalin is happy when America hesitates for want of confidence. When the United States becomes strong and firm and has a policy based on an understanding of the real Russia, Stalin will be a cow. Overconfidence is foolish, of course, but I think that no American should ever be ashamed of his own country's ability, or doubt for one moment that it can outproduce Communism every time.

What I hope for more than anything in the world is an America aware of its own might and Communism's weakness. I would like to hear American leaders say to Stalin:

"You have tried to sow the seeds of revolution. Now we're going to do the same. Only we shall have something *real* to promise the millions who sweat in Russia today. And the strength of our promise will help the Russian people rise up and pull the rotting house of Communism down on your head!"

THE END

Next Week

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Begin Mr. Mystery's Latest Thriller

Anyone for Basketball?
By RED SMITH

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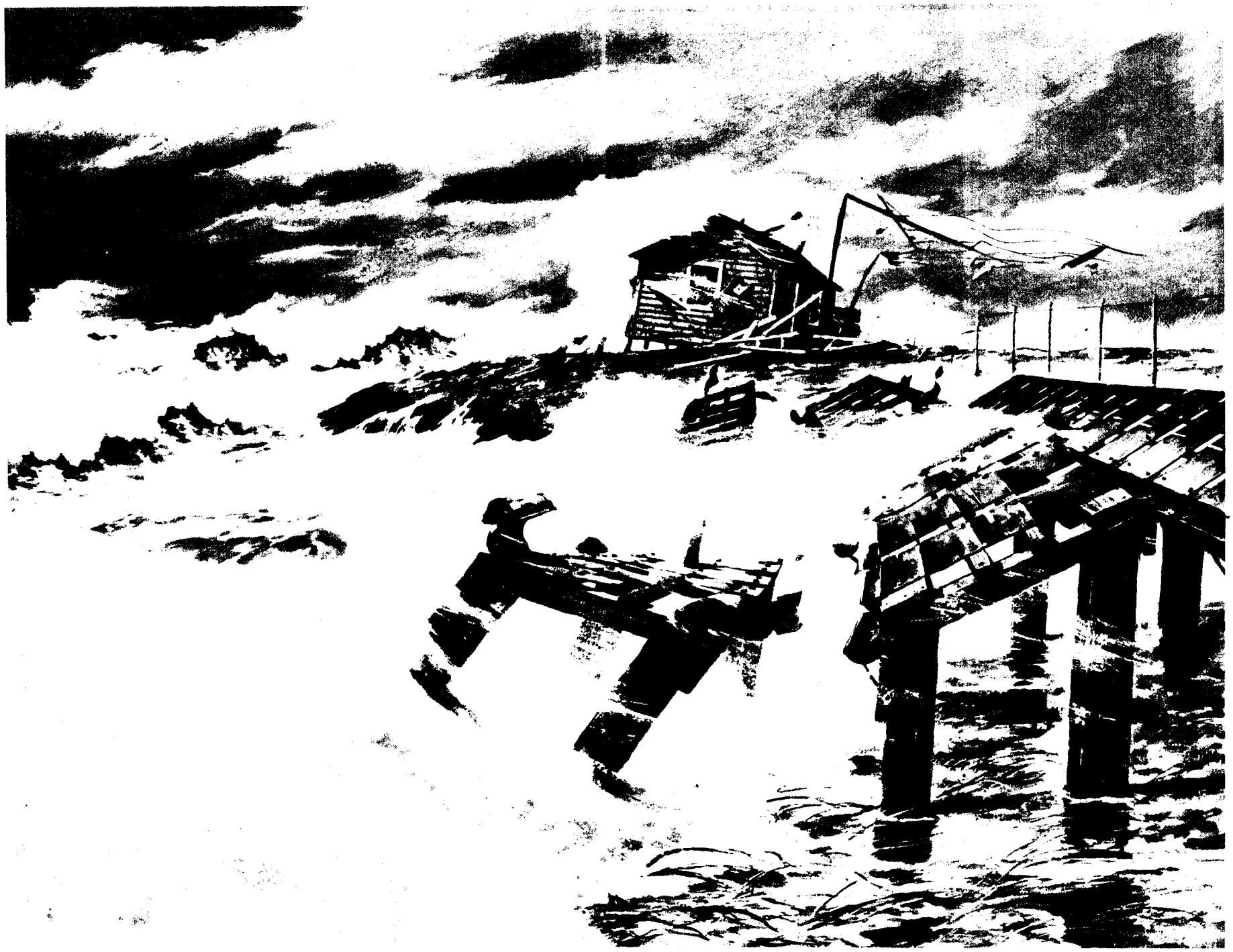

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The whole island swept away

. . . yet they didn't give up the search!

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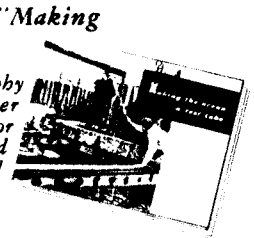

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ROBERT BAGBY

Light on the Great Discussion

THE UNITED STATES SENATE has been the scene of some of the most momentous events in American history. It was there that such men as Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Jefferson Davis debated the issues which resulted in the "great compromise" on the extension of slavery to the western territories. There the bitter conflict between North and South approached the climax that led to secession. The question of this country's joining the League of Nations was threshed out in the Senate, and the Upper Chamber was the focal point of the clash between isolation and intervention in 1939-'41.

But with the opening of the Eighty-second Congress last month came the formal beginning of what has aptly been called the Great Debate. Perhaps it should be called the Greatest Debate. Surely no more fateful alternatives have confronted the Senate in this century than those presented by the administration and by the Republican opposition led officially by Senator Taft and unofficially by former President Hoover, with a dissenting assist from Governor Dewey.

There is no precedent for the issues of this debate. Compared with it, the League of Nations controversy, however heated, was essentially simple. The war was over and won. Should the United States maintain its wartime alliance with Britain, France and Italy? Should it join the rest of the world in an alliance to keep the peace? Or should it retire again behind the still-impregnable protection of its oceans?

Even in the debate over neutrality and aid to Britain that preceded Pearl Harbor, the fundamental problem was clear. Should we abandon the United Kingdom and gamble on the Axis governments letting us alone, or should we take a chance on war by helping the last great, free, democratic power that remained in Europe?

In the present case there is only one general goal: to avert a world war without appeasement or surrender. Beyond that there is no broad agreement. Where are we going from Korea, and how far are we going? What is the definition of victory in a war which is not a total war, and against an enemy who has killed thousands of our men without putting one of his own soldiers in the field? What is the limit of our strength? How much of that strength shall we have to employ? Where best can we use it?

Those are imponderable questions. Yet they must be met with definite opinions if the country is not to wallow long and dangerously in a mire of indecision. And the definite and conflicting opinions put forth so far have distressed a great many people. Friends of each Senate camp see fatal error if the opposition's policies prevail. These citizens seem to feel that the views of one side or another must be adopted intact, and quickly, if the country is to be saved. But all-or-nothing partisanship is not the point of the debate, and surely it will not be the result. This magazine has faith in the integrity of the men who lead the discussion, and it has a conviction that in these life-and-death decisions, at least, they realize that the necessity of statesmanship overrides any considerations of political advantage.

The country has no time to waste, it is true. But it must take time to weigh the tremendous consequences of the government's next moves. It must take time to arrive at a point of compromise on the course which the nation is to follow. That is the point of the debate. And it is only after such a debate that the country may emerge on the road which it must travel, and exert its united strength for the journey ahead.

Collier's sees no cause for distress in the Great Debate. It is far better to have an acrimonious airing of differences than to make decisions that ignore the differences. There was no debate before Cairo or Tehran or Yalta or Potsdam. There was no debate before General Marshall was dispatched to China with a memorandum demanding that Chiang Kai-shek form a coalition government that included Communists. If there had been debate, the world situation today might be less ominous.

A free exchange of ideas and a free voice for all loyal but opposing views is fundamental to the survival of our system of free government. It is a privilege and a duty which is a great source of our strength. The Great Debate could not be postponed. Fortunately we did not wait until the crisis was past to re-examine the government's unsure policy of recent months. If we had there might now be nothing to re-examine.

Give the Man a Break

FEW OF US TODAY would covet the job of President, even for those 50,000 tax-free dollars that Mr. Truman gets on top of a nice salary and expense account. The work is hard and the hours are long. And all the hours aren't taken up with world-shaking affairs of state, though there probably are enough of same to fill the Presidential day. For the President has certain social obligations which he feels he must meet. Among them, for instance, are six Saturday affairs which Washington correspondents hold annually.

They are the fall and spring Gridiron dinners, and the dinners of the Women's National Press Club, the White House Correspondents Association, the White House News Photographers, and the Radio Correspondents Association. The President accepts these invitations in the interest of good press relations and, we hope, some fun as well. Presumably he was prepared to show up for all of them again this year, until all of the groups canceled their affairs.

We believe they acted wisely, and we should like to congratulate them on their wisdom. These are scarcely propitious times for the usual horseplay at the President's expense. And while a part of only six week ends out of 52 may not seem much, it would add just that much more to Mr. Truman's already taxing schedule.

It is not a minor matter to contribute a few restful hours to the President's busy day. And as an incidental dividend, they might pay off in an improvement of what has lately been a rather tart relationship between President and press.

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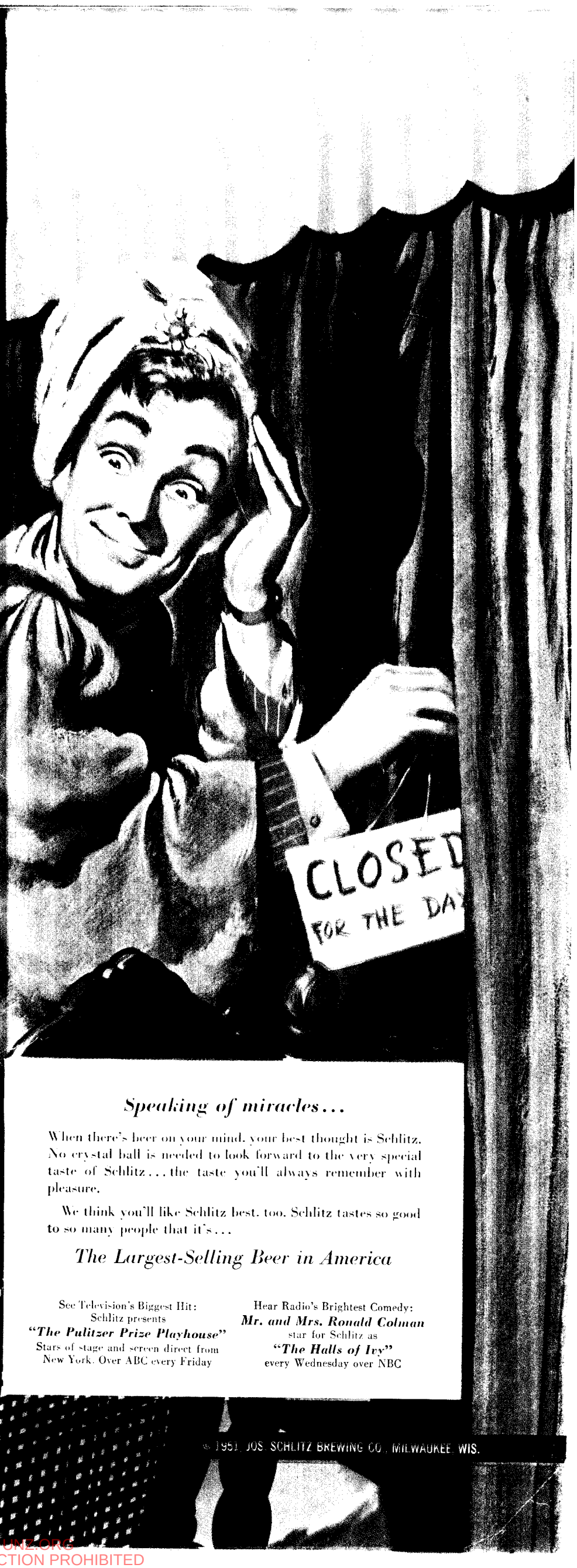

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